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The Atlantic

ROY BLOUNT'S ADVICE TO GRADUATES / A PLAN TO STRENGTHEN DEMOCRACY

A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE

Jews and Arabs in the West Bank

BY WALTER REICH

MAY 17 1984

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To accept industrial decline as inevitable is to deny that American inventiveness and resourcefulness can point the way to continued progress, as they have in the past.

Change is a constant. To some, it brings disruption and disorientation. With technology exploding all around us, change is taking place more rapidly than ever. The challenge is not just to adapt and adjust to change, but to anticipate it and turn it to advantage.



ARTICLES

- 45** VOTING IS NOT ENOUGH **BENJAMIN R. BARBER**
How modern communications can enhance the ideal of citizenship
- 54** A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE **WALTER REICH**
An investigation into the politics and passions surrounding the issue of the West Bank, which affects the future of "all Arabs, all Jews, and perhaps all mankind"

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 18** NOTES:
THE EXPERTS SPEAK **CHRISTOPHER CERF
AND VICTOR NAVASKY**
- 22** NUCLEAR ENERGY:
ON THE URANIUM TRAIL **CARL POSEY**
- 30** ADVERTISING:
SECOND SPLITS **JOHN O'TOOLE**
- 36** HONDURAS:
REGIONAL PAWN **JONATHAN EVAN MASLOW**

HUMOR AND FICTION

- 42** IF SHEEPSKIN, SO CAN YOU **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**
- 91** PERSISTENCE **GUY BILLOUT**
- 92** COMIC DIALOGUE **ALAN ZWEIBEL**

POETRY

- 76** DEATH, THE LAST VISIT **MARIE HOWE**
- 98** NIGHT WINDS **ROBERT BLY**

BOOKS

- 115** FORTRESS AMERICA **THOMAS POWERS**
The Day After World War III by Edward Zuckerman
- 117** CITY OF THE WIMPS **RHODA KOENIG**
Six novels about New York
- 121** THE NATION'S CONSCIENCE **RICHARD ELLMANN**
An American Procession by Alfred Kazin
- 124** BRIEF REVIEWS **PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4** LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
- 102** MUSIC:
MACHINES AS COLLABORATORS **STEPHEN HOLDEN**
- 104** TRAVEL:
COMFORTABLE ON THE COAST **WENDY LOWE**
- 109** SPORTS: CUBAN BASEBALL **BRUCE BROWN**
- 128** THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER **EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON**

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ENDLESS SPENDING

In his article "Endless Spending" (April *Atlantic*) James Fallows cites the changes in federal outlays and receipts from 1980 to 1984 to make his point that the growth in government expenditures, even under a conservative Administration, has been large and has substantially contributed to the federal deficit. However, the current Administration's policies did not really take effect until 1981, and a more meaningful comparison would be from 1981 to 1983, as follows:

	Outlays	Receipts
FY	% GNP	% GNP
1981	23.6	20.8
1982	24.2	19.9
1983	24.2	18.5
Difference, 1981-1983	+ .6	- 2.3

These numbers show that the current record deficit is primarily due to reductions in federal receipts following the Administration's tax act rather than to rising outlays.

In his further discussion concerning ways to reduce the supposedly out-of-control federal outlays, Fallows says that military and other federal pension systems are generous relative to those in the private sector, and suggests that they should be reduced. However, he does not seem to be aware that pensions (and other benefits) are a part of the total compensation package. If military pensions are reduced, military pay levels (or other benefits) will have to be increased to maintain the same quality of military personnel. Fallows also attacks the "up or out" personnel policy of the military services, since this contributes to the early retirement of many military personnel. However, he does not deal with the fact that the Army needs many more second lieutenants than colonels, nor with the question of how effective fifty-year-old combat infantrymen and fighter pilots would be.

Fallows's contention that federal outlays are out of control is not supported by the facts. What is really out of control is federal tax policy, the best example being our complex and loophole-ridden income-tax laws.

MARK W. KELLY
Groveland, Calif.

Mr. Fallows refers to the property-tax deduction "and other 'middle-class' tax breaks." Being allowed to deduct local taxes on the federal tax return merely means that I do not have to pay the federal government \$20 to \$30 for the privilege of giving my local government \$100. Serious lawmakers must learn to distinguish between the meaningful tax breaks and the ripoffs.

Most frightening to me were Mr. Fallows's comments about Social Security. When he remarks that it is irrational to raise payroll taxes to provide Social Security to those who cannot conceivably be called needy, he seems to be saying that the reward for those who have attempted in a responsible way to provide an independent pension plan for themselves should be to strip them of Social Security. And his objections to indexing pension plans suggest that he would prefer that all pensioners be reduced to "truly needy" by inflation.

HENRY DREXLER
Winston-Salem, N.C.

James Fallows replies:

My intention in beginning my budget comparisons with 1980 was to show what federal accounts had been like before the Reagan Administration's policies had any effect. Mr. Kelly may be right in thinking that 1981 is a better starting date, and he is certainly correct in saying that if the comparison runs only from 1981 to 1983, the Administration's tax cuts seem to be the major cause of the federal deficit.

But why end the sequence in 1983? Fiscal year 1984 is almost over, the budget for fiscal year 1985 is nearly set, and estimates for the next few years are available. If we look beyond 1983 and toward the end of the decade, we find that federal spending is rising far more quickly than federal revenues are falling. The chart below is like Mr. Kelly's, but it runs through 1989. (My numbers for 1981 and 1983 differ somewhat from his because of the countless variations in ways of calculating federal accounts.) The figures for 1985 and thereafter are derived from the House Budget Committee's analysis of the President's initial budget submissions for fiscal year 1985. The estimates of future spending are based on "current policy" extrapolations—that is, how much the government would spend if defense spending increased by 5 percent, after inflation, each year, and if

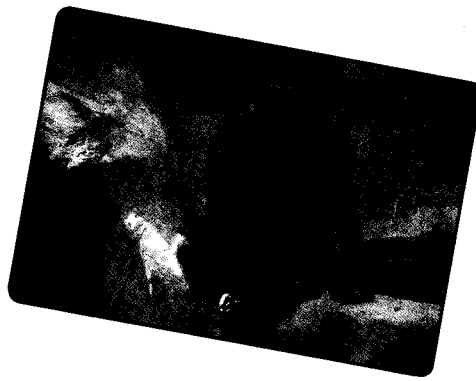


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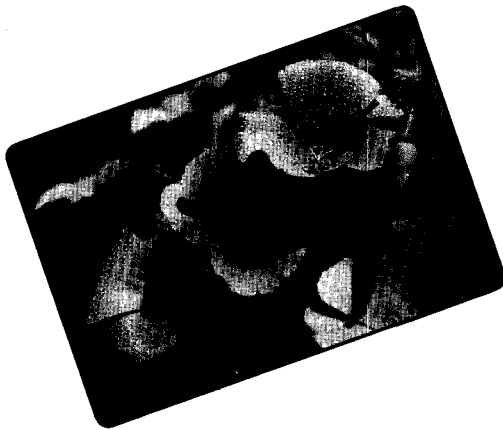
Paul Watson



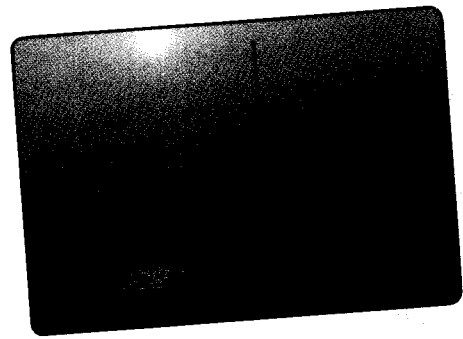
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all other federal programs continued without change.

FY	Outlays % GNP	Revenues % GNP	Deficit % GNP
1981	22.8	20.8	2.0
1983	24.7	18.6	6.1
1985	23.7	18.7	5.0
1987	24.1	18.7	5.4
1989	24.9	19.9	5.0
Difference, 1981-1989	+2.1	-0.9	+3.0

When 1989 arrives, actual government spending will probably be lower than these estimates suggest, partly because Congress has already reduced the rate of military spending and more generally because the next President, Republican or Democrat, will be compelled to deal with the deficit. Still, the pattern underscores the argument that I tried to make in my article: even under a conservative, "fiscally responsible" Administration, the natural momentum of government spending is up and up.

Mr. Drexler's letter makes me realize how imperfectly I have argued my case. As he points out, the deduction for property taxes means that a person does not have to pay the federal government \$20 (or, for those in the highest tax bracket, \$50) on top of the \$100 he has already paid his city or state. Similarly, the deduction for mortgage-interest payments means that he does not have to pay the government from \$20 to \$50 on top of the \$100 he has already paid the bank. But each of these provisions also means that the government has \$20 to \$50 less than would otherwise be the case. When all such "tax expenditures" from itemized deductions are added up, it's clear that the government has tens of billions of dollars less to work with than it otherwise would. The deduction for state and local taxes, for example, reduces federal revenues by about \$20 billion a year; for property taxes by \$9 billion; for mortgage-interest payments by \$28 billion. The special provision for capital-gains taxation reduces federal revenues by about \$16 billion a year. Of these amounts, more than half would otherwise have been paid by the wealthiest 10 percent of households.

What happens when deductions and exclusions like these reduce the government's income? The government must adjust to a loss of, say, \$75 billion a year in one of three ways. First, it can decide not to make any adjustments in its tax rates or expenditures, in which case the \$75 billion is added to the deficit. Ultimately this can lead to higher interest rates, or higher inflation, or both. Second, the government can raise tax rates in an attempt to recoup some of the income. This makes tax deductions and nontaxable income

much more valuable than before, thereby encouraging people to spend more time sheltering their income and less earning it. It also places a disproportionate burden on those who cannot take advantage of tax shelters—that is, the bottom three fourths of the income distribution. Third, the government can attempt to control its expenditures—the fastest growing of which are for medical care, the military, and Social Security.

Each of these consequences is unpleasant. Which would Mr. Drexler prefer? My argument is that some unpleasant steps are, lamentably, inescapable and that we will all be worse off if we refuse to face this fact. Perhaps the least unpleasant course would be to broaden the base of taxable income—by getting rid of many deductions and exclusions—thereby permitting a reduction in tax rates.

GRENADA BEFORE AND AFTER

Michael Massing, in his article on Grenada in your February issue, attributes considerable importance to my meeting as United States ambassador with Maurice Bishop on April 10, 1979. To understand the true nature of U.S. relations with Grenada from the early days of the Bishop regime, your readers should have some specific facts not in Mr. Massing's article concerning my contacts with Mr. Bishop.

In telephone conversations immediately after his coup on March 13, 1979, Bishop, with whom the embassy had had contact for many years, solemnly assured me that U.S. lives and property would be protected, that good relations with the United States were a basic aim of his government, and that there would be prompt and free election of a legally constituted government. Based on these assurances and my recommendations, the United States moved within days to deal with the revolutionary government on a constructive basis. A series of meetings was held with Bishop and his ministers in which other embassy officers participated with me—specifically, the embassy economic officer, a representative of the Agency for International Development (AID), and the U.S. consul. Bishop was advised that the United States accepted his assurances and wanted good relations. I and my colleagues outlined for him United States economic assistance provided to all the countries of the Eastern Caribbean region through the Caribbean Development Bank (CDB), headquartered in Barbados.

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The specific programs I told Bishop he could count on were: (1) a United States AID loan of about one million dollars to finance the completion of 191 houses; (2) an AID-funded loan of about \$150,000 for small-industry credit then available for disbursement; (3) a loan of about \$50,000 for a cocoa plant then in the process of disbursement with the building near completion; (4) an AID-funded loan for \$140,000 to provide assistance to small farmers which was ready for disbursement; and (5) an AID-grant-funded project for agricultural research which was ready to be initiated, pending an agreement with the new Grenadian government.

I pointed out to Bishop that because these loans and grants were administered by the CDB they might be slow in producing effects. I advised him that for quick impact in the interim the embassy could immediately make available to Grenada several grants from the Special Development Activities (SDA) fund, over which we had control. These were grants that could be made promptly for small projects throughout the island. They had the virtue of demonstrating direct United States interest in and support for the Grenadian people by finishing off community-initiated projects. This program had been very popular and effective in the eastern Caribbean islands, although the community-oriented nature of the program limited expenditure to \$5,000 for each project.

Bishop said he believed he could draw down funds, including those I had mentioned, from the CDB fairly quickly, but he also expressed interest in the SDA grants as well as in keeping the Peace Corps. However, in all our meetings he was noncommittal about discussion of new U.S. assistance and never responded to my urgings that he initiate specific talks with us.

Mr. Massing places great emphasis on the April 10 meetings I had with Bishop and Bernard Coard. Let me provide more information to assist your readers in assessing this event in its true light. After I had been waiting on the island for twenty-four hours, Bishop and Coard decided to receive me separately. At that time Grenada was in a state of ferment induced by Bishop's wild allegations that U.S. assassination squads were after him and that deposed Prime Minister Gairy and a mercenary army were poised to invade Grenada. In my meeting with Coard I pointed out that Grenada depended heavily on tourism and that inci-

dents such as one I had just witnessed, in which revolutionary soldiers fired at a small private plane over the main tourist beach, and the invasion scares would frighten tourists away.

This exchange with Coard was presented as a "threat" of a U.S. tourism cutoff in a speech by Bishop three days later. I have pointed out publicly on numerous occasions the true nature of this exchange, but Mr. Massing unquestioningly accepts Bishop's version.

Later the same day I carried out instructions from Washington to assure Bishop that the U.S. Neutrality Act guaranteed that Gairy could not mount the invasion from the United States which Bishop claimed was imminent. I also provided information proving that Gairy was in San Diego, California, and not on a neighboring island with mercenaries, as Bishop had alleged. I urged Bishop, who by then controlled all the media in Grenada, to pass this calming information on to the Grenadian populace. Without doubting my information he declined to do so. Still on instructions, I pressed Bishop again on elections. I again reviewed our specific offers of economic assistance. Bishop told me he would send representatives to Barbados to discuss U.S. aid with the embassy. He never did so, and the Bishop regime avoided several occasions offered to consult on assistance, including an April 17 AID staff visit to SDA projects. Coard attended two regional aid conferences in Barbados and avoided AID officers who tried to seek him out to learn if the Grenadian government had any specific new requests to make; Education Minister George Louison never responded to an April 9 AID offer to visit Grenada for education-project inclusion.

All my contacts with Bishop were low-key and at least superficially cordial, although he did show some annoyance on being pressed on elections.

One point of eleven in my instructions directed me to indicate to Bishop, whose long-standing links to Cuba were a matter of public knowledge, that Grenada's relationship with the United States and its island neighbors would be complicated if it developed close ties with Cuba. Mr. Massing tells your readers that this was the act that drove Grenada to become a Cuban satellite. The facts are, however, that before, not after, my April 10 meeting with Bishop, the following had occurred: (1) On April 7, eight Cuban personnel entered Grenada under surreptitious procedures facilitat-

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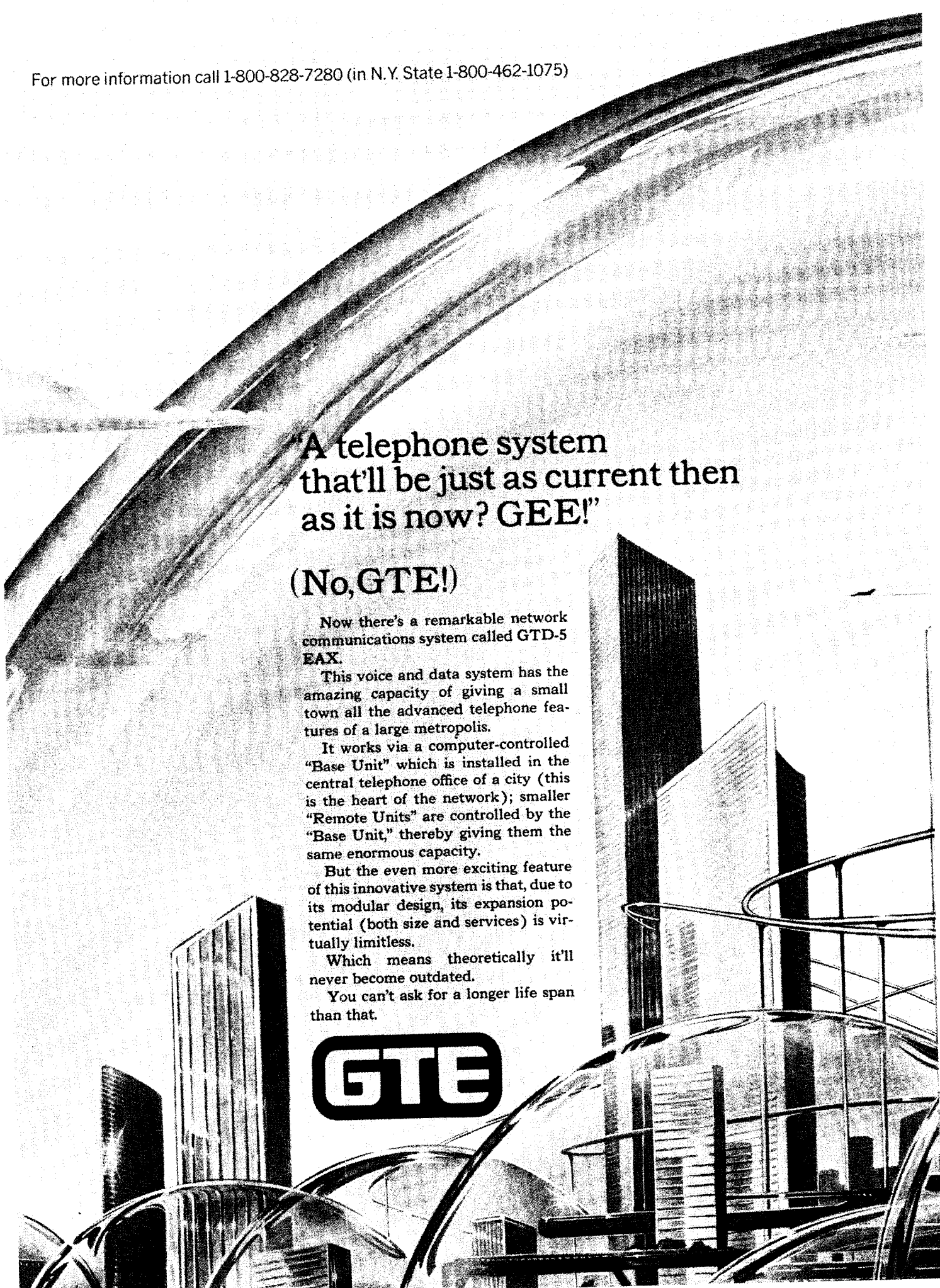
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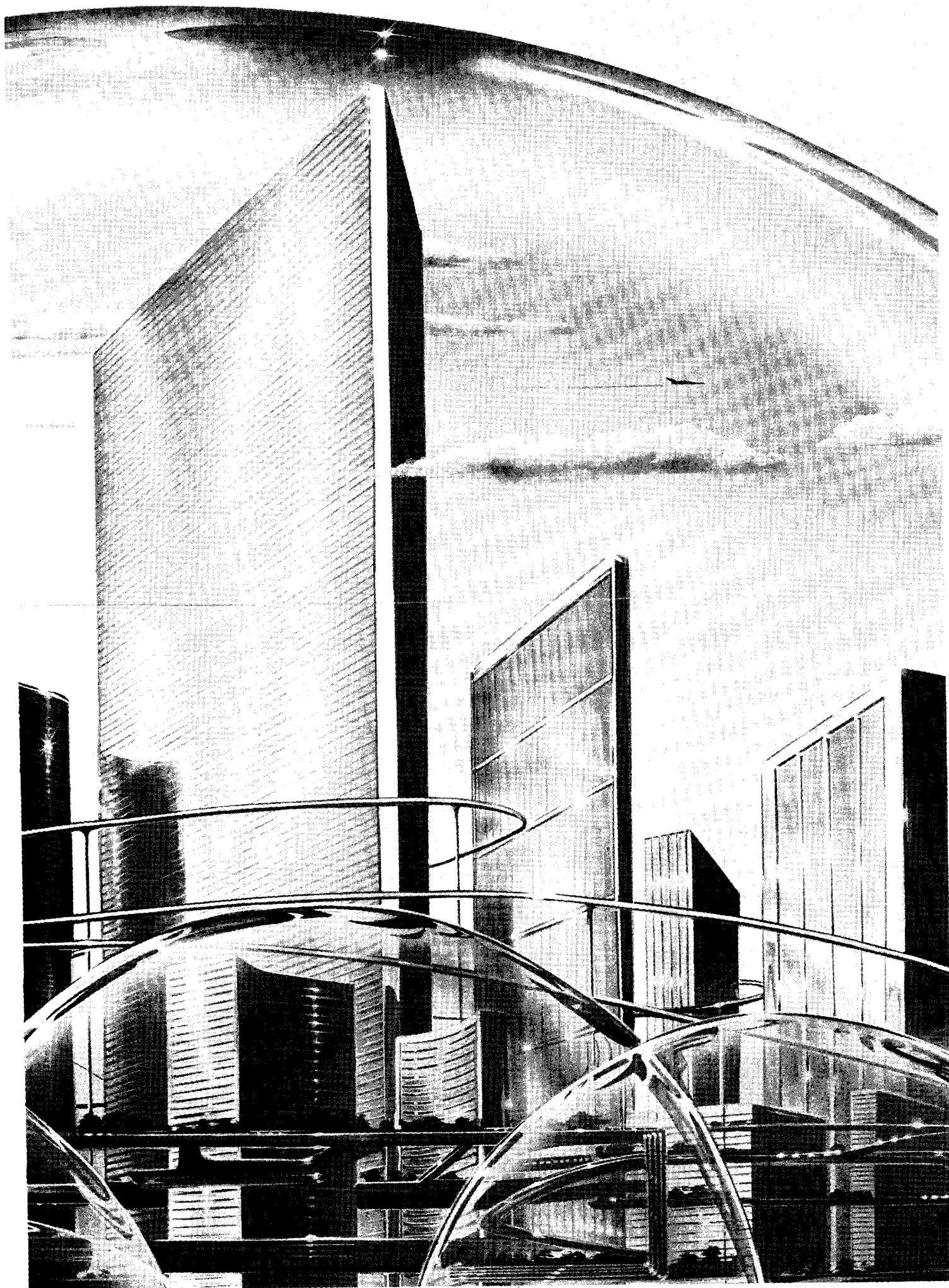
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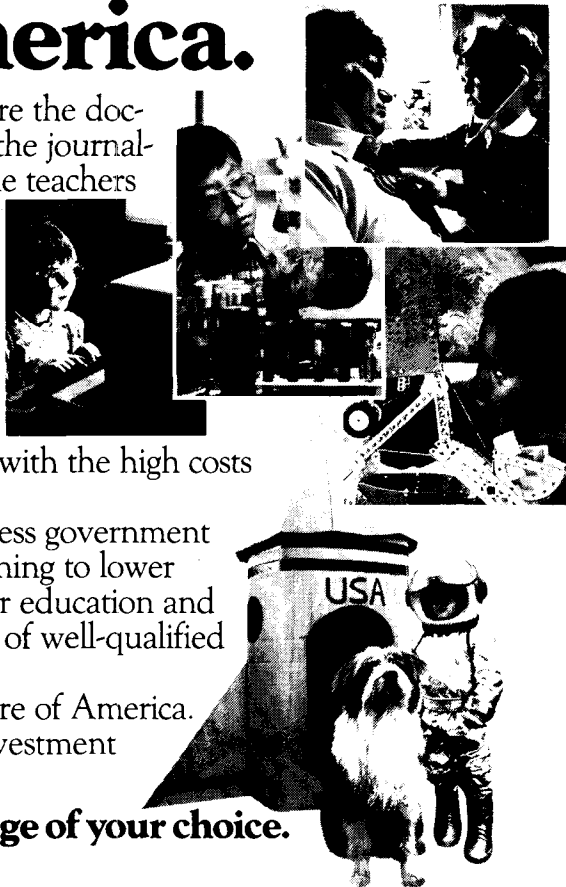
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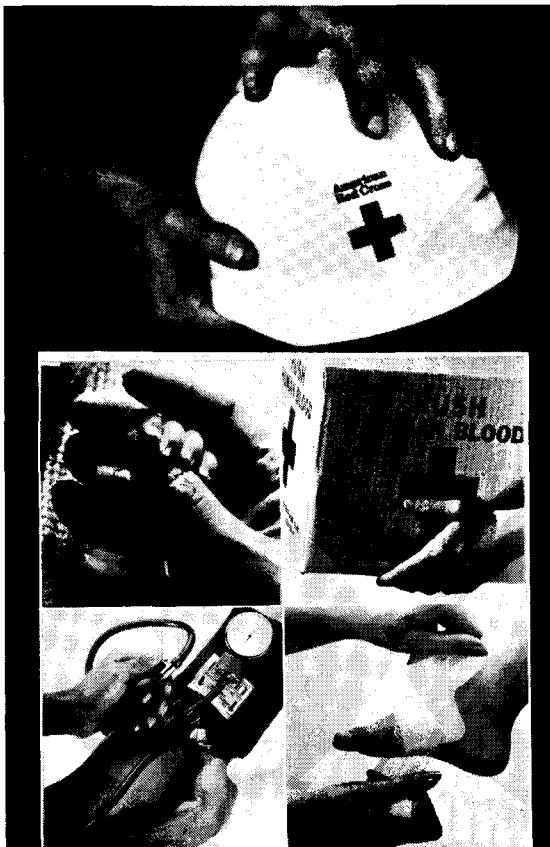
ed by the Bishop regime. (2) On April 9 the Guyanese ship *Jaimito* brought in Cuban arms, concealed in a cargo of rice. (3) The Cuban ship *Matanzas* left Cuba April 6 with another shipment of arms. The shipment arrived in Grenada on April 14.

Furthermore, on April 12, Havana leaked Cuba's recognition of Bishop's government. All these actions required days if not weeks of planning and preparation. On April 13, in a speech that has to be read in full for its distortions to be appreciated, Bishop publicly concocted the rationale that Mr. Massing passes on to your readers for what was in fact his predetermined turn to Cuba.

It was a great pity that Bishop brought confrontation and totalitarianism to one of the most accommodating, gentle, and democratic regions of this hemisphere. But it is important for your readers to understand that a Marxist-Leninist like Bishop is not "driven" into the Communist camp; that is where he started out to go.

FRANK V. ORTIZ
*United States Ambassador
to Grenada 1977-1979
Washington, D.C.*

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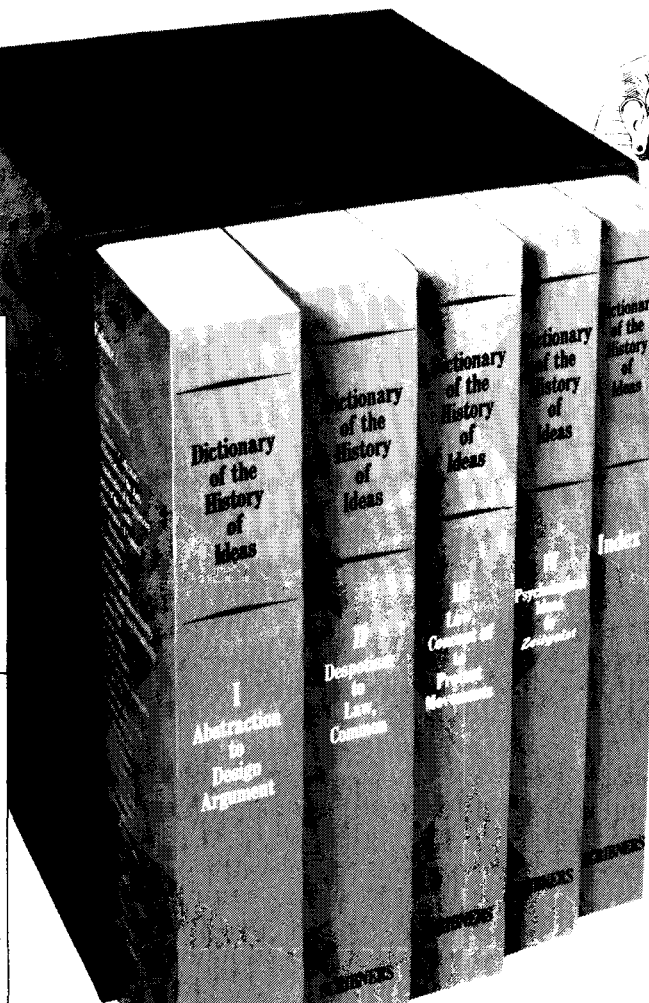
We'll Help. Will You?

Michael Massing sweeps aside a battery of documented evidence and statements from those who knew Maurice Bishop, the murdered prime minister of Grenada, to base his argument on the false premise that the United States was responsible for driving Grenada into a Soviet-Cuban alliance.

To shroud Bishop and the Marxist New Jewel party in folk legend is to obscure hard facts. Fidel Castro, a successful dictator of a Soviet-aligned state, was Bishop's avowed hero and role model. Bishop forged early Cuban ties through Oswaldo Cardenas, director of the Caribbean-Central American section of the Cuban Communist Party's Americas Department. The New Jewel's Central Committee existed prior to the March, 1979, coup that, bolstered by Cuban arms and commandos, ousted Prime Minister Eric Gairy and installed the People's Revolutionary Government (PRG). Three weeks later Cuba delivered 3,800 infantry weapons and thirty-five artillery pieces, a speedy shipment that indicated Havana's interest in securing the PRG against counterrevolution but that was hardly adequate defense against an imminent invasion by the United States.

Of the many secret Soviet-bloc and

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Cuban pacts that Bishop and Coard signed, three early Soviet agreements provided for delivery between 1980 and 1986 of arms sufficient to equip 10,000 soldiers, with half of them in the field. In 1980 Grenada's army had not approached the October, 1983, strength of 600 PRA and 2,500–2,800 in the militia. It is preposterous to hold Ambassador Ortiz responsible; nor, unless the PRG, the DGI, and the KGB were using a crystal ball, can those three pacts have been a response to the August, 1981, "Amber-Ambergines" naval exercises.

The "imminent invasion" theory was a myth created by minds skilled in propaganda and uttered by Bishop and Coard as a political ploy in gaining global sympathy for Grenada as a persecuted underdog; the specter of an external aggressor whipped up nationalist pride, uniting the Grenadians until the "Revo" euphoria faded and the vast majority of Grenadians were opposed to the Marxist-Leninist system forced upon them.

Silenced by fear, while believing that Bishop was a genuine nationalist who would extricate them from the mess, Grenadians coped with life in a totalitarian state and the occupation of their country by Soviets and Cubans. The New Jewel's Central Committee and Politburo had solidified power by the strangulation of democracy: the constitution was suspended, plurality of parties was banned, and law resided in people's courts. There was no free press. Roughly 1,000 people were imprisoned indefinitely without charges at one time or another. Torture was common and frequently supervised by Cubans. Internal security was harsh and thorough: every inhabitant was analyzed on security reports and designated as enemy or friend; mail was opened, telephone lines monitored, and private homes placed under surveillance by sophisticated listening devices; and an informer system, taught to children as a patriotic duty, served to intimidate. Party-card holders were first in line for jobs and retained them by attending weekly propaganda sessions and party rallies where attendance lists were kept.

Mr. Massing's false premise led him to the conclusion that in a world dominated by superpowers "there is little place for small nations seeking to chart a middle course." His statement may be true, but it is unrelated to the Grenada ruled by Bishop and the Central Committee—from the beginning they set their course and tacked as far left as possible, due

N.W. to Havana and then hang another left to reach Moscow.

MAYO LOISEAU GRAY
New York City, N.Y.

Michael Massing replies:

My account of Ambassador Ortiz's encounter with the Bishop government was based on interviews with members of the government, business leaders, opposition figures, members of the State Department, and others. The people I interviewed were in overwhelming agreement about the nature of the April 10, 1979, visit and the critical impact it had on U.S.-Grenadian relations. The PRG had expressed no ill will toward the United States prior to that meeting; it became vehement afterward. Clearly, the meeting represented a turning point. It came at a time when Eric Gairy was issuing calls for a counter coup, a threat that seemed real enough to those in Grenada at the time. Bishop was frantically seeking aid, especially military assistance, to help bolster his new government. The United States refused all requests for security assistance and offered only the \$5,000 grants in direct assistance that Mr. Ortiz mentions in his letter. The larger sums he details were funds administered by the Caribbean Development Bank, a regional institution directed by representatives of Caribbean governments, and they had already been allocated by the time Bishop came to power. As Mr. Ortiz himself remarks, the bank is usually quite slow in processing loan applications; in fact, funding can take as long as two years to come through. The Grenadians wanted more direct assistance as a sign of U.S. support.

Not only did the United States refuse to offer any significant assistance, but it also warned the People's Revolutionary Government against taking aid from the one country ready to provide it, namely Cuba. Mr. Ortiz devotes only one sentence of his letter to his warning about relations with Cuba, but that warning spoke volumes to the young Grenadian government. According to my sources, it was delivered with great bluntness and, more than anything else, convinced the nationalistic PRG that the United States was trying to dictate Grenada's foreign policy. It seems obvious that such a warning would offend Bishop and his colleagues.

I hadn't heard that Cuban arms had entered the country clandestinely prior to April 10, but it seems quite possible that they did.

I agree that the amount of arms on Grenada was excessive; I said as much in my article. Still, little evidence has emerged to indicate that the weapons were intended for use anywhere but in Grenada. In fact, the documents released by the State Department indi-

cate that the PRG lived in daily fear of military aggression from abroad.

Ms. Gray's description of the PRG's repressive policies largely reiterates my own, though with some hyperbole. However, I disagree with her remark about torture. Although torture did take place, it does not seem to have been a common practice, and Cubans almost certainly did not supervise it. In addition, none of the dozens of people I interviewed ever mentioned that Cuban commandos took part in the March, 1979, coup.

The extent to which Grenada was headed into the Eastern bloc from the start or to which it was pushed there by the United States remains a central question of the Grenadian revolution. Mr. Ortiz and Ms. Gray have already made up their minds. I find the record much more complex and continue to wonder what might have been.

AFRICA PROBLEMS

I am fascinated by Jack Shepherd's reasoning in "Africa: Drought of the Century" (April *Atlantic*). His thesis seems to be that as many as 150 million people might be rescued from starvation if only we released our surplus food. Almost parenthetically, he mentions that the population of sub-Saharan Africa will double within twenty-one years. He goes on to say, "Food is not the only problem: schools, hospitals, housing, and jobs will all have to increase proportionally."

Why is population control not included in his list of priorities? The present average fertility rate in Kenya is eight births per woman. In the past we have always provided some emergency food relief. We have never provided adequate health care or reproductive education. When we provide food without explaining its limitations, we tell a terrible lie.

PAUL LUTUS
Sunny Valley, Ore.

Jack Shepherd replies:

A high population-growth rate was listed in my article as one of the major problems Africans face. Others, including pricing policies for local foodstuffs and a high rate of rural-to-urban migration, are linked with the population problem.

Some experts believe that the basic problem is simply poverty: rural people have a lot of children, many of whom die young, so that there will be enough people to farm and subsist. Kenya, by the way, has one of the largest and oldest family-planning programs in Africa—and the world's second highest population-growth rate, 4 percent.

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*Test conducted by Tennis Industry magazine and published in their November, 1983 issue.
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response is enhanced by a newly refined version of BMW's Digital Motor Electronics. A microprocessing system that uses data based on engine and driving conditions to calibrate the electronic fuel injection and ignition instantly and precisely. The system is so efficient and unerring it also manages the BMW engine that powers the current Formula One Grand Prix Championship car.

In the 325e the result is an aggressively smooth engine that delivers soul-stirring performance with a remarkable EPA-estimated 23 mpg, 36 highway.*

But as Road & Track states and BMW engineers concur, "the concept of performance encompasses a good deal more than the various aspects of acceleration."

It encompasses, for example, excellence in deceleration as well. For that reason the 325e has been equipped with disc brakes for all four wheels. And they're vented in front, where most braking stress occurs, to increase their fade resistance.

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THE SPORTS SEDAN OTHER CARS PROFESS TO BE.

The 325e exudes the same attentiveness to detail and quality that characterizes all BMWs and elicited this from Motor Trend: "doors close with a nice solid clunk, gear changes are crisp as cold celery and the steering as precise as a dial indicator."

In sum, it expands the prerequisites for all those cars seeking credibility as high-performance sports sedans. Every nuance of its performance has been finely honed and heightened to elevate driving from a mere pastime into a passion.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES THE EXPERTS SPEAK

I AM APT TO suspect . . . all the other species of men . . . to be naturally inferior to the whites. There never was a civilized nation of any other complexion than white, nor even any individual eminent either in action or speculation.

—David Hume, *Scottish empiricist, historian, and economist, 1766*

Races north of the Pyrenees . . . never reach maturity; they are of great stature and of a white color. But they lack all sharpness of wit and penetration of intellect.

—Said of Toledo, *Moorish savant, c. 1100 A.D.*

When a woman becomes a scholar there is usually something wrong with her sexual organs.

—Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, *German philosopher and poet, 1888*

If [a woman] is normally developed mentally, and well-bred, her sexual desire is small. If this were not so, the whole world would become a brothel and marriage and a family impossible.

—Joseph G. Richardson, M.D., *Professor of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, Health and Longevity, 1909*

Direct thought is not an attribute of femininity. In this woman is now centuries . . . behind man.

—Thomas Alva Edison, *"The Woman of the Future," Good Housekeeping, October, 1912*

Brain work will cause her [the "new woman"] to become bald, while increasing masculinity and contempt for beauty will induce the growth of hair on the face. In the future, therefore, women will be bald and will wear long mustaches and patriarchal beards.

—Hans Friedenthal, *Professor at Berlin University, Berliner Tageblatt, July 12, 1914*

The Army is the Indian's best friend.

—General George Armstrong Custer, *American military officer engaged in western patrol duty, 1870*

To kill a man will be considered as disgusting [in the twentieth century] as we in this day consider it disgusting to eat one.

—Andrew Carnegie, *American industrialist and humanitarian, 1900*

[T]he jig is nearly up [for Roosevelt]. . . . There was a time when the Repub-

licans were scouring the country for a behemoth to pit against him. Now they begin to grasp the fact that . . . they can beat him with a Chinaman, or even a Republican.

—H. L. Mencken, *American editor, author, and critic, American Mercury, March, 1936*

The day when they [the Nazis] were a vital threat is gone. . . . [I]t is not unlikely that Hitler will end his career as an old man in some Bavarian village who, in the biergarten in the evening, tells his intimates how he nearly overturned the German Reich.

—Harold Laski, *London Daily Herald, November 21, 1932*

[T]he physiognomic analysis of . . . [Hitler's] face reveals . . . his immense kindness. Yes, Hitler is kind. Look at him in the midst of children, bending over the grave of those he loved; he is immensely kind, I repeat it.

—Alphonse de Chateaubriant, *French writer who won the Goncourt Prize and the French Academy Grand Prize, Gerbe de force, 1939*

A Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor is a strategic impossibility.

—Major George Fielding Eliot, *"The Impossible War With Japan," American Mercury, September, 1938*

There will be no cars, radios, washing machines or refrigerators after the war. . . . [T]he post-war world will be so poor that women will have to return to their grand-mother's spinning wheel and men will have to build their own cottages.

—Dr. Hans Elias, *faculty member at Middlesex University, Waltham, Massachusetts, quoted in The New York Herald Tribune, October 4, 1942*





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[W]e can confidently say of American fiction that, while it may not be national, and may not be great, it will have at least the negative virtue of being clean.

—Bliss Perry, *editor of The Atlantic Monthly, A Study of Prose Fiction, 1902*

Forget it. Louis, no Civil War picture ever made a nickel.

—Irving Thalberg, *MGM production executive, telling Louis B. Mayer not to bid for the film rights to Margaret Mitchell's novel, Gone With the Wind, 1936*

[I]t will be gone by June.

—Variety, *referring to rock-and-roll, 1955*

Video won't be able to hold on to any market it captures after the first six months. People will soon get tired of staring at a plywood box every night.

—Darryl F. Zanuck, *head of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, c. 1946*

[Man will never reach the moon] regardless of all future scientific advances.

—Dr. Lee De Forest, *inventor of the Audion tube, quoted in The New York Times, February 25, 1957*

[T]he Bolshevik Government won't last six months more.

—Walter Duranty, *New York Times foreign correspondent, May 27, 1920*

Gaiety is the most outstanding feature of the Soviet Union.

—Joseph Stalin, 1935

Few predictions seem more certain than this: Russia is going to surpass us in mathematics and the social sciences. . . . In short, unless we depart utterly from our present behavior, it is reasonable to expect that by no later than 1975 the United States will be a member of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

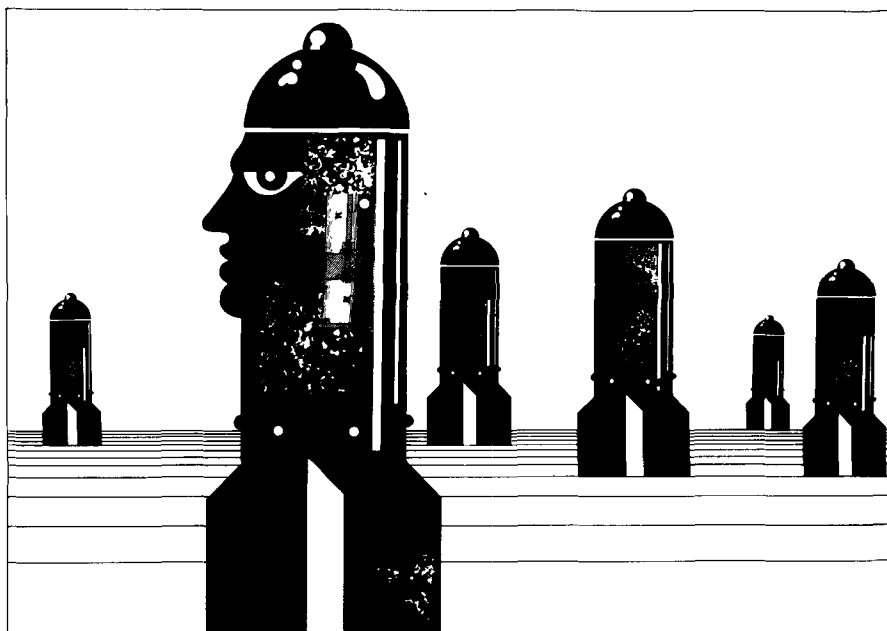
—George R. Price, *former Manhattan Project physicist, Life, November 18, 1957*

We must never forget that if the war in Vietnam is lost . . . the right of free speech will be extinguished throughout the world.

—Richard M. Nixon, *New York City, October 27, 1965*

—Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky

The Experts Speak, a collection of predictions and aphorisms edited by Christopher Cerf and Victor Navasky, will be published in August by Pantheon.



NUCLEAR ENERGY

ON THE URANIUM TRAIL

An international inspection team makes sure that nonweapons countries don't divert nuclear fuel to make bombs



IN A GLITTERING thirty-story tower across the Danube from Vienna a small cadre of technicians administers a system of safeguards intended to guarantee that nuclear weapons will not spread across the planet. From this building, the headquarters of the United Nations' International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), inspectors fan out to scores of nations to monitor nuclear facilities. They work like auditors in a central bank tracing the global movement of gold. But their gold is uranium and radioactive products of the uranium-fission process, and the thieves that threaten it are "diverters"—secret builders of bombs. The skill with which inspectors can track uranium and plutonium through their industrial life now provides the principal assurance that nations that have said they will eschew nuclear-weapons development are in fact doing so.

This checking began some thirty years ago, with President Eisenhower's "Atoms for Peace" proposal, a way of sharing nuclear technology without opening the nuclear-weapons club to just anybody. Non-nuclear nations rep-

resented an enormous market for the products of America's nuclear industry, and the technology would generate power, new knowledge, national pride, and economic growth besides. The "safeguards clauses" in purchase contracts for nuclear reactors gave the manufacturer the right to inspect the fuel and facilities sold, to ensure that they were indeed being used for peaceful purposes. Those clauses are the forerunners of the present international safeguards apparatus.

The 1968 Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons put international safeguards to work all over the world. That treaty evolved from proposals made to the United Nations in the early 1960s for restricting the transfer of nuclear weaponry, and from Soviet-American disarmament plans that contained suggestions for preventing the transfer of nuclear-weapons technology. In August of 1965 a United States draft of a nonproliferation treaty was submitted to the UN's Eighteen-Nation Disarmament Committee. Three years and seven drafts later the present treaty went to the UN General Assembly, which endorsed it and opened it for signatures. To date 121 nations, including the Soviet Union, have signed; the safeguards program employs 250 people and has a budget of \$30 million a year.

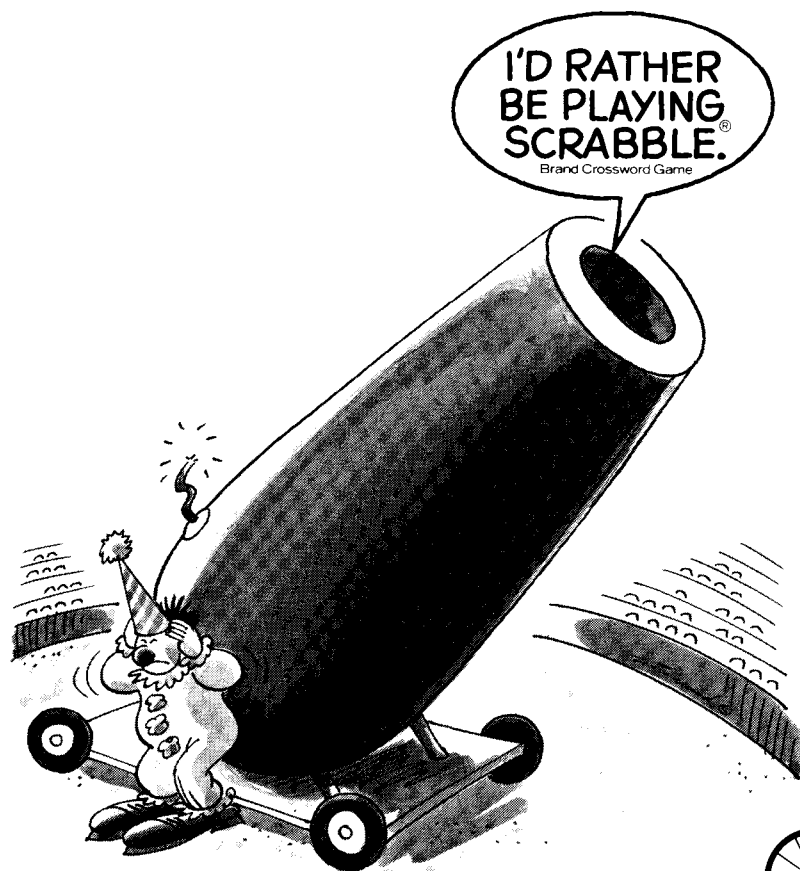
The treaty provides that states with nuclear weapons will not help states without them acquire nuclear explosives, and that states without nuclear weapons will agree neither to acquire nor to seek help in acquiring them. While the nuclear-weapons states are not obliged under the treaty to do any-

thing but block the flow of weapons technology to nonweapons states, the latter must throw open their entire nuclear industries to safeguards inspection and must maintain under safeguards any facility that has used safeguarded material. (For example, if country A begins reactor operations with American uranium, which is under safeguards, and then switches to uranium from a source that is not, the facility continues to be under international inspection.) To compensate for the inherent inequities, the weapons states also agree in principle to share nuclear-energy technology with less-advanced treaty signers—a process that many observers have found sluggish at the best of times.

Treaty participation has many levels of equality. For example, Japan and West Germany, as nonweapons parties to the treaty, must open their entire nuclear industries to inspection, although for economic reasons they would prefer to keep their advanced technology to themselves. The United States and Great Britain, as weapons states, are not bound to enter into full safeguards inspections; however, they open a number of peaceful facilities to inspection, and thus expose their own new technologies, to appease highly developed nonweapons parties to the treaty. China, which joined the IAEA only this year, has nothing open at present to safeguards inspection.

Because any nuclear fuel bought from weapons states is under safeguards, some nations that are not parties to the treaty—India, Pakistan, Argentina, and South Africa, for example—must nevertheless open some facilities to international inspection. Thus India allows safeguards inspections of its reprocessing facility when foreign material is being processed but not when Indian material is. Pakistan allows safeguards inspections of a facility that is physically connected to another that is closed to inspection. France, a weapons state but not a party to the treaty, has indicated that it will abide by the provisions of the treaty as though it had signed. EURATOM, the European community's nuclear-energy commission, carries out its own safeguards inspections in conjunction with the IAEA.

Any party to the treaty may withdraw after giving three months' notice. The agreement itself comes up for review next year, when the problems of indigenous fuel supplies and the sharing of technology are almost certain to compli-



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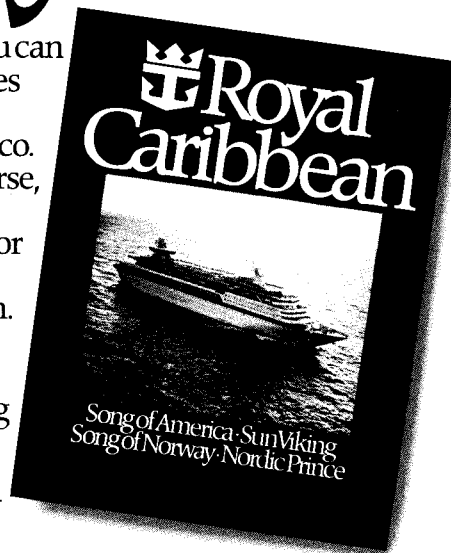
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cate negotiations on the future forms of safeguards.

Of course, the treaty is pointless unless participating nations demonstrate their good will. The existence of an international safeguards program springs entirely from the need of nations to prove to their neighbors that they have forsworn nuclear weaponry. The inspectors must assume that all the participating nations are potential clandestine bomb builders. The arrangement stretches to its limits any country's willingness to yield its sovereignty. Nevertheless, according to Hans Grömm, the Austrian physicist who formerly directed the safeguards program, this odd collaboration among nations has placed under safeguards 98 percent of the fissionable material in nonweapons states. The missing 2 percent, however—fissionable material not under safeguards in nations that did not sign the treaty—may be the narrow end of a nuclear wedge that, in time, could split the entire inspection system.

When safeguards were first applied, in the early 1960s, the key to success was obvious: keep an eye on uranium, since weapons states were the only ones able to supply nuclear fuel. At the time, fissionable material existed mostly as discrete items, easily seen—fuel pellets waiting to be loaded into rods, rods waiting for reactors, elements in operating reactor cores, spent fuel in cooling ponds, and waste for external disposal. Accordingly the inspections focused on such items, in particular those whose content of plutonium and highly enriched uranium—the nuclear materials that could be diverted directly to bomb production—was above a given “threshold of significance.” Although thousands of tons of uranium and its cousins fall under safeguards, these so-called “direct use” materials are what Grömm sees as “the main thrust of the safeguards program.” They are the gold that the 180 safeguards inspectors must follow.

THE INSPECTORS WORK under constraints that have made their job easy—too easy—to caricature. The agency begins with no real idea of how much uranium has been mined in the world; it knows only that the amount must be in the tens of thousands of tons. Nor does it know how much has been taken further down the enrichment trail, where the concentration of radioactive U^{235} —less than one percent in its natu-

ral state—is increased relative to the amount of stable U^{238} , or how much U^{238} has been transformed by irradiation into plutonium.

A rudimentary atomic bomb requires either about twenty-five kilograms (55 pounds) of uranium enriched to 20 percent U^{235} or about eight kilograms of plutonium. Safeguards inspectors call these materials in these quantities significant. In a world that produces both materials by the ton, these units are small indeed. And they are monitored with equipment and procedures that are primitive compared with the technology that surrounds them.

Today both the monitoring equipment and nuclear technology are evolving rapidly. The old facilities that were easy to inspect, comparatively speaking, have been joined by complex reactors like Canada's CANDU, which reloads fuel daily instead of once a year. To a safeguards inspector each reloading is an opportunity for a diversion of direct-use material to secret bombs. And there are “bulk facilities”—reprocessing and enrichment plants where slurries of radioactive material move through labyrinthine, often secret, systems. From an inspection standpoint these are very hard to handle: given a margin for error in the measurements of one to two percent and an inventory of tons of material, an alarming quantity of plutonium can vanish, actually or statistically, into the margin.

Safeguards are intended to provide continuous monitoring of the flow of nuclear material, especially direct-use material; to allow physical, on-site inventories of nuclear facilities; and to maintain, using automatic movie cameras, continuous surveillance of nuclear reactors, spent-fuel ponds, waste-storage facilities, and supposedly tamperproof seals to ensure that the contents of an inspected container will remain unchanged. The inspections are carried out by men and women who arrive at reactor and storage sites burdened like Sherpas with cumbersome tools.

“The inspectors are working under enormous time pressure, on a noninterference basis, inside a complicated, foreign facility, in a background of loud noise and high radiation levels,” David Rundquist, the American physicist in charge of safeguards-equipment development, says. “The instrument has to do a lot of the work itself. It has to be reasonably smart.”

First-generation instruments were

briefcase-sized sensors capable of scanning a fuel rod to measure the amount of U^{235} in it and larger sensors to measure neutron emissions from plutonium samples. Some of these heavy instruments will soon be replaced by a unit about the size and shape of a toiletry kit which houses a multichannel analyzer employing various sensing “guns” that measure different nuclear characteristics. Another new tool is a military night-vision device converted to detect the distinctive blue “Cherenkov glow” in spent-fuel ponds, an indicator of the amount of radioactive material remaining in the fuel elements.

The corps of inspectors is drawn fairly equally from all the member nations in the IAEA and tries to adjust its operational ideals to the real world: for example, India is one of the few states to admit Soviet inspectors, and female inspectors should not be sent to certain countries. Safeguards inspectors are classified as radiation workers, and the IAEA makes sure that its health standards are followed to the letter, requiring “whole body counts” of radiation every few months and standard eye and blood tests. The pay is good, ranging from about \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year, and attrition is relatively low, about 15 percent. Some like the work more than others—Americans, for instance, don't view the life and work of a safeguards inspector as much of a career. And the hundred days a year spent on the road take their toll.

“You go to a nuclear facility and do two things: audit books and make a physical verification,” says Leslie Thorne, a British physicist and a principal officer in the safeguards department of the IAEA. For the audit, Thorne says, an inspector sits down with masses of computer printouts, comparing the reports sent in by the nation being inspected with the meticulous records that reactor operators must keep under the terms of the Non-Proliferation Treaty.

The frequency and duration of inspections ranges from quarterly visits lasting half a day at power reactors to virtually continuous inspection at reprocessing plants. “It's quite a stressful activity,” Thorne says. “You're in a foreign country, they're looking over your shoulder. English is usually the working language, but it may not be the mother tongue of either the inspector or the operator, which can create misunderstandings.”

It is in the audit that an inspector may

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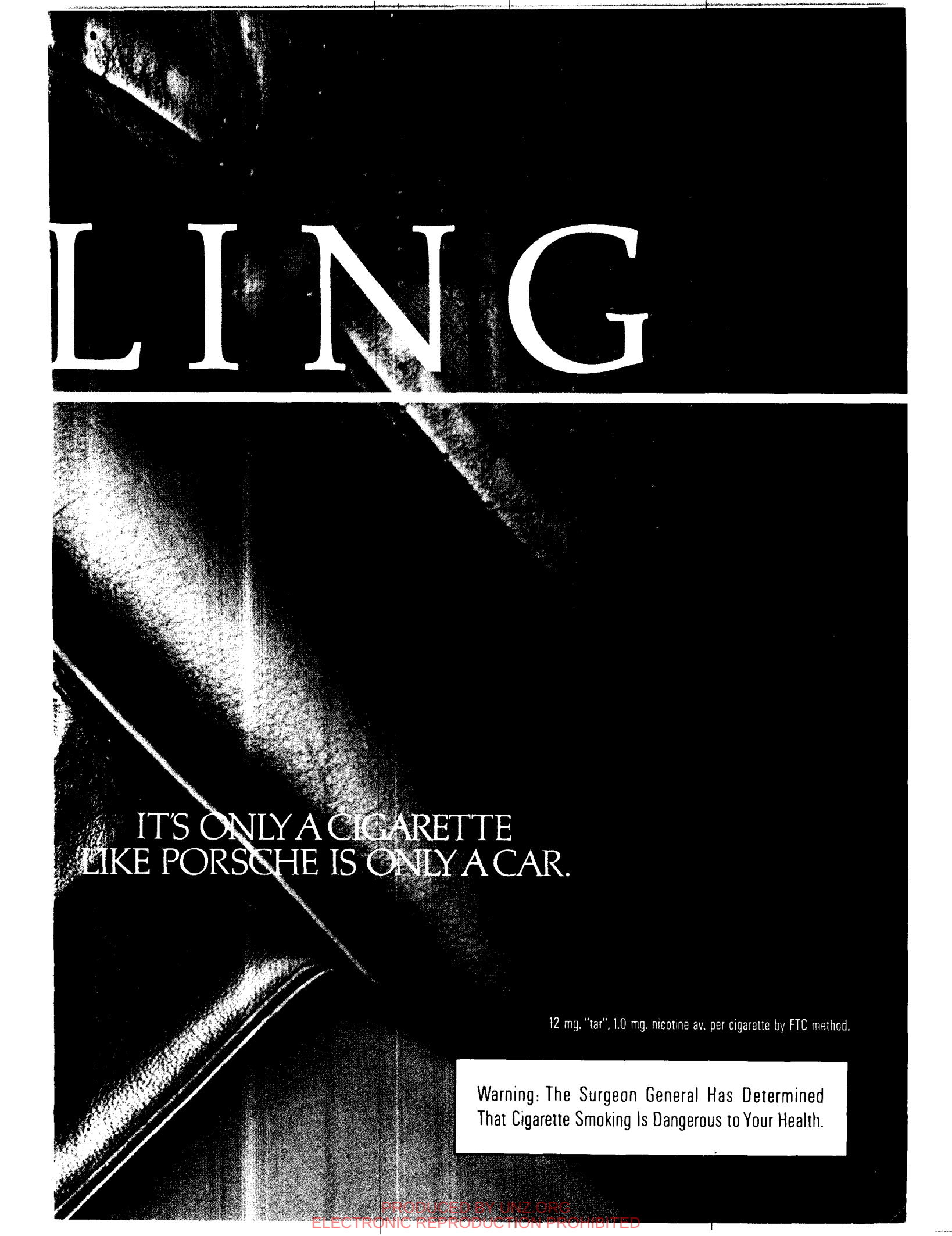
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first encounter what is called MUF—material unaccounted for.

"You're *always* finding discrepancies," Thorne says. "You're dealing with materials you can't measure precisely." The material statistically suspended in the margin for measurement error is MUF. Thorne emphasizes that MUF is not the grave problem it might seem, because it is statistical. "We get a spread of results, statistical distributions. The statistical relationship can't be preserved if you're siphoning away enriched material. If we saw a distortion of the statistical distribution, that would set our alarms going."

Verification is where the real slogging comes in, for the inspector must verify seals on nuclear material, the amount of material in the reactor core, the amount of plutonium and other fissionable wastes in the spent-fuel pond, and the quantities of low-level waste waiting for disposition. It is work done by looking with binoculars across fields of barrels, counting and counting, and using remote sensing instruments to probe the interiors of "hot" fuel rods and canisters and flasks. As Thorne puts it, "No one will thank you if you come back and a week later a country detonates a nuclear weapon using material you said was in the pond."

The inspector also checks the surveillance cameras and changes their film, keeping the essentially continuous record of the movement of stored and spent material to take back to Vienna for analysis. Aided by his often disgruntled hosts, he obtains samples of materials, from either newly arrived shipments or old ones that he wishes to have a laboratory reverify. At any point a serious "anomaly"—an opened camera, a broken agency seal—is cause to shut down the facility so that the inspector can begin making a detailed inventory. This is an expensive step that no operator wants taken. Rundquist foresees the development of more in-place instrumentation—especially in bulk facilities, which are chemists' nightmares of mixed radioactive matter. He also predicts that future safeguards inspectors will simply plug their own, classified software into operators' computers to perform their inspections. "We're maturing," he says. "Our technology is catching up with the nuclear industry."

SOME COUNTRIES, TIRED of depending on the United States and other vendor nations for nuclear-fuel—and,

presumably, chafing at the intrusion of safeguards inspections—have begun to develop their own, indigenous supplies of fissionable uranium and its by-products. With the advent of improved uranium-enrichment technology and techniques for reprocessing spent reactor fuel to extract plutonium, first one nation and then another has virtually guaranteed that at *least* 2 percent of nuclear material is going to remain outside the safeguards system.

India has its own reprocessing facility. Pakistan has begun developing its own sources for nuclear fuel, as has Brazil. Argentina recently announced completion of a nuclear-enrichment facility and has bought a heavy-water plant in order to produce deuterium oxide, which is used as a moderator for atomic reactors and as a source for the hydrogen isotopes used in thermonuclear-fusion reactions. South Africa, with its own enrichment process, can produce uranium that contains 40 percent U^{235} , which is more than enough for use in bombs. As these independent facilities and technologies emerge, the inspection problems multiply exponentially.

"Going to a fuel-manufacturing plant, you find nightmarish complications," Thorne says. "Four hundred, five hundred fuel assemblies. Is it fissionable material? Are the quantities right? The cost of each assembly is about a quarter of a million dollars, and the operators will not have you doing anything to cause the slightest blemish or scratch. In a centrifuge fuel-enrichment plant, you've got hundreds, thousands, of machines. You have to confirm that that plant is only producing low-enrichment fuel, not high-enrichment. It's a thankless job. You can sometimes get rather bitter." Thorne reflects for a moment and adds, "It's very hard work if you're not enthusiastic."

Some bitterness may also derive from incidents like the 1981 destruction by Israeli planes of an unfinished reactor in Iraq, despite assurances from the IAEA that the Iraqis were not diverting nuclear material there. To Thorne, among many others in the IAEA, it seemed that the agency—and the safeguards department in particular—took the fall for it.

At the moment, unsubstantiated reports of a detonation in Pakistan are a source of concern. Pakistan irradiates uranium supplied from outside, and that material is under safeguards. But Pakistan also has its own fuel-manufacturing plant, and the indigenous material used

there is not subject to international inspection. "All I know is that a hundred fuel elements came with their reactor," Thorne says. "No one knows how many have been added by Pakistan. We are ringing the bell, saying the situation is unclear—that in the existing situation we are unable to fulfill our job."

"Some countries have thrown their entire nuclear industries open," he adds. "The treaty requires this. Any reticence we take to be an alarm signal. In non-treaty countries we do not necessarily have this kind of prerogative. But we can place our hands on our hearts and say material for India's nuclear explosion did not come from a safeguarded facility."

What if it had? And what if safeguards inspectors had detected the diversion? According to Thorne, in the event of a true loss (as opposed to a MUF) the inspector would lie low until he returned to Vienna, and then, if the missing quantity were significant, the agency would query the nation's nuclear-regulatory organ. If the nation could not (or would not) explain the loss satisfactorily, the matter would go through various levels of the agency and eventually reach the board of governors. "We say there's something here we can't explain. If we get nothing further from the country—in the extreme scenario—the matter is then put before the United Nations Security Council."

Skeptics, hearing this, may remark that being put before the Security Council sounds almost as bad as a spanking with a hairbrush. The rationale behind the sanction, of course, is that no sovereign nation wants to be exposed as a liar and a dangerous fraud, although there is considerable evidence that many nations don't much care. Actually, notifying the Security Council would alert other nations, which would in theory exert the necessary pressures on the nuclear outlaw. No one really knows how this "extreme scenario" would play, because the final step has never been taken. Discrepancies have always been explained satisfactorily at a lower level.

IT IS ALL circular. One inspects, up to a point, and blows whistles, up to a point, and nothing much happens. Yet the record is encouraging. Hans Grumm says, with understandable satisfaction, "We have seen no new nuclear-weapons states now for twenty years." He is alluding to the first detonation of a nuclear *weapon* by the People's Republic of Chi-

na, in 1964. However, India detonated a nuclear device in 1974 that was intended to test "peaceful uses" of such explosives. Pakistan is widely regarded as being on the way to developing a similar "peaceful" device (if it has not already detonated one). Many people assume that Israel has bombs built but unassembled. South Africa is said to be ready to make bombs, though it has not done so. Argentina and Brazil are on the threshold of being able to produce atomic weapons if they so choose.

Still, an exchange of primitive atomic weaponry between small nations has not happened, and safeguards inspections are one of the reasons that it has not. Of course there are others. The real world in which safeguards, like some mythic knight, must live also works against the diversion of uranium to bomb development. Grumm claims that safeguards have a 90 percent chance of detecting diversions, and this high probability of exposure is increased by the fact that the world is full of national spies. And, as one agency official notes, there is a grapevine.

Thus Israel's unadmitted but presumed nuclear-weapons capability is considered one of the world's worst-kept secrets, along with the Libyan money that bolsters nuclear technology in countries too poor to go it alone. Inspectors know that South Africa can enrich uranium to 40 percent U^{235} , because in the facility they are allowed to inspect they have seen and measured 40 percent enriched fuel rods. Also, it is assumed that if a nation impoverished in everything but population asks for nuclear fuel, it is acting for an unnamed third party.

The specter of a terrorist-built nuclear bomb is probably not a realistic part of the nuclear nightmare, and it lies outside the scope of the safeguards apparatus. Elaborate enrichment and machining steps are usually necessary before the uranium or plutonium in a nuclear facility becomes useful in even the most primitive bomb. Hiding a highly radioactive substance somewhere in a city is probably a more practical act of terrorism using stolen nuclear material. If only a bomb will do, it would be easier to steal than to build one.

The IAEA and its safeguards program are changing. The IAEA director-general, Hans Blix, of Sweden, who was appointed in 1981, has said that he wants to make the agency "open and transparent to the public"—a major departure from former policy, which was to do the

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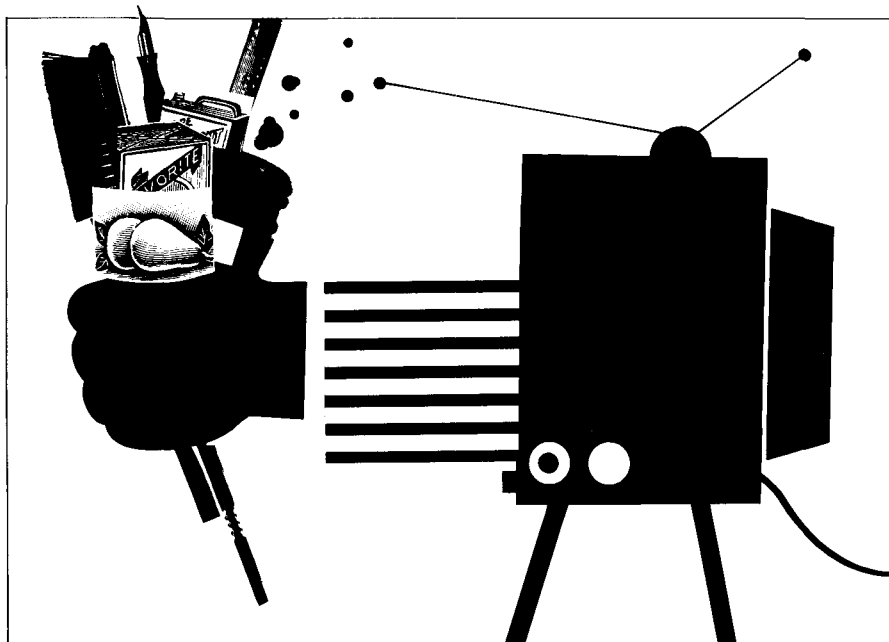
work and stay out of the papers. For example, although the agency is charged with fostering the development of peaceful applications of nuclear energy, it kept clear of the debate several years ago that resulted in virtually outlawing nuclear power in Austria, the IAEA's host nation. Grumm's successor as director of the safeguards program is Peter M. Tempus, of Switzerland, who brings to the job an extensive background in nuclear research and management and presumably a few changes in philosophy.

It may be that safeguards will ultimately have their greatest impact in an area to which they connect only tangentially: arms control. Talks have begun between the IAEA and the Soviet Union about opening selected Soviet peaceful

nuclear facilities to inspection, much as similar facilities are open in the United States, Great Britain, and France. Success could mean the first on-site inspections permitted by the Soviets, which could be an important precedent for the on-site verifications that have been one of the chief sticking points in disarmament negotiations. Thus, while the system of international inspections attempts to block the further spread of nuclear weapons, its existence may also help reduce the nuclear arsenal already in place.

—Carl Posey

Carl Posey writes frequently about science and is the author of two novels, Kiev Footprint and Prospero Drill.



ADVERTISING SECOND SPLITS

Fifteen-second television commercials might soon become the standard length, just as thirty-second ones did ten years ago

IF A REGULAR television viewer heard about a plan to increase—perhaps even double—the number of commercials he had to watch, he might want to go to court to stop it. Yet it is a court decision that has made such a radical increase inevitable—a decision by Judge Harold Greene, of the U.S. District Court in Washington, the man who ordered the dismantling of the Bell System.

The decision, handed down with little publicity in 1982, had its origins three years before, when the Justice Department filed charges against the National Association of Broadcasters, contending that the code it imposed upon its members violated antitrust regulations. The code placed certain restrictions on the number of commercial and promotional minutes per broadcasting hour, of commercial breaks per hour, and of individual commercials within each break. These three aspects of what is often called “clutter” should be left, Greene said, to “market forces which, by penalizing those whose commercial announcements offend the public, impartially reduce all clutter on an equal basis.” At the time of the court decision Vincent Wasilewski, then the president of the NAB, described it as “an aca-

democratic exercise which ignores reality and leaves the general public as the loser.” His words seemed alarmist; now they seem accurate.

The NAB signed a consent decree that ended its code in November of 1982. Several weeks later the Alberto-Culver Company, a manufacturer of personal-care and grocery products and a major television advertiser, submitted four commercials to CBS, NBC, and ABC. The commercials were unusual in that each thirty-second spot advertised two products (the standard commercial runs for thirty seconds but advertises only one). All three networks rejected them.

There were as many lawyers as businessmen and broadcasters at the meetings that followed between Alberto-Culver and each of the networks. It is said that Alberto-Culver representatives brought with them a fully drafted lawsuit; it is certain that they told the networks and broadcast groups they visited that in view of Greene's NAB decision each would undoubtedly be found liable for millions of dollars in damages if it did not run the “split thirties.”

All three networks agreed to an “experiment” with split thirties but insisted on certain restrictions. Alberto-Culver found fault with them, and both NBC and ABC backed down. CBS, however, filed suit against Alberto-Culver, which immediately countered with another suit. The matter was settled out of court last February, with Alberto-Culver getting virtually everything it wanted. The age of the split thirty had arrived.

Alberto-Culver sees itself as the defender of the small advertiser. Given the colossal increases in the cost of network commercial time over recent years—increases that have in fact made television unaffordable to a number of brands originally introduced on it—a case can be made for the necessity of such a role. Year-to-year price escalations have exceeded 15 percent recently, far more than increases posted for radio, newspapers, or magazines. It is a seller's market, a condition that the networks defend on the basis of supply, which is limited, and demand, which is growing. Alberto-Culver says that the supply is being limited not by the twenty-four-hour day but by arbitrary restrictions placed on the number and length of commercials. Removing those restrictions, as Greene's decision did, will reduce the cost. Other multiproduct advertisers agree: Gillette North America



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Announcing the new luxury edition of America's family car.

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and Ralston Purina are among those who have produced and run split thirties.

Most spokesmen for these companies go to some lengths to point out that the split thirty is but one arrow in their quiver: split thirties might not be suitable for every brand, nor would they be used exclusively for any brand. Such protestations would be more credible were it not for the lessons of history. In 1971 and 1972 a similar change was gripping the broadcast-advertising community: the transition from sixty seconds to thirty seconds as the standard length for commercials.

That change began in the 1960s, with the controversial practice of "piggybacking," or putting messages for two related products from one company into the same one-minute commercial. As piggybacking increased in frequency and the protests from irate viewers decreased, the advertisers paid less attention to the relationship between the products. Finally the networks cast aside any concern about corporate relationship as well, and began selling thirty-second units to all comers. Then as now, there was sober deliberation in the trade press about the tactical uses of such short messages and the limits of their effectiveness. But in a short time the thirty-second commercial, however complex the information it had to present, was the standard.

The reason, of course, was money. The thirty-second commercial started out at half the price of a sixty-second one, which made it extremely attractive to an advertiser struggling to maintain the level of frequency necessary to make his campaign effective. But the price of commercial time seems far more pushed by demand than pulled by increases in supply. Soon the cost of a thirty-second commercial rose faster than that of a sixty-second, which all but vanished into broadcasting history. Only the most dedicated optimist can believe that the split thirty will take a course any different from that of the split, or piggybacked, sixty. Where we now encounter one commercial we will, in the near future, be hit by two. A two-minute commercial break, or "pod," in a TV movie will probably contain eight separate spots.

TELEVISION-NETWORK officials continue to use the word "experiment" when they talk about the split thirty, despite an increasingly hollow ring. They emphasize that their acceptance of split

thirties will not increase the actual number of commercial minutes in a broadcast hour, although the limits governing the amount of nonprogram time—which Greene's decision has left up to the forces of the marketplace—might be in a position as vulnerable to assault as were the limits on the length of a commercial.

In private conversations the network presidents wonder if there is some critical mass at which clutter will finally drive viewers to darken their sets forever. A more realistic danger is that they will prefer other electronic diversions. While video games and video cassettes are still not major rivals to network viewing, cable television most assuredly is. More than a third of America's households are now wired for cable television. Primarily as a result of this, the networks have lost a significant share of the total prime-time audience in recent years. One advertising agency has predicted that the networks' share will drop from 80 percent in 1982 to 60 percent by 1990.

That prediction was made before the possibility arose that the number of commercials could abruptly double. Although many advisers assure the network chiefs that the transition to split thirties, and undoubtedly then to fifteens, will have as little effect on viewing as the transition from sixties to thirties did, the chiefs are nervous. A Consumer Response Corporation poll taken in 1979 showed that 81 percent of the respondents were annoyed by the number of commercials and program promos run back-to-back. A 1982 study by the Roper Organization showed that although most people feel that commercials are a fair price to pay for programs received, the ones who disagree cite the number of commercials and interruptions as principal reasons.

Advertising-agency executives too are reluctant to speak publicly on the issue of split thirties, since some of their clients are enthusiastically ordering them and their own production staffs are at work producing them. But they did articulate their collective worries through the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which issued a statement last September that expressed "great concern" about current trends in network TV that are "reducing television's effectiveness as a marketing vehicle."

One trend cited was "the recent announcement by two networks that advertisers will be permitted to split 30-

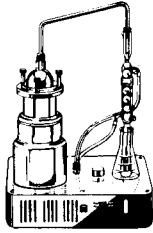
second announcements into two unrelated product messages." Anything capable of "reducing television's effectiveness as a marketing vehicle" is cause for alarm among agency heads. At the larger agencies network and local television account for between a third and a half of the advertising dollars spent for clients—and an even greater percentage of those agencies' profit. There is little likelihood that cable TV, still highly fragmented and incapable of delivering vast audiences, will be a big source of their revenue in the near future.

Split thirties could backfire in two ways. The first, of course, is by inciting viewers to switch to cable, to public broadcast, or simply to "off." Networks and their affiliated stations, if their costs continue to rise and their audiences to diminish, could price themselves out of consideration as advertising media. The other possibility, and the more likely one, is that few viewers will be lost but that those who remain will remember less and less of any particular commercial. To what extent this might occur is a critical question, and opinions diverge sharply. Several professional market researchers have produced evidence that shorter commercials are less effective; but since the decrease in effectiveness seems to be less than the decrease in price, the shorter lengths are a good deal.

Others say that this is theoretical nonsense and predict that the question will be answered differently once it leaves the laboratory and enters the American living room. They point to a study, published last year in the *Journal of Advertising Research*, of how well viewers were able to identify specific commercials in a cluster of spots that they saw about five minutes before they were interviewed. Viewers had been able to identify correctly about 18 percent of the commercials they had seen in a test done in 1965; the figure dropped to 12 percent in 1974 and to 7 percent in 1981. One of the architects of that study, Dr. Leo Bogart, said last year at a conference of the Advertising Research Foundation, "The mounting crescendo of messages has grown increasingly out of phase with the sensory and intellectual capacity of human beings to process them." The fact that Dr. Bogart is executive vice-president of the Newspaper Advertising Bureau reduced the impact of his warning on many broadcasters. The advertising-agency principals who heard him listened.

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LET'S GET ALL OF AMERICA WORKING AGAIN.

While agency managers ponder how split thirties will alter the effectiveness of television as a medium, the copywriters and art directors who work for them have a much different concern: how the new format will affect television commercials themselves. To these people a television commercial is not merely a piece of time and a share of audience but a meticulously conceived and produced way of persuading someone to try a certain product or service. Achieving all this in fifteen seconds, they say, is hardly a piece of cake.

Creative directors will admit that some products and selling strategies lend themselves to very short messages. For example, since everyone knows about Coca-Cola, "reminder advertising" is considered to be an appropriate strategy for such a familiar product. In contrast, it is impossible to convey in fifteen seconds the kind of information necessary to persuade someone to buy a certificate of deposit or a personal computer. Innovative products with innovative benefits demand more time. So does the establishment of mood or emotion, which is essential to the effective communication of the benefits of, for example, a long-distance call or a greeting card.

Creative people in advertising agencies hear their clients and their own managers telling them that split thirties will be used sparingly and only when appropriate, and that the advent of split thirties does not necessarily mean a change to fifteen seconds as the standard. They hear it all and know, just as surely as the price of a fifteen is half the price of a thirty, that they will soon be producing commercials that fit the time slot but not the marketing objective.

And so we have enough conflicted characters to make up a TV mini-series. There is the manufacturer who is certain that his product would flourish if he were able to afford network television. Suddenly he sees a way to afford it, but though he can expect to be enriched in the short run, he will probably be priced out of the market again once everyone else, including his competitors, catches on. There is the network executive being pushed toward accepting split thirties by his lawyers, to say nothing of the probability of vastly increased revenue. Still, he knows that in that direction lie perils that could damage his network and his industry. Then there is the advertising-agency president torn between the directives he is receiving from a cli-

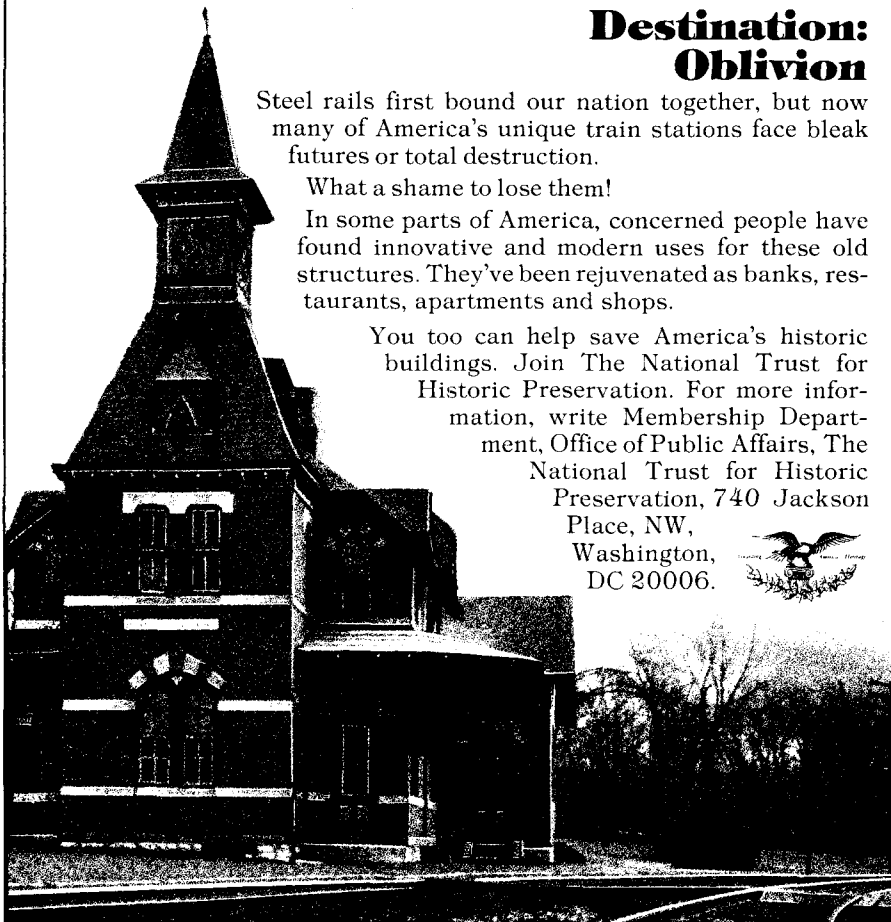
Destination: Oblivion

Steel rails first bound our nation together, but now many of America's unique train stations face bleak futures or total destruction.

What a shame to lose them!

In some parts of America, concerned people have found innovative and modern uses for these old structures. They've been rejuvenated as banks, restaurants, apartments and shops.

You too can help save America's historic buildings. Join The National Trust for Historic Preservation. For more information, write Membership Department, Office of Public Affairs, The National Trust for Historic Preservation, 740 Jackson Place, NW, Washington, DC 20006.





WRTN

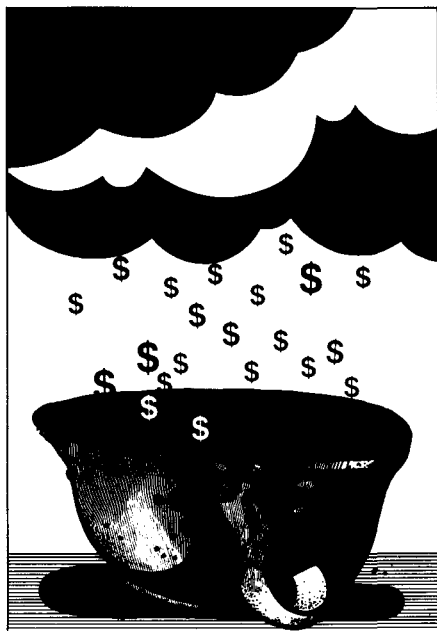
RETURNRADIO • (93.5 FM)

MUSIC FOR THE FOLKS WHO LIVE ON THE HILL

ent and the nagging worry that fulfilling them will erode the quality of the service he provides. Standing off to the side, unconsulted by any of the principal players—including Judge Greene—is the television viewer. In the viewer's hand is the instrument that will determine the outcome of this drama: the "on-off" switch.

—John O'Toole

John O'Toole is the chairman of Foote, Cone & Belding Communications.



HONDURAS REGIONAL PAWN

*A piece in a political
chess game, Honduras wavers between
militarism and democracy*

HONDURANS HAVE USUALLY been quick to live up to American notions of their nation. When the Alliance for Progress, in the 1960s, envisioned schools and roads leading the Third World out of misery, Honduras paved its roads, though it had few cars, and dotted its lovely green hills with schoolhouses, though it bought no books. When the idea of recycling petrodollars for development became popular, in the 1970s, the Honduran military, in power at the time, signed rafts of loans that the country had no realistic hope of repaying. And when, in the panic that followed Somoza's fall in Nicaragua, the Carter

Administration impressed on General Paz Garcia the urgency of Honduras's becoming a democracy, elections were called, and the officers returned to their barracks—or, to be more accurate, to Miami.

As the economic largesse and political reformism of the seventies gave way to the geopolitical militancy of the eighties, the new Honduran high command submitted a detailed report to Washington. The report placed the blame for the crisis in Central America squarely on the Sandinista revolution and volunteered that Honduras was the "tapón natural"—the obvious plug—for "Soviet-Cuban expansionism," an analysis that conformed closely with that of President Ronald Reagan's transition team for Central America. The new Administration responded with a two-track policy of first using military aid to build "security shields" around client states, and only afterward attending to their economic and social crises. Honduras was swiftly transformed into the image of the frontline state: a stalwart young democracy ready to combat the communist threat, imperfect but free of gross violations of human rights.

What the United States' final bill in Honduras will come to is far from being known. In Honduras, the poorest country in Central America, only the military has profited so far. Honduras received \$53.1 million in American economic aid and \$3.9 million in military aid in 1980; however, the Administration's commitment to military solutions has been signaled by a drastic change in the levels of American support. By 1983 Honduras was receiving roughly \$80 million in economic assistance, whereas military grants and credits had multiplied almost twentyfold, to \$77 million.

ISAW AN INDICATION of the scale of the military buildup one morning recently when the U.S. and Honduran armed forces held closing ceremonies for the second phase of their Big Pine joint exercises.

The maneuvers, the longest and costliest ever held in the region, involved 5,000 Honduran soldiers and, as the press release put it, "significant elements" of the U.S. Armed Forces, in simulations of every conceivable contingency, from rapid response to amphibious assault to border patrols. U.S. military engineers had upgraded four airstrips to take the big C-130 transport, and preliminary work was going forward

on a munitions-storage area at Palmerola and on a \$160 million naval port complex at Puerto Castilla, on the Caribbean coast. Joint maneuvers, which the Pentagon has announced may continue for the next twenty years, have become so pervasive as to blur any useful distinction between maneuvers and occupation, between temporary facilities and permanent bases.

The ceremony was held on the dusty parade grounds of the 1st Infantry Battalion Headquarters, outside Tegucigalpa. The display of hardware was most impressive. Overhead were sleek Blackhawk choppers, for rapid deployment, and A-37 combat aircraft, which the Honduran Air Force wants upgraded to F-5s. Rolling along the ground was a dazzling array of artillery, including the new 105mm howitzers, long-range pieces made to order for setting up on hills and shelling across a border. What impressed spectators the most, however, was the new Honduran Special Forces units—the first homegrown Green Berets in Central America—marching past in smart new camouflage fatigues, their faces covered with ghoulis green warpaint. They made the Kissinger commission's recent recommendation that the United States foster "U.S.-style counterinsurgency forces" to cope with Salvadoran-style rebellions seem already superannuated.

Up on the dais, making a rare joint public appearance, stood the four powers in Honduras: the elected president, Dr. Roberto Suazo Córdova; General Paul Gorman, head of the U.S. military's Southern Command; the American ambassador, John Negroponte, known in Honduras as "the proconsul"; and General Gustavo Alvarez Martínez, then commander of the Honduran armed forces. In his prepared remarks President Suazo spoke of the military alliance as fortifying "our young democracy, struggling against poverty and the threat of totalitarianism," though he did not define that threat further. General Alvarez also veiled his words, eschewing his usually explicit warning that war between Honduras and Nicaragua is inevitable in favor of a declaration that the Honduran forces had grown better prepared for any eventuality, "offensive or defensive." General Gorman said that the exercises had given American troops outstanding experience of Central American terrain, a statement laden with implication. The diplomatic Mr. Negroponte remained silent. Neither

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**Americans are still in Vietnam.
Let's get them out.**

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diplomacy nor force but the wish to avoid committing American forces to Central American combat underlies the Reagan Administration's military-political tactics in the region—from the uncovert Contra war against Nicaragua to the crude attempt to link military aid for El Salvador to African famine-relief legislation.

Restrained from policing its sphere of influence through the expedient of direct military force, the United States is involved in a risky regional chess game of proxies. The situation on the board is complex and fragile. In more than two years of fighting, at an estimated cost of \$45 million, the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (FDN Contras) on the Honduran-Nicaraguan border has failed to overthrow the Sandinistas but has succeeded in mounting a crippling war of terror and economic sabotage.

The likelihood of war between Honduras and Nicaragua is discounted by most observers. The strategic argument goes that a thrust by the infantry of either nation into the territory of the other would quickly run into supply problems, leaving the forward troops vulnerable inside enemy territory. The political argument goes that Honduras won't move against Nicaragua without the participation of American troops. Providing such support would likely necessitate pulling 100,000 American servicemen out of Europe for redeployment in the Caribbean Basin, but nothing of the sort has been indicated. Whereas Congress has so far refused to supply Honduras with the advanced aircraft it wants, Nicaragua's most sophisticated weapons are said to be its Soviet anti-aircraft systems, a consideration that reduces the plausibility of air war for the time being.

In the view of military analysts a Honduran infrastructure of docks, airstrips, new roads, and radar facilities is being constructed mainly as a supply line to the Contras: a kind of Ho Chi Minh Trail in reverse. As the FDN Contras are set on a firm logistic footing, the Costa Rican-Nicaraguan border is undergoing a parallel buildup. A little-publicized section of a report by Senator Jim Sasser, of Tennessee, on the American buildup in Central America informed the Senate Military Construction Appropriations Subcommittee that as many as 1,000 military engineers and U.S. National Guardsmen were for the first time entering neutral Costa Rica "to provide for infrastructure construction in the Costa Rican northern zone bordering Nicaragua," not far from where Edén

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and serve you they do. With answers to questions on sizes, styles, shipments and prices. On colors, on

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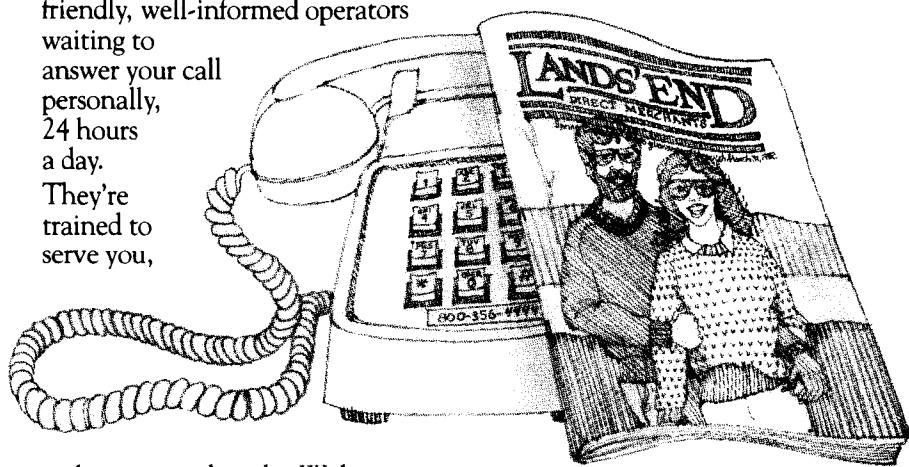
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Pastora's Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE Contras) has been previously isolated. With strengthened fighting pieces north and south, a blockade by U.S. naval forces would hold Nicaragua in check.

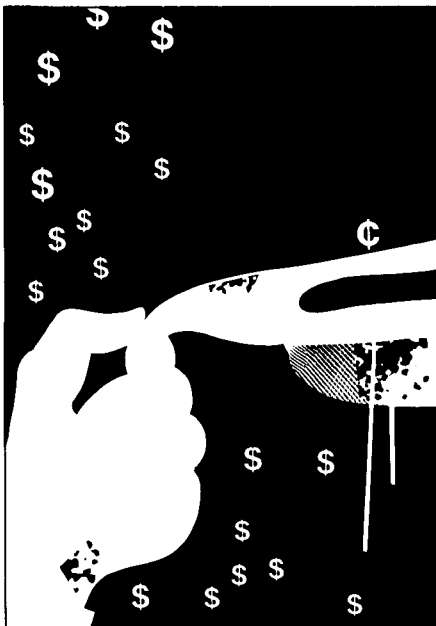
PRESIDENT SUAZO SPOKE of Honduras as a "struggling" democracy, but one of the things it is struggling against is the suspicion that its president does not exist. Dr. Suazo does not grant interviews or hold press conferences, and only rarely makes speeches or ventures out in public. Few Hondurans seem to know or care much about the president's whereabouts. The first civilian head of a Honduran government in more than a decade, he has gained a reputation for illness and feeble rule. Thus it came as a complete surprise when, at the end of March, General Alvarez was ousted and put on a plane for Costa Rica. Apparently an alliance between Dr. Suazo and junior officers concerned about General Alvarez's political machinations had led to what one Western observer called "a typical Central American coup in reverse," whereby the civilian had organized an intrigue against the military chief.

Under Honduran electoral law voters mark their ballots for the color symbolizing the party of their choice. There is no ticket-splitting, and the voters are unaware of the identities of any candidates except those running for president. After elections for the Constituent Assembly in 1980, seats in the one-chamber legislature were apportioned according to each party's national tally of votes. The party bosses named their deputies, freeing themselves from the accountability to a constituency obtaining in most democracies. Divorced from the electorate, congressmen have also become divorced from reality: they carry handguns on the floor of the Congress and sit twirling them during the sessions, as if to protect themselves from a nonexistent guerrilla threat.

Despite its weakness as an institution the legislative branch has managed a record that one leading legislator has called "the worst in Honduran history." With the economy dead from depressed commodity prices and the flight of capital, with intense pressure to devalue the currency, with unemployment galloping at 30 to 50 percent, with the International Monetary Fund's having ruled that Honduras is out of compliance with its debt-renegotiation agreement, and with

future American economic support in doubt because of the U.S. deficit, the Honduran Congress passed the national budget in one evening session, without debate. General Alvarez smashed whatever pride the assembly had left by signing an agreement that would allow the United States to establish a Regional Military Training Center, for Salvadoran soldiers, on Honduran soil, and then surrounding the capitol with his troops and announcing his decision. Only the lone representative of the Christian Democratic Party, Efraín Díaz, had the courage to retire from the hall.

Did he think that the military buildup was subverting the democratization it was intended to protect? I asked Díaz. "*Es cierto*," he said. "American military



pressure strengthens the military here, just as it does in Managua. The civilians can say the government favors the Contadora peace process while the military carries out a contradictory policy. The only way to strengthen democracy is to strengthen Honduran neutrality in Central America through Contadora. The argument is between the U.S. and the Sandinistas, not between Honduras and Nicaragua."

IDROPPED FROM THE burlesque of Tegucigalpa to the coastal lowlands on the Gulf of Fonseca with a sense of relief. There, hemmed in on one side by the gun smoke rising over El Salvador, opening on the other toward the mountains of northern Nicaragua, lay the abiding Central America, a blistered land of peasants and soldiers, of droughts and

vultures, of street funerals and priests.

I had gone south to visit a young cleric whose ordination, a week before, had occasioned both great local pride, since he was the son of Cholutecan *campesinos*, and an unusual amount of publicity. In his ordination remarks Padre Florentino González had said, "We live like foreigners in our own country." This reference to the American military presence had created a stir in the Honduran press.

The Padre is a vigorous and articulate young man much influenced by Vatican II and the example of the martyred Salvadoran archbishop Oscar Romero. "I did not mean to denounce anyone, but our situation here is critical," he told me. "The year before last the rains did not come and the entire crop was wiped out. Then came inundations, which swept away the topsoil. We are struggling not only with the world recession and the political crisis in Central America but with an environmental crisis as well." The entire southern zone of Honduras has been deforested for export timber, he explained, but nothing has been replanted, a situation that increases the heat and lessens the annual rains.

The few rich who had lived in the border zone fled after Somoza's fall, and with the drought, the collapse of the local economy, and the increasing risk of war, the small middle class followed. Now even the peasants are migrating north, some displaced by the border fighting, some by the new military installations, most by desperation. Teenagers stay off the streets of Choluteca at night, fearful of being kidnapped by raiding army recruiters. The only thriving businesses are the munitions shop and the Contra recruitment office, where Honduran boys are offered 200 lempiras (\$100) a month to fight in Nicaragua. Malnutrition is rampant; there are no medicines. "Only recently I accompanied our bishop to Tiger Island, where the Americans have installed a radar system," said Padre Florentino. "The people there suffered the death of a child every day for fourteen days straight. How can I keep silent? The Church asked the government to declare the south a disaster area, so at least we'd be eligible for international relief. But they decided we are too close to Nicaragua. It would look bad."

—Jonathan Evan Maslow

Jonathan Evan Maslow writes regularly on Latin America.

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IF SHEEPSKIN, SO CAN YOU

(Some Friendly Remarks to Graduates)

BY ROY BLOUNT, JR.

THIS IS THE time of year when something clicks in the minds of college seniors. They begin to think in terms of the real world.

Fortunately, most of you young people have had the foresight to equip yourselves with Greek. The real world is *basics*. In the real world the key thing is to get off a Greek allusion at the right moment.

Your department head buzzes you:

"Why the bejabbers haven't you pulled together that report on the substantiation aspects of that widget?"

You know what widget he means. The widget that your firm's new slickware floppy, the QUASI-2000, enables customers to visualize, in high-definition three-dimensionality, on their cozily greenish screen.

"On the one hand . . .," you reply, as you used to reply in seminars on Roots of the Renaissance to buy time. But time does not come so cheap in the real world. The intercom crackles. "I want to see *both* your hands on deck in about half a New York minute," snaps your crusty superior.

On your way to his module you pass the break area for employees who did not attend college. They are eating crude pastries from a machine and saying, "When you think of how bowling's changed in the last . . . it'll scare you." It is the job of a friend of yours in Human Resources to interface with these employees. "Don't ask," he has said.

With a smile virtually indistinguishable from the smile on your ID badge, you pass security and enter the highest corridor you are cleared for. There are no windows here, and the ducts are veiled by heavy mesh, but the air is ionized, so as to make you feel *coiled* as you never felt in halls of ivy. You enter the boss's module through his portico—an effect created by photographic enhancement,

as he is only upper-middle management, but imposing just the same. His administrative assistant, Lavonna or Jeff, moves noiselessly, sinuously, into an alcove, where she or he takes care of certain nuts and bolts.

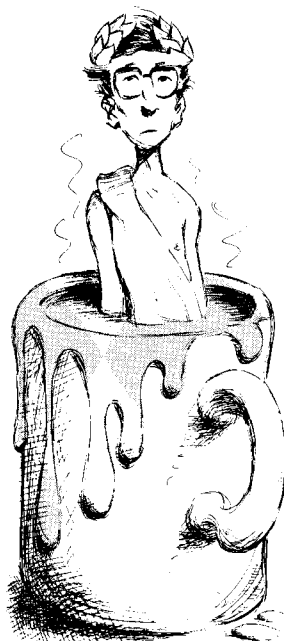
"For corn sakes-a-jumpin'-mighty!" expostulates the Old Man, who is staring moodily at his screen, presumably at the widget in question. (He always keeps his office console situated so that

only he can see the screen.) "We know it's highly defined. We know it's three-dimensional. We know we can cathodically cause it to rotate through 360 degrees on any of its five construable axes, or to go inside-out and back again and inside-out and back again and inside-out and back again, *foop f'lup, foop f'lup, foop f'lup*. But what *is* it? It looks like a, oh, what am I thinking of? A . . ." For the first time he cuts his eyes at you.

"Self-slicing zucchini?" you hazard.

"No! That's not what I was thinking of *at all*!" the boss exclaims. He

dashes a mugful of Hearty Fella Mock Cheese Soup across your shirtfront and ID badge. This is one way in which the real world differs from academe. Professors did not throw soup on you for wrong answers. Because your salary did not come through them. The situation was almost vice versa, in fact. Sure, your professors had their own research deal with the American Better Lipids Council. ("There Are Lipids, and Then There Are Lipids.") But if your parents had not been ponying up \$14,000 a year for your education, then your professors would have had to be directly employed by the ABLC, on a salaried rather than a funded basis, and would have lost their independence. ABLC department heads would have been throwing soup—and fatty soup, frankly—on them. So your professors took a professorial, which is



to say a crypto-truckling, tone with you.

Not so in the real world. Here it is all what-are-you-packing and hey-nonnynonny. Your boss can roll you up in a strip of carpet and whale the living daylight out of you with a length of technological cable if he so elects. He is interested in one thing—performance and performance only.

Because, remember: his department has to perform if he is to get the bonus that will enable him to pony up \$14,000 a year for each of his offspring to attend college for five, six, seven years. (Today's offspring take longer and longer to emerge into the real world.) If in order to get performance out of you he has to be a hard guy occasionally, then so be it. Furthermore, in the real world bosses must finally come to terms with the fact that they enjoy whaling the daylight out of people less highly placed than themselves.

BUT GREEK RESOUNDS across the Ages. Presumably you have been an officer in your sorority or fraternity, and therefore are privy to classical rites. And you have read the rushing narratives of Xenophon in the original—probably staying up all night the night before the exam, pizza and No-Doz and the ancient texts, you can't tell me anything, I've been there.

Okay. You've got your good grounding in Greek. Use it.

It is a mistake to venture a guess about what the boss has in mind as to what the widget actually is. If the boss actually has anything in mind, it is beside the point. *Process* is the point. Go with your Greek.

"Τί ἔμπορεῖς νὰ κάμνης μὲ τὰ χέρια σου [What can you do with your hands?]" you say.

Your boss concedes you a small smile.

"Ἐμπορῶ νὰ ἐργάζωμαι μὲ τὰ χέρια μου [I can work with my hands]," he says.

"Τί ἔμπορεῖς νὰ κάμνης μὲ τὰ πόδια σου [What can you do with your feet?]" you go on.

His smile grows somewhat larger. "Ἐμπορῶ νὰ περιπατῶ μὲ τὰ πόδια μου [I can walk with my feet]," he replies. "Now one for you: Τί κάμνεις μὲ τὴν μύτην σου [What do you do with your nose?]"

You are ready. "Μυρίζω μὲ τὴν μύτην μου [I smell with my nose]" is your response.

"Ἐμπορεῖς νὰ ἰδῆς μὲ τὴν μύτην σου [Can you see with your nose?]"

"Ὁχι. Δέν ἔμπορῶ νὰ ἰδῶ μὲ τὴν μύτην μου. Βλέπω μὲ τὰ μάτια μου. Ἀκούω μὲ τὰ αὐτιά μου. Μασσῶ μὲ τὰ δόντια μου [No. I cannot see with my nose. I see with my eyes. I hear with my ears. I chew with my teeth]."

And then the boss joins you in unison: "Πηγαίνω ἐδῶ καὶ ἐκεῖ μὲ τὰ πόδια μου [I go here and there with my feet]."

But the boss has not lost sight of the bottom line. "How about the widget?" he says.

"Syzygy," you say then. A term derived from Greek. You don't know what it means. Remember: you can never appear to be cleverer than you are if you never fake anything.

"Eh?" says the boss. "Hmm . . . Syz . . . Hm." He doesn't know what it means either.

But he has not gotten where he is without acquiring certain resources. He flutters his keyboard, as if manipulating the widget. What he is actually doing is punching up his vocabulary—400,000 words phonetically arranged.

Now his look is sly. "I kinda have a notion," he says, "that you don't have in mind *syzygy* in the astronomical sense: the nearly straight-line configuration of three celestial bodies in a gravitational system." He winks. "No sir, I kinda think you have in mind the prosodical sense: a group of two coupled feet."

You don't say anything.

Now he presumably does have the widget on his screen. *Foop* f'lup, *foop* f'lup. "Group of two coupled feet, huh? It might be. By granny"—he slaps his desk resoundingly, manually—"it *looks* like feet. Lavonna [or Jeff]! More soup!"

The boss regards you with a new mellowness. Leans back in his chair and cups his belly. "Hm! You know what the fella says: 'I used to look like a Greek god. Now I look like a g.d. Greek!'" Your boss laughs and laughs, till he is fit to be tied.

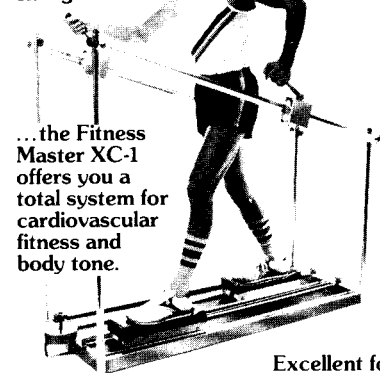
So you tie him, with a length of technological cable, and stash him in the utility cubicle. By the time Lavonna or Jeff returns (in college you will not have known anyone like Lavonna or Jeff, who is not into mind trips, who is into taking care of certain nuts and bolts, who asks nothing more in return than to marry you resentfully and give you offspring, rarer than days in June, whom you will be putting through college for the rest of your life), you are ready for the soup. □

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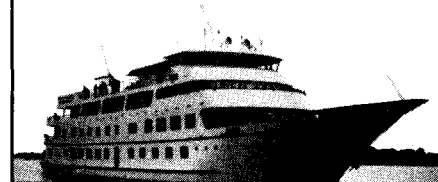
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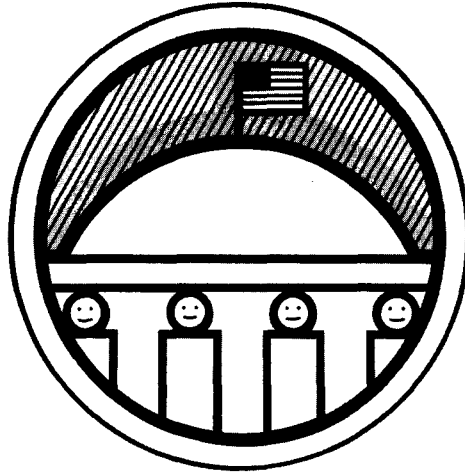
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A plan for strengthening democracy

VOTING IS NOT ENOUGH

BY BENJAMIN R. BARBER



THIS IS THE CIVIC SEASON: THE PERIOD ONCE EVERY few years when we prove to ourselves that we live in a democratic nation. The powerful men who otherwise govern us as they please now stoop to flatter us. Those who otherwise dictate our fate now coax from us our reluctant consent. In the raucous civil combat of the primary system we exhibit and prove our democratic faith.

Yet it must be said that this faith lacks conviction. According to an old and powerful tradition of democratic thinking, representative democracy is scarcely democracy at all. In this tradition, to be democratic means not to choose governors but to govern ourselves. It means to participate in government rather than to render government accountable, to be not merely a voter but a citizen. Jean-Jacques Rousseau warned eighteenth-century advocates of representation, "The moment a people allows itself to be represented, it is no longer free." Yet Americans have allowed themselves to conceive of equality as a mere matter of equal representation. To be a citizen it is enough to vote heroes into office, or to throw rascals out of office. (And in four years the heroes have a way of becoming rascals.)

As a consequence, we have become accustomed to attributing our problems to the defects of leaders, or to the parties from which leaders are drawn. We speak of a crisis of party or failures of leadership rather than a crisis of par-

ticipation or failures of citizenship. Asking much of leaders, we can afford to ask nothing of ourselves. The principle of delegation has become the very essence of democratic politics; and every path back to participation and citizenship seems to be obstructed by the mass scale of modern society.

What is to be done? Can a pervasively representative system be made more participatory? Can sometime voters be made over into full-time citizens? Is there a strong form of participatory democracy compatible with the Constitution? I believe that there is, and I believe that the way to this "strong democracy," as I shall call it, can be specified in concrete, institutional terms. I will offer a strong democratic program in the form of ten measures that promote engagement as well as voting, communal deliberation as well as decision-making, and civic activity as well as civic debate.

If adopted, this program would make the quadrennial search for new heroes less desperate. The real choice we face in the coming years is not between Republicans and Democrats, or between the supply-side and the welfare state, or between hawks and doves; it is between an ever more meaningless and weak form of democracy in which we periodically rubber-stamp the bureaucrats and politicians who govern for us and over us and in our stead, and a strong democracy in which we reassume the responsibilities of self-government.

The ten measures of the strong democratic program need to be regarded as one single program; adopted piecemeal, they would do little good, and might even do harm. I will summarize them and then discuss them one by one.

Benjamin R. Barber teaches political science at Rutgers University. He is the author of the forthcoming book Strong Democracy, to be published by the University of California Press.

A strong democratic program aimed at participatory self-government would include:

1. A national system of neighborhood assemblies, initially limited to discussion and deliberation
2. A national civic-communications cooperative that would oversee and regulate the civic use of new telecommunications technologies
3. A civic videotex service and a civic-education postal act aimed at providing free and equal access to information and full civic education for all citizens
4. Selective experiments in decriminalization and informal justice by an engaged local citizenry
5. A national initiative and referendum process permitting popular initiatives and referenda on congressional legislation, with a multi-choice voting format and a two-stage voting procedure
6. Selective experiments in electronic balloting, initially for educational and polling purposes only, under the supervision of the civic-communications cooperative
7. Selective use of a lottery system of election for some local and regional political offices and representative assemblies
8. Selective experiments with voucher systems for schools, public housing projects, and transportation systems
9. A program of universal citizen service, including a military-service option, for one to two years for all citizens eighteen to twenty-six years old
10. "Common work" and "common action" programs in the form of workplace democracy and volunteer activities.

ALTHOUGH THESE TEN MEASURES CONSTITUTE A novel program, the measures themselves are neither original nor utopian. They are drawn from the actual practice of ancient and modern democracies and can be found in the political practice of American states or of democratic societies such as Switzerland, New Zealand, and parts of the ancient world.

Look at them more closely:

1. *Neighborhood assemblies.* Every democracy rests on what Tocqueville called the local spirit of liberty. Jefferson warned that it would be dangerous to empower citizens at the ballot box without also affording them other opportunities to make their voices heard. Whether it is a marketplace or a public square or a country store or the school-board chambers or the town hall, a local talk shop—a neighborhood parliament—is necessary to democracy. The aim is not yet to exercise power or make policy; it is to create safe conditions for the exercise of power—to instill civic competence.

Today there are direct democratic assemblies only in the East, in thirteen states. Where they persist, however, they are cherished. Emulating them, city governments in recent years have made increasing use of community boards, neighborhood town halls, local zoning and school boards, and other neighborhood associations.

Yet for all its spirit of localism, America is still without a

nationwide system of local civic participation. For this reason the first and most important reform in a strong democratic platform would be the introduction of a system of neighborhood assemblies in every rural, suburban, and urban district in America. Each assembly would comprise no fewer than 1,000 citizens and no more than 5,000. This is the range within which most historic popular assemblies—in ancient Greece or modern Switzerland—have fallen.

The neighborhood assemblies would meet often, perhaps weekly, at times when working people and parents could attend—say, alternately on Saturday afternoons and Wednesday evenings. Because the objective would initially be limited to talk and deliberation, the assemblies would be forums for public discussion of regional and national issues as well as local ones, and would not encroach on the present delegation of governmental responsibility and authority. Attendance at the meetings, which would have flexible participant-generated agendas, would of course not be obligatory; people could attend at their convenience. This would limit the attendance at any given meeting, thus making the system more practicable.

Among other opportunities, the assemblies could provide periods for questioning local authorities; agenda sessions, in which citizens could raise concerns and contribute to the formulation of issues (setting an agenda is often more important than voting on limited alternatives); discussion periods for items already on local or regional legislative or referendum calendars; sessions of deliberation about issues of national importance such as the nuclear freeze or the abortion question; and grievance sessions, at which civic complaints and resentments could be vented and, when warranted, placed on the agenda.

If the neighborhood assemblies succeeded in becoming vital forums for deliberation, they would be well positioned to become legislative bodies for local laws and even for national referenda. The crucial linkage between deliberation and voting, which in representative democracies has been obscured by the preoccupation with decision-making and voting, would be powerfully grounded in these local assemblies, where votes would never be taken without full deliberation among the citizens.

In *Neighborhood Power* David Morris and Karl Hess suggest that "a sense of neighborhood haunts our history and our fondest memories." Strong democracy rescues the neighborhood from nostalgia and restores it to a central position in the democratic body politic.

2. *A civic-communications cooperative.* Neighborhood assemblies would offer vital forums for ongoing political talk, but would embrace only local constituencies. Forums for regional and national talk are needed as well—but here problems of scale interfere. These problems can be partially overcome through the use of technology. More than a third of the nation is already wired for cable, and more than half will be by the end of the decade. The availability of low-frequency and satellite transmission and the interactive possibilities of video, computers, and information-

retrieval systems open up new modes of communication that can be used either manipulatively and destructively or in constructive civic ways.

The New York–New Jersey–Connecticut chapter of the League of Women Voters has successfully run town meetings on television. Senators in New Jersey, in Connecticut, and in Illinois are currently running “cable town meetings” to communicate with constituents. Advocates of “teledemocracy” in California and in Hawaii have developed more-ambitious schemes for civic interaction, using newspapers, television, and two-way cable hookups. In 1982 in Los Angeles and Honolulu electronic town meetings produced remarkably sophisticated political debates.

The interactive mechanism of the QUBE system, developed by Warner-Amex, provides viewers with from five to ten choices, permitting a range of fairly sophisticated response. Although to date the system has been used almost exclusively for entertainment, it clearly can be exploited for genuinely civic ends.

Yet for all the potential of the new technologies, they have been left almost wholly to the private sector and to the uses of the traditional communications industry. Indeed, the multiplication of forms of broadcast and transmission has led the courts to question the need, once widely recognized, for governmental regulation.

A strong democratic program for regional and national communication would profit enormously from the creation of a civic-communications cooperative. Loosely modeled on the BBC, the cooperative would be a publicly owned but independent body. Its members might be chosen from appropriate public and private constituencies. It would operate independently, limited only by its mandate: to promote and guarantee civic and democratic uses of telecommunications, which would be regarded as a vital public resource. It would not displace but act alongside existing private media corporations, and it would not usurp any of the regulatory functions of the FCC. Its aims would include experimenting with innovative forms of civic broadcasting; developing guidelines for regional and national video town meetings, for local public access, and for institutional networking; establishing and overseeing electronic polling and voting; setting guidelines for or originating videotex and other computerized information services as free public utilities; providing guidelines for video coverage of civic events, trials, congressional proceedings, and other public political events (on the model of C-SPAN); and protecting viewers and users from abuses in connection with computer and surveillance services and polling and voting procedures.

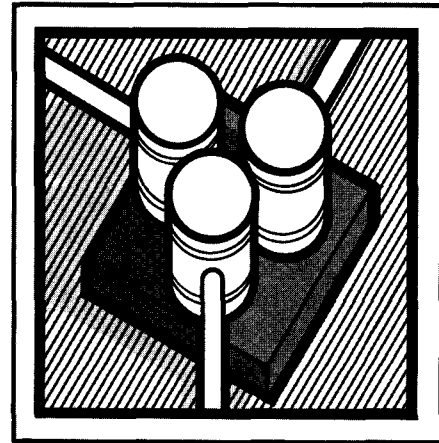
The cooperative would be expressly barred from regulating or otherwise interfering with the rights of private broadcasters. Its job would be to nurture rather than to censure—to develop forms of civic programming not likely to be produced by private market forces.

3. *A civic videotex service and a civic-education postal act.* To guarantee equal access to the new information technol-

ogies (there is an increasing danger of an America polarized into the information-rich and the information-poor) and to ensure a desirable balance between video and print information sources, the strong democratic program calls for a civic videotex service under the aegis of the civic-communications cooperative and for subsidized postal rates for newspapers and journals of opinion.

The civic videotex service would be a standard, nationwide, interactive service providing viewers with regular news, discussions of issues, and technical, political, and economic data. As a free channel offered by every cable company, the service would equalize access to information. It would enable the unemployed worker to learn about training programs and job prospects throughout the nation, the voter to look into the background of legislative and referendum issues, the teacher to develop an effective civic-training kit, and the citizen-service enlistee (discussed later, under *universal citizen service*) to learn about alternative forms of service.

A society that subsidizes junk mail more generously than journals of opinion is unlikely to survive for very long as a democracy. The civic-education postal act would offer a heavily subsidized rate to all legitimate publishers of newspapers, journals, magazines, and books.



4. *Selective experiments in decriminalization and informal justice.* Europeans have successfully experimented with empowering surrogate civic judges and juries and other groups to mediate, arbitrate, and settle disputes. Although intended primarily to lighten the courts' case loads, the experiments in decriminalization have also engaged the larger civic community in the judicial process in a manner supportive of strong democracy. The jury system is one of the few participatory institutions that have survived into modern times, and it continues to be admired by many Americans. A cooperative, mediatory, participatory approach to petty misdemeanors, family quarrels, moving traffic violations, and civil disputes over small sums would educate and involve the community in the judicial system. At the same time it would make the judiciary more efficient by removing the pesky first level of infractions from the formal calendar. Giving minor disputes back to the communi-

ty in which they originated for resolution by informal justice would demystify the law, encourage community responsibility for crime control, and increase civic participation. Experiments in decriminalization are already under way, and they could become a significant part of the strong democratic agenda.

5. *A national initiative and referendum process.* The first three proposals are related to democratic deliberation and civic education. Deliberation without decision-making, however, gives the people the capacity but not the power to rule. A national initiative and referendum process would give the requisite power to the participatory form.

The initiative and referendum process has been widely used at the state and local levels in the United States, and in a number of other countries, most notably Switzerland, where it remains a preferred method of national legislation. Critics of the referendum process raise questions about the civic competence of voters and about their susceptibility to manipulation and to demagoguery. Nonetheless, experience with referenda in the western United States and in Switzerland suggests that citizens are no more reactionary, obstructive, or incompetent than legislators, and in many cases are much more progressive. Oregon abolished the poll tax and introduced female suffrage at the beginning of the century by popular vote. In Churchill County, Nevada, prostitution was legalized by referendum. Right-to-work legislation has been defeated by referenda in several states. Michigan, Massachusetts, and Maine passed bottle bills. And in 1982 California, Oregon, Michigan, Montana, North Dakota, and Washington, D.C., among others, voted in support of nuclear-freeze proposals. For better or worse, the public seems to vote its own mind, not the prejudices of the powerful. In the early seventies in Colorado a proposal to hold the Olympic Games in the state, which had been widely supported by business and political elites, was voted down in a referendum. This is not to say that the public is always wise, but it is often at least as wise as those that it selects to legislate for it.

There can and should also be built into a national referendum process certain checks, as well as guarantees of the educative function of popular voting. The strong democratic proposal offered here has two such features: a multi-choice format and a requirement for two "readings" (two votes) on every initiative or referendum question. Referendum campaigns could also be tied in with neighborhood assemblies and electronic town meetings in ways that would promote civic education and civic competence.

The two-reading process would work roughly as follows: citizens would be permitted to petition for referenda either on popular initiatives or on laws passed by Congress. Petitions would have to include signatures of as many registered voters as made up 2 percent of the popular vote in the previous presidential election, in at least ten states. Successful petitions would be put to popular vote after a specified campaign period. If a petition succeeded the first time, it would undergo a second reading, or second vote,

six months later. Congress would have the power to veto the results of a second affirmative vote, and a third vote would be required in order to override such a veto. Since the intent of the process would be to increase participation and public responsibility rather than to produce novel legislation or to increase efficiency, the deliberate, even ponderous, pace of a two- or three-stage procedure would be fully justified. Indeed, it would help calm the fears of adversaries of the referendum process.

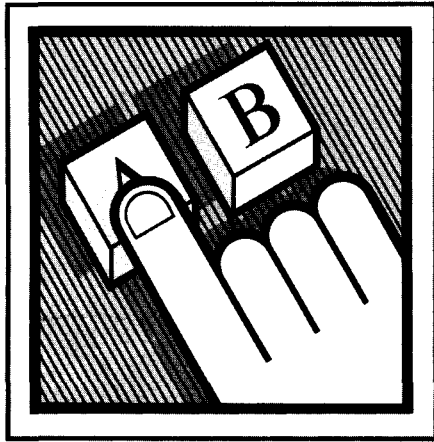
A strong democratic referendum process would also use a multi-choice format in place of the conventional yea-nay format. Citizens would be offered a set of choices capable of eliciting nuanced and thoughtful responses. A ballot on a proposal for the public funding of abortions might look something like this:

- (1) YES: I strongly support the public funding of abortion clinics.
- (2) YES: I support the principle of public funding of abortion clinics, but I am concerned by the intensity of arguments against the proposal, and suggest we proceed with caution.
- (3) NO: I am strongly opposed to abortion clinics in principle, and am equally opposed to the public funding of such clinics.
- (4) NO: I am not necessarily opposed to abortion clinics in principle, but do not support public funding as formulated in this proposal. I suggest reformulation and resubmission.
- (5) NO: I am opposed to action on this proposal now, even though I am not necessarily against the principle of public funding of abortion clinics. There is too much acrimony and opposition at present, and I believe we need more debate and deliberation before action is taken.

Now, the yeas and the nays on such a ballot would be counted in the aggregate, and the proposal would pass or fail as legislation in the usual majoritarian manner—on first reading, only provisionally, of course. But the insistence on reasoned and shaded responses would compel citizens to examine *why* they vote as they do, not just how. And the shaded outcomes would permit a community to learn more about itself and why a given measure passed or failed. A bill that passed by a small majority in the (2) column and was opposed by a large minority in the (3) column might suggest proceeding with great caution, and could induce some voters to switch their votes to No in the (5) column the second time around. A bill defeated primarily by No votes in the (5) column would be an ideal proposal for reformulation and resubmission, because, though defeated, it would not have aroused much principled opposition.

Forced to attach reasoned explanations to every vote, citizens would have to start making fine distinctions: How strongly do I feel? Is the achievement of my goal worth destabilizing the community? If I support something weakly is it prudent to overrule a minority that opposes it strongly? Might not a postponement or reformulation better serve the long-term interests of the entire community? The

multi-choice format in fact solicits from citizens a judgment about the public good rather than a private preference. It does not ask what you want; it asks what you think is good for the community. It is thus a form of civic education even as it is a form of balloting, and it strengthens democracy not simply by allowing citizens to choose alternative futures but by urging them to think like public beings with common concerns.



6. *Selective experiments in electronic balloting.* Interactive video communication makes possible new forms of balloting that could enhance participatory democracy. The use of nonbinding feedback polls in public debates can be a valuable tool. To return to the abortion-clinic example, a video town meeting might put to viewers this hypothetical question: "If you oppose abortion on principle, how do you think the community should deal with the reality of illegal abortions available to the wealthy and the incidence of unaborted pregnancy among unmarried teenagers?" Viewers could choose alternative responses offered or write their own responses. The objective of such polls would be not to canvass opinion or register instantaneous reactions (as is the case with most television polls today) but to catalyze discussion. Indeed, though formal electronic balloting might serve shut-ins and the elderly, it has major disadvantages. It makes voting a private act, when it should be a public act carried out in public places. It can encourage the idea of politics as the mere expression of private interest and discourage the kind of public deliberation vital to civic competence. It is efficient but perhaps too efficient. Voting should be convenient but not too easy. Changing the voting day to Sunday would do as much for voter participation as home video balloting. Electronic balloting, at least at first, could be most prudently exploited as an instrument of deliberation and discussion—a medium for polling rather than for final voting. The civic-communications cooperative would be ideally situated to supervise such polling and to guard against abuses.

7. *Selective use of a lottery system of election.* Although election by lottery was widely used in the ancient world and was thought by Montesquieu to be completely "natural" to

democracy, it has disappeared from modern democratic practice except in the system of jury selection. The limited reintroduction of selection by lot might save representation from its elitist tendencies by permitting some citizens to act on behalf of others while preserving participation as a potential responsibility of every citizen. Selection by lot would also neutralize the skewing effect of wealth on public service, spread public responsibilities more equitably across the entire population, and involve a great many more citizens than is usual in representative systems in making and administering policy.

Election by lottery might initially be used to extend the neighborhood assembly system to regional representative assemblies. It might even be worth experimenting with electing by lottery a limited number of statewide delegates to state legislative assemblies—say, five members-at-large, chosen by lot from five different neighborhood assemblies for each term.

Certain municipal officers and board officials might also be selected by lot. To be democratic as well as efficacious, election by lottery would have to be coupled with some system of regular rotation. In order that as many citizens as possible could experience holding office, each would be limited to one period of tenure in one office and then would be removed from the candidate pool until some specified percentage of his fellow citizens had served subsequently.

The lottery principle would obviously have to be applied with great caution in modern democratic settings. But because it counteracts the elitist tendencies of representation and gives to citizenship a responsibility for actually governing, it is one of the most potent—and also one of the simplest—tools of strong democracy.

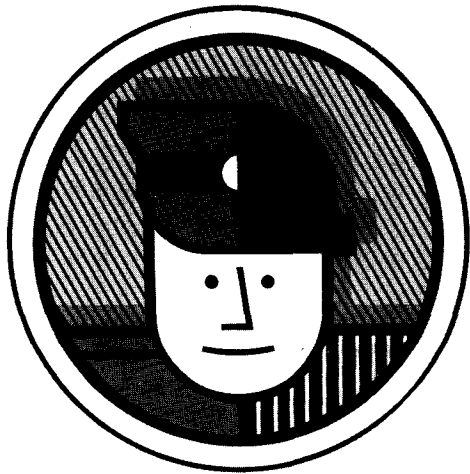
8. *Selective experiments with voucher systems.* Although Milton Friedman has been the most prominent modern advocate of vouchers, both Adam Smith and Tom Paine supported the idea; the postwar GI bill permitting veterans to attend colleges of their choice was implicitly a voucher scheme. Current advocates emphasize school vouchers, which they perceive as a progressive alternative to expiring public school systems. They argue that a voucher scheme would increase parent involvement, make more equitable a family's choice between public and private education, and offer incentives to both public and private schools, which would compete for vouchers.

Housing vouchers would replace publicly funded building projects under a program that would enable those who qualified for public housing to choose the right shelter for them from among alternatives present in the marketplace. Transportation vouchers would likewise leave the development of services to the market and put public monies in the hands of private users, who would tend to select the most efficient companies offering service.

The great virtue of voucher schemes is that they are intolerant of state bureaucracies and mobilize citizens to exercise choice in the development of public services. If strong democracy means autonomous activity by mobi-

lized individuals who aspire to control their own lives, then a voucher system that substitutes the active will of citizens for the paternalistic will of representative state bureaucracies is surely a reform worth considering.

Yet there are dangers for democrats in the libertarian spirit of the voucher scheme. The voucher system mobilizes people, but it mobilizes them with private incentives, treating them as clients and consumers rather than as citizens. Incentives privatize: vouchers transform what ought to be a public question ("What is a good system of public education for *our* children?") into a personal question ("What kind of school do I want for *my* children?"). The invisible hand of the market is no substitute for public deliberation and decision. What individuals choose for their children and what they choose for the community will very often differ. Vouchers do not stimulate political judgment; they bypass it. They serve activity and engagement, but tend to corrupt the idea of a public community and of public responsibility. Thus, although they have a place in a strong democratic program where other reforms can compensate for their privatistic tendencies, they must be used with caution.



9. *A program of universal citizen service.* A people that will celebrate its rights but refuses to defend or exercise them is soon without cause for celebration. Neither a professional nor a volunteer army is compatible with democratic citizenship: the former separates national defense from democratic responsibility and the latter makes service a function of economic need. Both kinds of army are mercenary, and each contributes to the privatization of society that has been so corrosive in other realms to citizenship. Citizen service need not be limited to military service, however. And in a democracy it is desirable to ask for some form of service from all citizens.

A program of universal citizen service would enlist every young American—male and female—in a service corps for one to two years of either military or nonmilitary training and service. Service in the corps would thus become concomitant to citizenship. The corps might encompass five branches, one of which would be the armed forces (enlistment in which would generally be voluntary within the na-

tional-service scheme). Except in time of congressionally declared wars, citizens could choose freely among the branches. In addition to the armed forces, which would continue under the direct supervision of the Department of Defense, the service corps would include an urban-projects corps, a rural-projects corps, an international (peace) corps, and a special-service (logistics and administrative services) corps.

Before entering the corps of their choice, enlistees would undergo a rigorous three-month course of training in physical fitness, applied skills (in mechanics, agriculture, tools, ecology), and civic education (in history, and parliamentary and electoral techniques, and perhaps elementary social science). Ideally, enlistees would not be required to make a final choice among the corps until after having completed the introductory training. Initiation into the chosen corps would entail a shorter period of more-specialized training. Finally groups of perhaps a hundred members ("communities"), divided into "community teams" of twenty-five, would be deployed in appropriate urban, rural, or international settings.

Urban projects might include offering expertise to homestead and sweat-equity projects, restoring parks and recreational grounds, removing graffiti, assisting shut-ins and the elderly, aiding in traffic control, day care, and remedial education, and repairing roads, sewers, and bridges.

Rural projects might include repairing and maintaining roads, constructing and restoring towns and villages, working in conservation and ecological programs, in reforestation and irrigation programs, in flood and forest-fire control and other disaster-relief programs. The international corps would absorb and be patterned on the Peace Corps, and its members would work under the supervision of the host countries and appropriate international agencies.

Universal citizen service would correct a number of problems that plague current programs of military conscription, manpower training, and public works. It would enable women to serve equally with men, without forcing them directly into the military (though the military would remain an option for them). It would distribute the burden of responsibility for service equally over all citizens and help to overcome divisions of class, wealth, and race. It could offer such virtues of military service as fellowship and camaraderie, common activity, teamwork, service for others, and a sense of community. Yet in place of military hierarchy it would offer equality; in place of obedience, cooperation; and in place of parochialism, a sense of mutuality and national interdependence. Men and women who would later work together as citizens in neighborhood assemblies and communities would have a powerful initial experience of national citizenship.

Citizen service would also play a role in job training, public works, and infrastructure repair. Because citizen service would incorporate elements of public job training and public-works programs, it would help to legitimize the idea of "public goods." Citizens serving their nation together would become a "public" in a fashion unknown in

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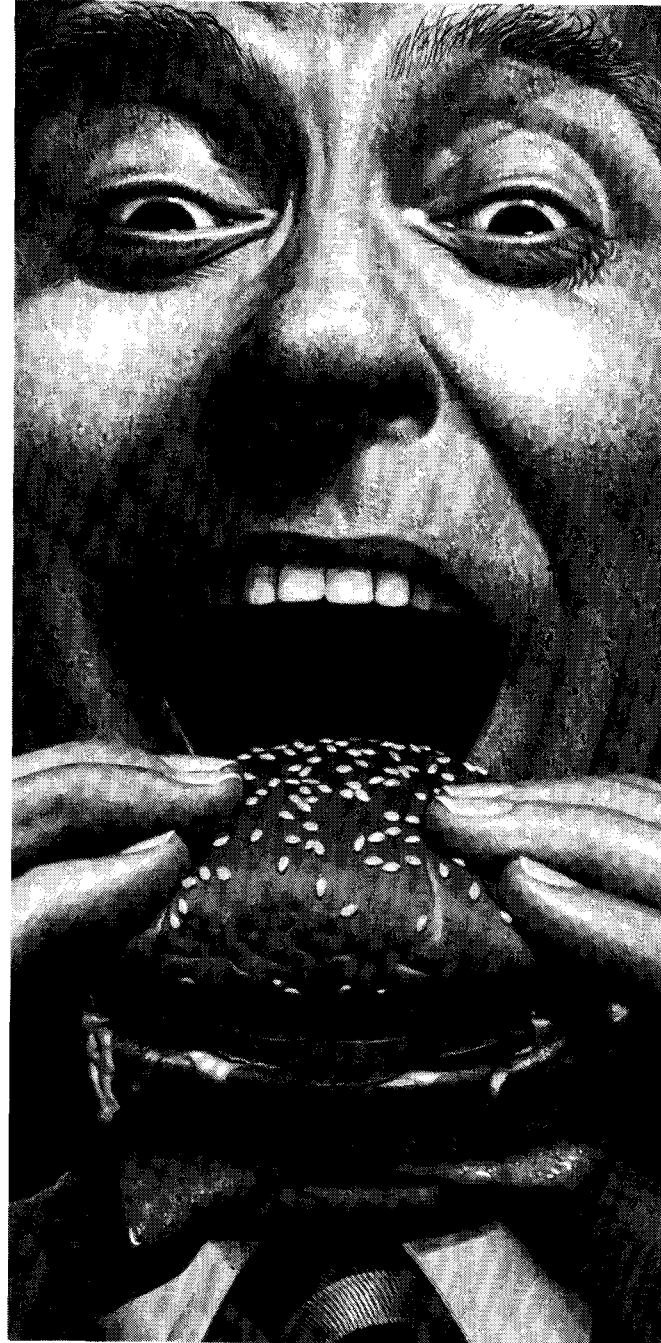
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the private sector. Unemployment among youth would be alleviated through service in the corps; young Americans would be not only employed by the corps but also trained for later employment in the public and private sectors.

Universal citizen service obviously raises a number of important questions: civilian critics worry about "involuntary servitude"; military experts, about military efficiency. Nonetheless, among all the programs suggested here citizen service is perhaps the most vital to strong democracy.

10. *"Common work" and "common action" programs.* We are familiar with citizenship as voting and can recognize citizenship in discussion and deliberation. Citizenship as activity in common—working together in the public interest—remains a strange idea, however. The strong democratic program therefore includes a commitment to a variety of projects at the neighborhood level. There are a number of promising models already in place. For example, retired people and shut-ins act as "block watchers" in crime-watch organizations, a task that gives them a civic role and improves neighborhood security at the same time. Sweat-equity programs enable tenants of deteriorating and abandoned buildings to take over ownership of their apartments in return for the labor they invest in repair and remodeling. Urban parks and farms have been developed in unused lots to bring citizens into a community of labor and create a new sense of neighborhood.

Like voucher systems, volunteerism can have privatizing side effects; but in most of the neighborhoods where the ideas mentioned above have been tried there was little sense of community to begin with and, therefore, little to lose. It is perhaps in the private workplace that the most is to be gained from democratization. The possibility of using government-sponsored projects as models of humane management and egalitarianism has been little explored. Government activity is most likely to succeed in altering attitudes when it competes with and supplements, rather than replaces, private activity.

Similarly, worker-owned operations of the kind developed by the cooperative movement do more for citizenship than heavily regulated industry does. The sharing of decision-making by workers and management, experiments on the West German model of codetermination (*Mitbestimmung*), profit-sharing schemes, and stock-ownership options all not only serve economic egalitarianism but also foster cooperation and a civic spirit.

We do not need socialism to become more genuinely democratic, but a more egalitarian and cooperative workplace would help.

CLEARLY WE CANNOT TRANSFORM AMERICA INTO AN ancient polis or make the whole country a New England town. Strong democracy cannot be government by all of the people all of the time in all public matters. But it can and must be government by all of the people some of the time in at least some public matters. The ten proposals for strong democracy offered here can

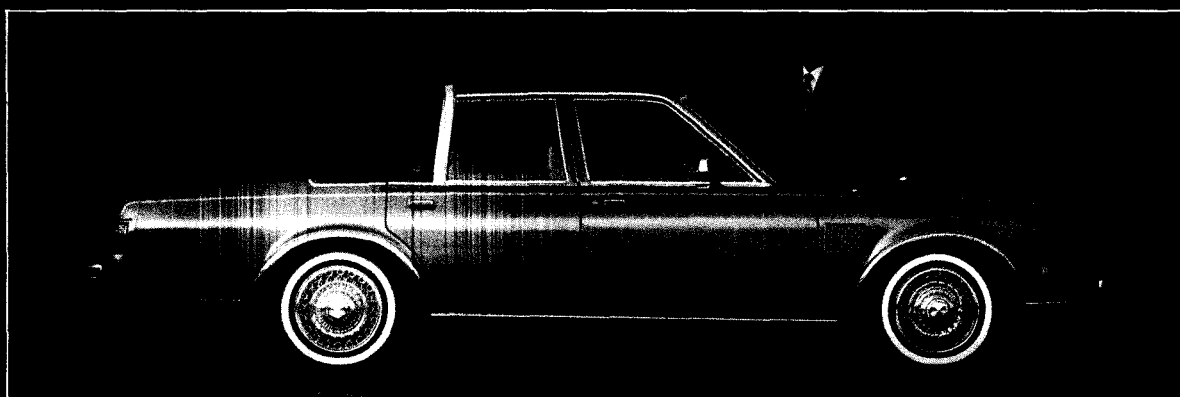
have a major impact on our politics, but for them to be effective they cannot be adopted piecemeal. Taken one at a time, they are more vulnerable to abuse and less likely to succeed in reorienting the democratic system.

Common-work projects uprooted from the changing patterns of political participation and economic opportunity will degenerate into workfare and poorhouse substitutes of no civic benefit whatsoever. Citizen service isolated from a general participatory movement becomes coercive conscription and one more excuse for civic alienation. Referenda divorced from innovative programs for public debate and civic education are easily subject to abuse and to manipulation by money and elites. Television technology serves citizenship only where it is one of many means of civic communication and political participation. Wise political judgment cannot emerge from neighborhood assemblies unless local participation is linked to central power and unless participants are eventually given the discipline of genuine legislative responsibility.

In sum, the potency of the reforms offered here lies almost entirely in their capacity for reinforcing and balancing one another when implemented in concert. Adopted piecemeal, they would be assimilated into the representative system and used to further alienate, privatize, and disenfranchise citizens. They might even come to undermine the safeguards of liberal democracy. But taken together, these strong democratic institutions would resist the totalitarian temptations of collectivism and majoritarian tyranny no less than they would resist privatism and elite manipulation. They would check one another even as they strengthened participation, and they would reflect the force of traditional constitutional arrangements even as they served to enhance the quality of citizenship. The idea is not to do away with our democracy but to make it work.

We have become accustomed to thinking that men and women will fight fiercely only for private rights and economic advantage, or against totalitarian tyranny. Yet historically they have fought with equal ardor for political rights. The battle offered by strong democracy is a new war for suffrage, a campaign to win the substance of citizenship promised but never conferred by the victory of the vote. We have the same interest in a substantive victory that we once had in the formal victory that won the ballot: the liberation of women and men from bondage to others, from the privatism of our economic and social lives, and from the tutelage of a government—democratic in name only—that is ever more distant from the concerns and cares of its citizens. Though our democracy is two hundred years old, it is not too late for us to learn the difficult art of self-government. To remain free we will have to remain democratic; and to remain democratic we will have to acknowledge that voting Presidents in and out of office is not enough. Democracy requires that we govern ourselves. Until we do, our freedom and our equality will continue to be spent and discarded in the pulling of a lever on a voting machine. □

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A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE

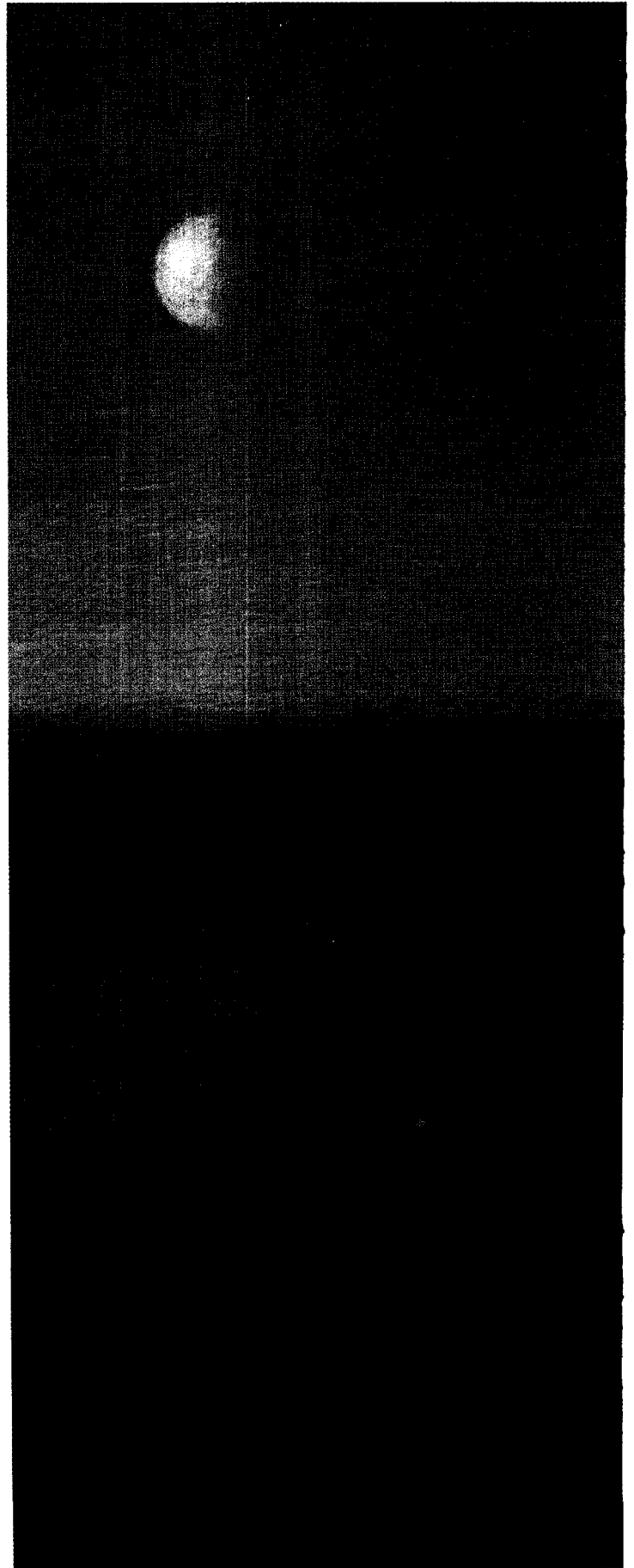
*Jews and Arabs in the
West Bank*

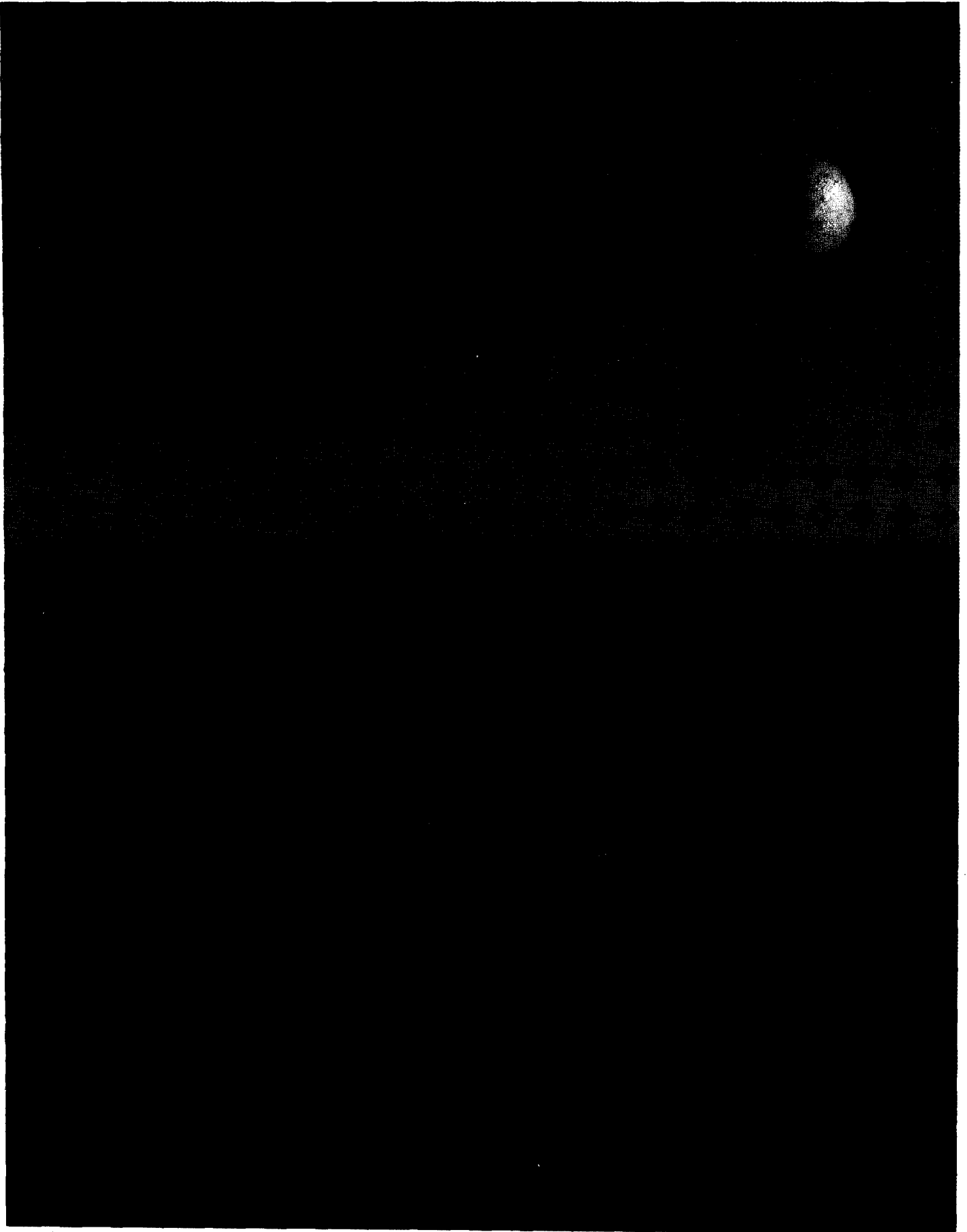
BY WALTER REICH

IRA RAPAPORT, ONCE OF BROOKLYN, PULLED HIS SMALL Peugeot to the shoulder of a narrow, steep road twenty miles north of Jerusalem. "We're in the heart of Samaria," he said, adjusting the knitted yarmulke on his head. "The world calls this the West Bank. The Arabs call it part of Palestine. The stone terraces covering every hill for miles around were built by my grandfathers in the days of our kings and our prophets. This is where David ran from Saul. On that hill Judah Maccabee sprang a trap on an occupying Syrian army many times the size of his and won Jewish independence. North of here, in Shechem, which the Arabs call Nablus, Abraham made his first stop in Canaan, and Joshua his farewell address. On the other side of those hills is Shiloh, where we've just built a Jewish settlement, where I live with my wife and children, and where, three thousand years ago, we made our first capital and became a people. This is a place from which we were repeatedly expelled and to which we repeatedly returned. And now we've returned once again. We're back to stay. This is Israel. This is my home."

Rapaport, thirty-eight years old, is one of more than 30,000 Jews who have settled in the West Bank so far—in the part north of Jerusalem, which they call by its biblical name, Samaria, and in the part south of the city, which they call Judea. They have established more than 120 settlements, the great majority of them in the past five years. Official Israeli goals call for a population of 100,000 Jewish settlers in the West Bank by 1986.

Walter Reich, a Washington psychiatrist, writes frequently on international affairs.





Some of the Jewish settlements are communal and self-sustaining in nature. Made up of fifty to a hundred families each, they are populated by Jews, perhaps a quarter of them immigrants from the United States and other Western countries, who, like Rapaport, feel powerful religious and historical ties to the land. Other settlements are, for the time being, more like small towns. Though planned as cities that will have populations of 50,000 or more and that will also have their own industries, they now serve as bedroom communities for Israelis working in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. In fact, because of the West Bank's small size (about that of greater Los Angeles) and location (at the very center of Israel, nearly all of it within a few miles of the country's main population centers), the territory is a natural and logical place for Israeli urban growth.

Or it would be were it not for the complicating factor of politics. The vast majority of the West Bank's population—about 725,000 people—is not Israeli but Arab. And as far as that majority is concerned, Israelis have no business being there.

What brought them there was the Six-Day War, in 1967. On the first day of that war, Israel notified King Hussein, of Jordan, that if he held back his forces and refrained from joining Egypt and Syria in the fighting, Israel would hold its fire against him. He did not; Israel responded, and within three days found itself in possession of the eastern part of Jerusalem as well as the West Bank, both of which territories Jordan had seized and occupied in the 1948–1949 Arab-Israeli war.

Earlier in the century what is now known as the West Bank was a very small part of the territory, located on both sides of the Jordan River, known as Palestine. That territory had been taken from Turkey by the victorious First World War Allies and had been assigned to British administration by the League of Nations as the British Mandate for Palestine. In 1921 Britain's colonial secretary, Winston Churchill, authorized that the part of Palestine lying to the east of the Jordan River, amounting to more than three quarters of the territory, be administered by Abdullah, the non-Palestinian son of the sharif of Mecca, who had marched into the area with a private army. This part of Palestine, known as eastern Palestine, or Transjordan, became in 1921 the Emirate of Transjordan, and then, in 1946, the independent Hashemite Kingdom of Transjordan, with Abdullah, the grandfather of the current king, Hussein, first its emir and then its king; in 1949 the country was renamed the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. The remaining one quarter of Palestine, to the west of the river, was by 1922 the part to which the term "Palestine," or "the British Mandate for Palestine," was restricted.

Some years before, in 1917, Great Britain had issued its famous Balfour Declaration, in which it had promised that the Jewish people would have a homeland in Palestine. According to one plan, that homeland was to be made up of western Palestine as well as a part of eastern Palestine, up to the Hejaz railway, which ran in a north-south line

from Turkey through Damascus and Amman down to Mecca. Churchill's decision to give all of eastern Palestine to Abdullah—which he made, as he would wryly remember, "one Sunday afternoon in Jerusalem"—rendered that plan impossible. All that was left of Palestine as a potential Jewish homeland was the western part, a fraction of the original whole. The Arabs were relieved by Churchill's fateful decision, and Abdullah himself observed, with satisfaction, that "He [God] granted me success in creating the Government of Transjordan by having it separated from the Balfour Declaration."

In 1947, when the time finally came to establish the Jewish homeland, the United Nations decided to do so by dividing the remaining part of Palestine in two. One section was assigned to the Jews, one to the Arabs. Though some Jewish leaders, such as Menachem Begin, felt bitter about this "second partition" of Palestine, which left them with only a small segment, about 17 percent, of the original territory, the vast majority of Jews accepted it.

The Arabs, however, both the local ones and the ones in the surrounding states, did not. As soon as the State of Israel was announced, in 1948, five Arab armies attacked it. The Israeli forces fought back and, as a result of the fighting, managed not only to hold on to the territory the Jews had been assigned but also to capture some they had not. The parts of western Palestine controlled by Arab armies at the time of the 1949 armistice included the areas that came to be called the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Jordan occupied the former and Egypt the latter.

In 1948 all Jews in Jordanian-occupied East Jerusalem, including all Jews in the Old City's Jewish quarter, fled, as did all Jews in the West Bank; thereafter none lived in those regions or, indeed, in Jordan itself; nor could they, by Jordanian law, be citizens. At the same time, several hundred thousand Arabs fled Israel into Jordan, the West Bank, Gaza, Syria, Lebanon, and other areas. Some of these Arabs were granted citizenship by their host countries, especially Jordan, and they settled in permanent homes. Others, however, were not granted permanent citizenship and were instead kept as refugees; their assimilation, it was feared, would lead in the long run to the acceptance of the new, unwanted state, on what was considered to be immutably Arab soil. Ironically, some of those who fled the area that became Israel in 1948 were Arabs, or the descendants of Arabs, who had emigrated into that area from those very same regions, including present-day Syria, Egypt, Iraq, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia, during the previous century.

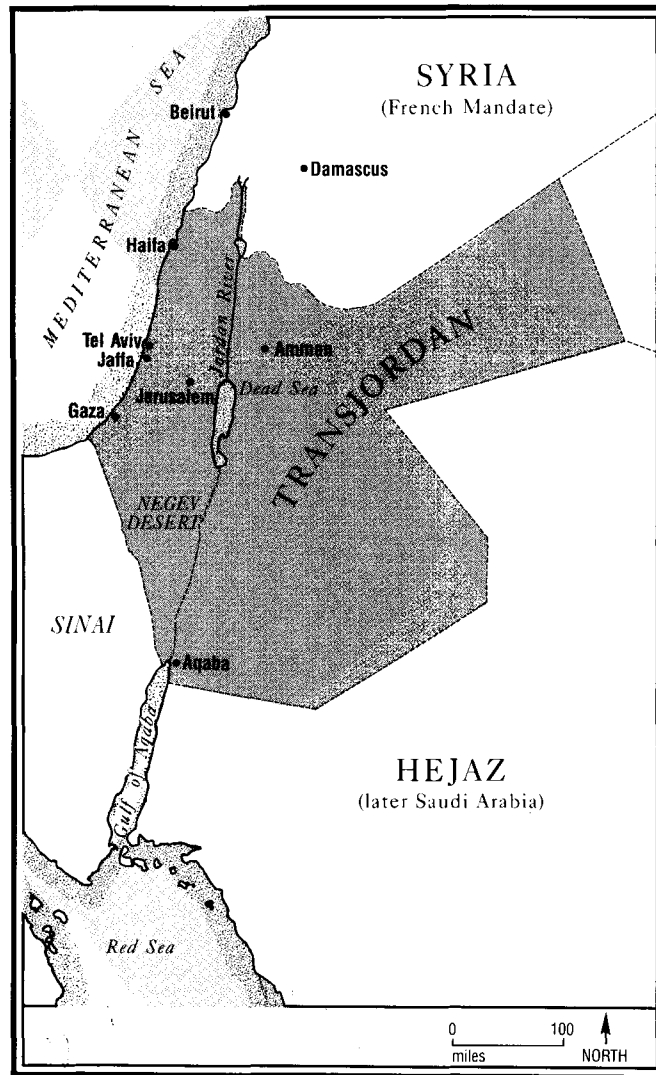
In 1950 Jordan annexed the West Bank. There were, to be sure, occasional calls in the ensuing years for the establishment of a Palestinian Arab state in that territory, but they received scant support in most Arab countries and they were greeted with outright hostility by King Hussein, who considered the land to be his own.

Since 1967 East Jerusalem and the West Bank have been Israel's in much the same way they were Abdullah's and Hussein's—by occupation. East Jerusalem, which

now contains 110,000 Arabs, has been annexed to Israel. The rest has been under Israeli administration.

Soon after the 1967 war many Israelis began arguing that the capture of the West Bank had brought under Israeli control the very heart of what they called Eretz Yisrael, or the Land of Israel. Much of the State of Israel that had been created in 1948 was located, they pointed out, in the segment of the Land of Israel that was least associated with Jewish history—the coastal plain, which was the home throughout much of the biblical era not of the Jews but of the Philistines. For the Jews the area that is now the West Bank was the center of their past and their identity. It was where the patriarchs spoke with their God and dug their wells. It was where the Jewish judges judged, the Jewish prophets prophesied, and the Jewish kings ruled. It was where the word of the Lord scorched Isaiah's tongue. Besides, Jews had maintained a persistent presence in what is now the West Bank, as well as in the rest of what was once their country, during the eighteen centuries since the Romans had renamed it Palestine, in memory of the Philistines, so as to banish forever the memory of Judea and its stubborn Jews. Despite the deaths of perhaps a million Jews in their rebellions against Rome and the dispersion of many more around the world, others remained in the land; still others returned to it. They were subjected to the repeated depredations of the many waves of conquerors, who in the best of times merely taxed and humiliated them and in the worst slaughtered them and drove them out. And among the places in which they hung on were such ancient towns as Hebron, holy to them whether ruled by Jews, Romans, Arabs, Crusaders, Egyptians, or Turks.

Despite this long and nearly unbroken Jewish presence in the part of Palestine that is now the West Bank, many Israelis were prepared after that territory came under Israeli control in 1967 to give it up, together with the Sinai and Gaza, in return for peace. But opposition to giving up the territory was powerful, stemming in the main from security concerns. Those concerns were felt with regard to



THE PALESTINE MANDATE, 1920

the Sinai and Gaza, and with particular force with regard to the West Bank. That territory bulges into Israel in such a way that it leaves much of the Jewish state exquisitely vulnerable to military attack, particularly its populous and narrow coastal strip, which in some spots is only nine miles wide and could easily be overrun in a war. These concerns about military vulnerability, along with the Arab response to the war—which consisted not of a willingness to trade peace for territory but of a firm refusal even to consider negotiations—were reflected in a policy, during the early and middle seventies, of governmental inaction. Israel would wait to find a negotiating partner in the Arab world, and meanwhile nothing would be done in the West Bank that would unalterably change its character.

But things happened in the West Bank that did change its character, and the Israelis who made them happen did so in the hope

that those changes would be permanent. Though Jewish settlements were established in the West Bank during the first decade after the 1967 war, primarily in the areas of greatest military vulnerability, such as the Jordan Valley rift, the rate of settlement increased markedly after 1977, when the Likud coalition was voted into power and Menachem Begin became prime minister.

Followers of the teachings of Vladimir Jabotinsky—a Russian Zionist who believed that Jews had the right to a state in their ancestral homeland, a state that should include the West Bank—Begin and his colleagues set out to make the Jabotinsky vision a reality. Surveys were done, and all land that had been considered state property by the Jordanians prior to 1967 and that had not been cultivated was declared suitable for Jewish settlement. In addition Jews bought parcels of land from those Arabs willing to sell them despite the death sentence that Jordan had promised to mete out to any Arab who did sell. On occasion land that Arabs considered to be not state property but their own was taken over by settlers. Sometimes Israeli courts upheld the Arabs' objections; sometimes they did not.

By 1980 the character of the settlements had begun to

change. Though most of the early ones had been of the communal sort, many of them focusing on agriculture or light industry, it was the urban developments that began to predominate, at least in terms of population. No longer was arable land—nearly all of it already spoken for by the Arabs—considered necessary. Bulldozers cleared hilltops that since the beginning of time had been shunned as sites of habitation, because the land could not be farmed, because water could not be found, and because they were hard to reach. Housing was installed at a remarkable pace. Private contractors were permitted to develop lots, and highly favorable mortgage terms were offered by the Israeli government. It became possible for a Jewish family to build a four-bedroom house in the West Bank, with a plot of land of its own, good schools, and stunning views, for the price of a small apartment in a crowded neighborhood in Tel Aviv—and

within a twenty-minute commute from that city, and even closer to Jerusalem. According to Meron Benvenisti, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem and a prominent Israeli opponent of the settlements policy, between 50,000 and 60,000 Jews from Tel Aviv alone may in the next few years move into the bedroom communities now being built on the neighboring West Bank hills.

But as effective as the Israeli government policies were in rapidly developing the West Bank settlements, it was the actions of the Gush Emunim that probably had the most effect in spurring the process. The members of this "Bloc of the Faithful"—made up mostly of native-born Israelis but also of immigrants from the United States and other countries—felt an obligation to resettle the Land of Israel.

That obligation was, for them, a holy one. As they saw it, the Six-Day War had been a kind of miracle. Surrounded by Arab countries that had sworn to erase Israel from the face of the earth—and to throw those Jews who survived the Arab onslaught into the sea—Israel nevertheless prevailed and even won the very territory that had been the birthplace of the Jewish people. Surely if God could do

that much for his people, his people had the responsibility not to let the miracle pass away.

They wasted no time in fulfilling that responsibility. From the beginning they moved into places from which Jews had been expelled and in which they had been massacred. Some of those expulsions and massacres were the ancient ones of two millennia before; some were the more recent ones at the hands of the Arabs in the 1920s and 1930s. The Israeli government opposed such moves, particularly to highly populated Arab areas such as those in and around Hebron. But it was precisely such areas, with old Jewish roots, that most attracted the Gush Emunim. Sometimes the Israeli army was called out to extract these settlers. But eventually the settlements took hold and became the nuclei for permanent communities. And the people who had established the settlements, having fulfilled what they saw



1949 ARMISTICE LINES

as a *mitzva*, a holy commandment, moved on to establish still more settlements, always worried, more acutely so in the past few years, that a new Israeli government might come in that would be less partial to the goal of settling the West Bank than the Begin government was.

Begin proved himself very partial to that goal. His ultimate wish was the annexation of Judea and Samaria, the southern and northern parts of the West Bank, and he did what he could to guarantee that whatever political arrangements were finally made, Jews would always have the possibility of living in those areas.

In May of 1981, addressing 35,000 supporters rallying in the West Bank urban settlement of Ariel, Begin issued the kind of biblical declaration that had made him famous both in his native Poland and in Israel: "I, Menachem, the son of Ze'ev and Hana Begin, do solemnly swear that as long as I serve the nation as prime minister, we will not leave any part of Judea, Samaria, the Gaza strip, and the Golan Heights." In May of 1982 he insisted in the Knesset that in future negotiations on a peace treaty Israel would reject any proposal to dismantle any Jewish settlements. And four months later he rejected President Reagan's pro-

posals for autonomy for the West Bank, proposals that included a freeze on the settlements. The American plan, he said, amounted to "the repartition of Eretz Yisrael." Harking back to Britain's assignment of the eastern part of Palestine to Abdullah, Begin declared, "If anyone wants to take Judea and Samaria from us, we will say, 'Judea and Samaria belong to the Jewish people to the end of time.'" And responding in the Knesset to President Reagan's pledge to stick by his own proposals "with total dedication," even if Israel rejected them, Begin said, "The Israeli government rejected your proposals and will stand by that with total dedication. But it's total dedication with a difference. For you it's a matter of policy—to get closer to Saudi Arabia or Hussein. For us it is our life, our homeland, the land of our fathers and of our children."

Not that Begin, in saying that, was expressing the sentiments of all Israelis.

Many, perhaps half, disagreed with the goal of West Bank annexation, and a large percentage were uncomfortable with the existence of the settlements. According to recent polls even more are uncomfortable now.

To many Israelis the settlements policy has been too costly: more than \$1.5 billion, including \$700 million for housing and \$75 million for roads, has been spent on the West Bank settlements in nonmilitary outlays by the government and the Jewish Agency. At a time when Israel's foreign debt, now exceeding \$22 billion, is the highest per capita in the world and when its inflation rate, once thought high at 200 percent, is threatening to reach a figure twice and even three times as high, many Israelis find the continued investment of national funds in the settlements an economically extravagant policy, no matter how convincing the political, historical, religious, or security justifications may be.

But by far the greatest opposition to the government's settlements policy comes from Israelis who fear its ultimate effects on their country's social fabric, on its democratic principles, and on its very purpose. Annexation would mean the incorporation of a very large number of

Arabs into a country that was founded as a Jewish state, an incorporation that is bound, they feel, to change the nation's character. And if the Arabs were not given full rights after such an incorporation, or if the current occupation merely continued without formal annexation, then Israel would be in the position of suppressing a large minority and denying them free expression.

These reservations about retaining the West Bank have begun to grow since Menachem Begin resigned as prime minister and will probably continue to grow. Without his powerfully focused vision of a Jewish return to the Land of Israel, and without his voice to express that vision and transmit its energy, it may be hard for the leaders who follow him, even if they share his vision, to pursue it with the same success, devotion, and popular support that he did.

But the very existence of the settlements gives them a life that propels them on.

The process of settlement and de facto annexation has gone on for so long, and has resulted in such substantial changes, that it may be too late to reverse it. Though deeply disturbed by the prospects that now face their country and their society as a result of the settlements, the Israelis who oppose them are startled by the changes that have already taken place, that seem indelible, and that have frozen many of them into resigned acquiescence.

It is unclear what effect the settlements have had on the Palestinian Arabs—not only those in the West Bank but also those who have been watching from afar, particularly members of the Palestine Liberation Organization. To a great extent the Israelis remained in the West Bank after the 1967 war because no Arab country would negotiate with them. Now that parts of the West Bank are moving under what seems to be permanent Israeli control, one would imagine that at least some Palestinians, particularly those living in the West Bank, would be ready to negotiate for their future while there is still a chance, and would be ready, finally, to acknowledge Israel's right to exist.

It is the Arabs' refusal to grant this acknowledgment that, the Jewish settlers have said, provides the political—



THE WEST BANK

as opposed to the religious and the historical—justification, indeed necessity, for the Jewish presence in the West Bank. It isn't just the West Bank, they say, that the Palestinians want; they also want the rest of western Palestine, including Jaffa and Haifa. So why give them the means to finish the job? Why commit national suicide?

It was to understand these feelings and positions, and particularly their hold on the principal actors in the drama of the West Bank, that I recently visited the area. I wanted especially to understand the degree to which the settlers were committed to their vision, the ways in which the Arabs were responding to that vision, and the degree to which solutions of a political sort might still be possible. I

visited and interviewed Jewish settlers as well as West Bank Palestinians, including leaders of both camps; and I interviewed Israelis who have sought ways other than West Bank settlement to fulfill the ideal of Jewish national expression.

The interviews were all carried out in English; some of the exchanges from them that are quoted here have been edited or condensed to increase clarity or eliminate repetitions or digressions. In the intensity of the clash between Arab and Jew I found sparks of searing light. Whether it was the light of God or of Lucifer, or of some other realm, I cannot say; but it illuminated my quest, sometimes ignited it, and I present the images it left, as well as the embers, as faithfully as I know how.

THE ARAB IS A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE

MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, RABBI MOSHE LEVINGER has led and energized the Jewish settlement movement since it began. In 1968, less than a year after Israel won the Six-Day War, Levinger and a few other Jews moved into the Park Hotel in the West Bank city of Hebron and then refused to leave. That city, he insisted, was an ancient and holy Jewish town, a town in which Jews had lived almost continuously from biblical times, and one in which they had a right to live once again. After all, it contained the burial places of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; it was the place in which David was anointed King of Judah and then of Israel; and for the past 2,000 years it had been a seat of Jewish learning, despite repeated persecutions and expulsions of Jews by Arab Moslems, Christian Crusaders, Mamluks, and Ottomans. In 1929 local Arabs killed sixty-seven Jews and wounded another sixty, synagogues were burned, Jewish property was taken over, and the community was destroyed. The few Jews who returned were evacuated by the British in 1936 during another wave of anti-Jewish Arab rioting.

Levinger's sit-in at the Park Hotel was thus an attempt to re-establish, after a three-decade hiatus, the Hebron Jewish community. Despite complaints by Hebron Arabs and opposition from the Israeli government Levinger, then thirty-three years old, stayed put. After six months in the hotel, he and his followers were given government protection at a nearby Israeli army camp. Finally, in 1970, the government gave in to Levinger's demand that he be permitted to build a Jewish settlement near Hebron. This was called Kiryat Arba—the name given in the book of Genesis as the original name of Hebron.

Not until 1974 was Gush Emunim—the movement dedicated to the Jewish settlement of the West Bank—founded, with Levinger its most visible and active leader. Its first official settlement, at Camp Horon, in Samaria, was established the day after Yitzhak Rabin became the Israeli prime minister, and many other settlements followed.

I visited Levinger in his home, next to the sixteenth-century Avraham Avinu Synagogue, which was plundered in the 1929 Arab rioting and rebuilt during the past few years. The synagogue and the house are located in a courtyard that was the center of Jewish life in Hebron for hundreds of years, in part because it was surrounded by tall buildings, which gave the Jewish community a measure of security during the Arab attacks to which it was subjected over the centuries. The buildings have crumbled, and now security is provided by Israeli soldiers.

Levinger, who is tall and bearded, led me into the dining room of his three-bedroom apartment, where he lives with his American-born wife, Miriam, and seven of their eleven children, ages three to fourteen. He offered me a seat at the table where he and his family eat and where he studies. The room, like the rest of the apartment, was austere, reflecting with fidelity the person of Levinger himself. Gaunt, careless of his appearance, wearing the coat of one suit and the trousers of another, he seemed unconcerned about anything but his mission to settle the Land of Israel—unconcerned about the small details of life, the accumulation of personal comforts, the distracting needs of self and family. In some ways otherworldly, in some ways the kind of revolutionary ascetic who moves peoples and nations, he seemed out of place, almost out of century, holding the cordless telephone that repeatedly interrupted our interview with its urgent messages.

The first Zionist, Levinger informed me, was not David Ben-Gurion and not even Theodor Herzl but God. It was the Land of Israel that God chose as his seat, as the place from which his moral teachings were to be issued, and it was the responsibility of the Jewish people to live in the land that God had given to them in order to live by his teachings and, in so doing, to enlighten the world. The honor of the world, he repeatedly insisted, was served by the Jews' return to their land—even the honor of the Arabs.

This religious mission has always been at the heart of Zionism, even the late-nineteenth-century political Zion-

ism of Herzl, Levinger stressed. Herzl's Zionism, he argued, had attracted Europe's Jewish masses only because it touched something already deep in their hearts. Wasn't it, after all, for a return to Zion that they had been praying three times a day for 2,000 years? Wasn't that hope contained in every one of their songs and rituals? Hadn't they always referred to themselves, in all the books written since they were expelled, as being *mihutz la'aretz*—"outside of the Land"?

But, I pointed out, in returning to Judea and Samaria the Jews have come to a populated place—a place populated by Arabs who argue that the Jews have no right to settle among them. If not for the Israeli army guarding his home, I observed, he couldn't even be there.

Levinger was unperturbed. The Arabs, he argued, aren't just against the settlements in the West Bank. They're against Israel itself. They're against the very idea of Zionism, against the return of the Jews to their land of origin. To say that the Arabs are merely against the settlements is unrealistic, absurd: "Before the 1967 war we had no settlements in Judea and Samaria, and they also wanted to destroy Israel. If we were to give up the settlements in the West Bank, then they would be against the settlements in Tel Aviv and Haifa and Netanya." The Arabs wouldn't be satisfied, Levinger insisted, until all Jews were out. And any suggestion the Arabs make that they *might* be willing to accept the borders of 1947, or of 1949, is a lie.

"But," I objected, "surely some compromise could be reached—"

Levinger grew irate. "You can compromise about unimportant things," he shot back, "but you can't divide your wife, you can't divide your children, you can't divide your Bible, and you can't divide your holy earth. And if a man is ready to divide his son, it means he doesn't believe that it is his son. To compromise on our own home, a home that belongs not only to us but also to God, is abnormal! You can't do it! It's the same as if you had a home and another man came in and said that a part belonged to him. You wouldn't compromise. You would fight until you possessed your beloved home. And all the more your beloved country!"

Repeatedly Levinger asked me, with incredulity, how I could expect him to leave his house, his home, just because someone else claimed it for his own. Repeatedly he placed me within the analogy to make it real: "If a man came into *your* apartment and sat down in it and said, 'I'm sitting here, so it belongs to me,' would that mean it's his? We were expelled from this land against our will, but we always knew that it was ours. We always knew, wherever we were, that we were in the *galut*—in the diaspora."

At the first of two meetings, which was held in Hebron, Levinger accepted my questions in the main with equanimity, even sufferance; he was used to interviewers and seemed to feel an obligation to educate them about history. At our second meeting, however, held at the Gush

Emunim headquarters, in Jerusalem, I realized that Levinger had decided not only to educate but also to convince me. It was there that I raised most of my objections to his ideas, and there that he grew irritated, even agitated, when I failed to accept his views and instead persisted in questioning him about the rights of Arabs or about the possibility of territorial compromise. More than once he became angry and scolded me for asking him to explain something so simple as the idea that his land was his own, and that it represented, for him, something more than just property—that it represented a holy place, a holy idea, a zone in which the Jews were obligated to live a holy life that would serve to bring honor to the world. And nothing, he repeatedly insisted to me, could deter the Jews from fulfilling that obligation: "It's the honor of the whole world that there is a Jewish state. And that state can't be the state of both Israel and Ishmael, but of Israel alone."

THIS PLACE IS IN MY GENETIC CODE

MOSHE LEVINGER'S OTHERWORLDLY, RELIGIOUS ideology contrasted sharply with the very practical, very secular vision of Elyakim Haetzni, another Jewish settler I interviewed.

Born in Germany in 1926, Haetzni emigrated to Israel twelve years later, not long before it became impossible for Jews to leave. He is in almost every way different from Levinger. He's a lawyer rather than a rabbi. He isn't religious. He speaks Arabic and counts many Arabs as his friends. He's lively, with a sharp and sarcastic sense of humor, and obviously enjoys sparring with people who disagree with him. But like Levinger, he's committed to the Jewish settlement of the West Bank.

However, he refuses to call it—and refused to allow *me* to call it—the West Bank. He insisted that I call the area Judea and Samaria: " 'The West Bank' is the term of my enemy. We are at war with Jordan; and 'the West Bank' is the linguistic embodiment of the Jordanian political claim to Judea and Samaria—it really means 'the West Bank of the Hashemite Kingdom.' So if you come to me and use the term 'the West Bank,' you really insult me. And I'm not ready to answer you if you use that term. So, I'm sorry; you have no choice in the matter."

That's how Haetzni, in between spoonfuls of soup, began our interview, in the Savyon Restaurant, in West Jerusalem's genteel, quiet Jewish neighborhood of Rehavia, a few blocks from the homes of both Menachem Begin and his successor, Yitzhak Shamir. Haetzni was a member of the Council of Jewish Settlements and of the town council of Kiryat Arba. In 1972 he gave up a thriving legal practice in Tel Aviv and moved with his wife, three sons, and daughter to the hilltop outside Hebron that has since been their home.

Whereas Levinger's English was halting, approximate, and indistinct, Haetzni's, though German-accented, was flowing and precise. And he needed almost no prodding from me to express his ideas.

"I started running in 1967," he told me, "and I've been running ever since."

"What started you running?"

"The Allon Plan."

The Allon Plan, named after the late Israeli Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon, a member of the Labor Party, outlined several arrangements whereby Israel would retain parts of the West Bank for security purposes but would give up other parts, heavily populated by Arabs, which would be federated with Jordan. The main features of the plan involved the retention by Israel of the Jordan Valley rift and the Judean desert, as well as the easternmost ridge of the Samaritan and Judean mountains, where military settlements and fortifications would be located. By this means, Allon and others believed, Israel would have some strategic depth in the West Bank, as well as a command of the heights overlooking the approaches that Arab armies would have to use to invade Israel from the east, while the Palestinians would be able to become part of a Jordanian-Palestinian state.

"It was a stunning surprise to me," Haetzni said, "when I learned that anyone could even dream of abandoning any part of the Land of Israel after waiting for it for eighteen hundred years. It's as if you're serenading your beloved beneath her balcony, and when she opens the window you go away! So I immediately began running to make sure that we wouldn't give up this land, and I haven't stopped running yet. You know, what makes me do all this running isn't my mind; it's my *kishkes*."

But Haetzni didn't seem satisfied that "*kishkes*" had conveyed how deep his attachment to the Land of Israel was. It was deeper, more primeval, than his guts. He told the story of a Palestinian Arab, "a hater of Zionism," who, after the establishment of Israel, in 1948, said that the Jews would never leave because the land was part of their heredity, part of their genes. "You know," Haetzni observed, "that Arab was a modern Bilam, the person in the Bible who blessed when he wanted to curse. He was absolutely right. This place is in my genetic code. It was my genetic code that cried out to live in this place."

"I came to this country from Nazi Germany in 1938, when I was twelve. I lived in Jerusalem, in Holon, in Ramat Gan. But I never felt as much at home as I did when I moved to Hebron. When I arrived there I felt that I had *returned*. That," Haetzni said emphatically, thumping the table between us, "is the land of the Bible."

Though Haetzni had admitted to me that he was not religious—certainly not religious in the way that Rabbi Levinger was—his attachment to the land clearly had roots in his Judaism. I asked him about those roots.

He answered with a question: "How can land be holy? After all, it's just earth—a chemical! I'll tell you how land can be holy. Eretz Yisrael is one of the central religious tenets in Judaism. Every Jewish prayer asks God to bring us back to Zion. Judaism and Zionism are simply inseparable. This is unique—only in Judaism is there such a phenomenon. We taught the whole world the notion that a land

can be holy. Of course, whether we have the right to live here depends on *how* we live here. We are told that if we sin here, if we spill blood, we shall be kicked out. The land wasn't just given to us as an heirloom. Being here imposes more duties on us than rights."

I asked him whose blood he couldn't spill.

"Our blood, foreign blood, any blood. What's the difference between blood and blood? Is there a difference? People who see a difference are Nazis. Of course, I'm not talking about war. I'm talking about innocent blood."

I reminded Haetzni that just as there are Arabs who view Jews as being not quite as human as they, so there are Jews who view Arabs in much the same manner.

"Jews who view Arabs in that way are beasts."

"Do you know any?"

"Yes."

"What do you say to them?"

"I say to them that if they adopt those views, that would give the Arabs the real victory over us."

Much more than Levinger, Haetzni was ready to talk about practical solutions. In fact, he had a very clear sense of how the central problem—the claims by two nationalities for the same land—could be resolved.

"It can be resolved by partition. The Arabs already have seventy-eight percent of Palestine. But they prefer to call it Jordan in order to be able to demand the rest in the name of Palestine. Look, I'll tell you a story. In the beginning of the Lebanon War, in 1982, I went down to a garage in Hebron—an Arab garage. The owner is a friend of mine. His name is Abdul Jabbar; he calls himself Ovadiah, a Hebrew name. When he was an infant, he was given to a Jewish woman to be suckled, at a time when Jews were still living in Hebron. I said to Jabbar, 'What are the borders of Palestine?' And he answered, 'Palestine is the State of Israel, the West Bank'—I'm using his term because I'm quoting him—the Gaza Strip, the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, south Lebanon, Syria up to Damascus, and northern Sinai. This is Palestine.' And I knew that he would answer that way; I hear that answer from every Arab. So I said, 'Okay, you're right. But this is also the Land of Israel. And so the translation of the Land of Israel into Arabic is Palestine. So at least we're speaking about the same land.' Then I asked him, 'Tell me, how many Israelis are there?' 'Three and a half million.' 'And how many Palestinians?' 'Three and a half million.' 'So do you want to partition it? How do you want to partition it? Lengthwise? Crosswise?' I can tell you that if we had been given the eastern part of Palestine in 1918 or 1920, it would have been the Garden of Eden by now, and in the western part there would have been just rocks and deserts and swamps; and you would have then said, 'The Jews, as always, took the better part!' That's what I once heard from a British journalist who came for his first visit to Israel from Jordan. He said, 'Small wonder the Arabs are angry with you! You took everything that is green!'

"As you know, Winston Churchill arranged the first partition of Palestine when he gave seventy-eight percent of

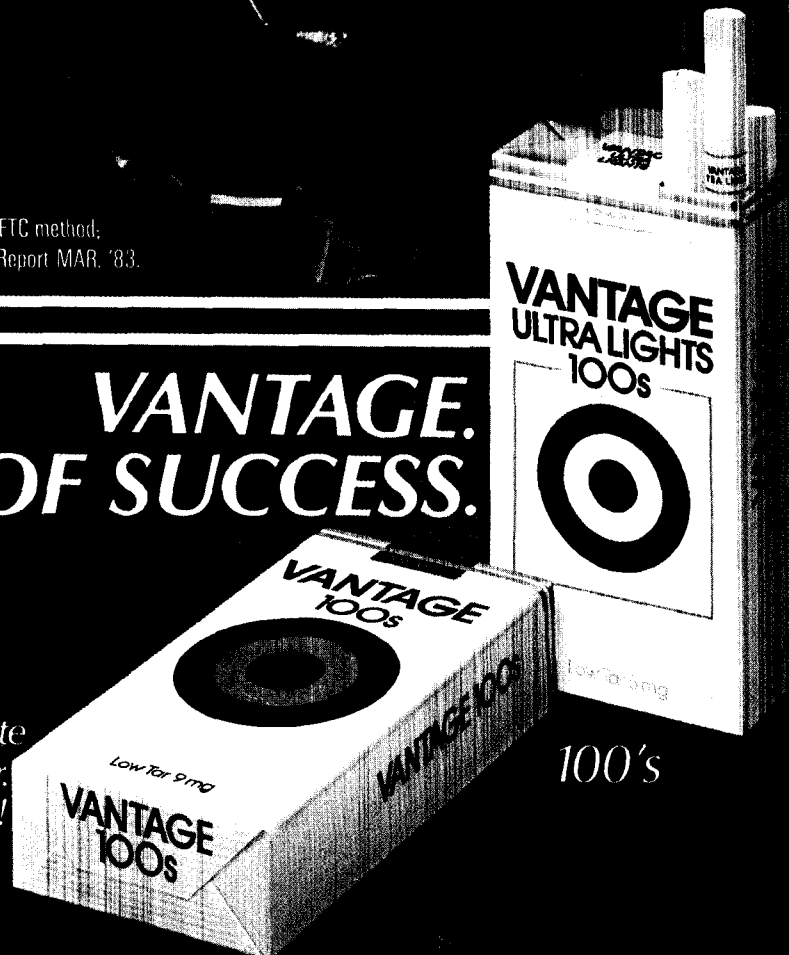
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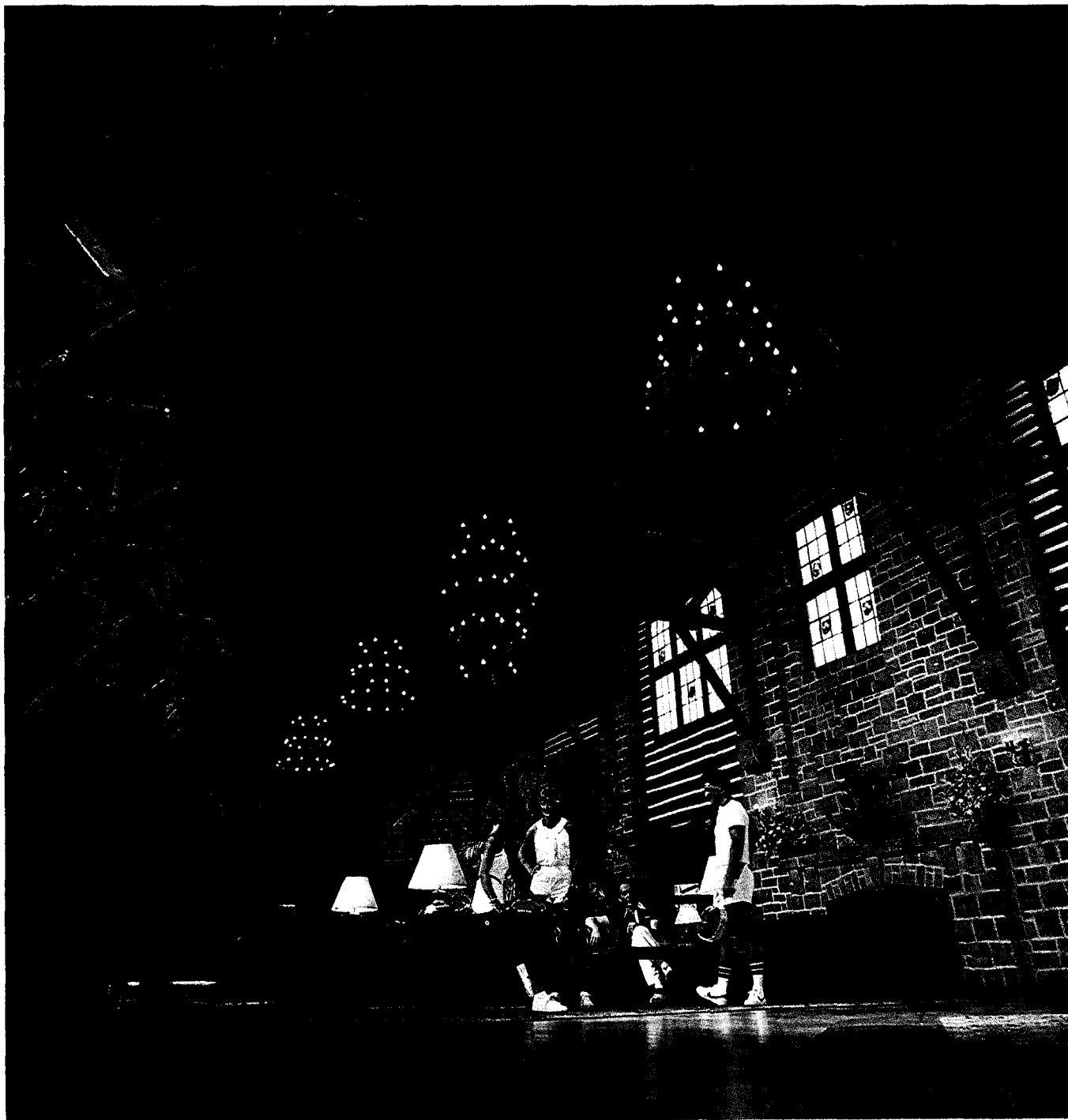
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the area to the Arabs. In fact, one of the Emir Abdullah's British advisers openly said that this was done because ultimately the Jews would set up a Jewish state and the British had to reserve a place for the Palestinian Arabs who would want a state of their own. Mind you, Jews owned land in the eastern part of Palestine, and wanted to settle there; all of that was canceled in 1922. And you should know Abdullah wanted to call Jordan by the name Palestine, but the British told him not to do it; and had he done so, America wouldn't have been able to say, 'The Palestinian Arabs have no homeland.'

"This is the tragedy: that at the very time the Jewish people were being killed in Europe, including one and a half million Jewish children, their own homeland was closed to them. Who closed it? The Arabs—not without the help of the British, of course, but mainly the Arabs. And the leader of the Arabs was the Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al-Husseini, who was in the entourage of Hitler. He even went to Auschwitz to see it. And toward the end of the war, when a few SS leaders wanted to save a few hundred Jewish children in order to establish an alibi for themselves, the Mufti went to Hitler and prevented it, because he wanted to burn the Jews there in Europe so that they wouldn't come here.

"So this was the first demographic change that affected the question of Palestine: the destruction of Europe's Jews, including those who, had they lived, would have come here. The second demographic change occurred because of the Arab refusal to accept the UN resolution in 1947 creating a *second* Palestinian state. Because of this there was a war, a refugee problem, and now the Palestinians from western Palestine make up the majority of the population of Jordan—between sixty and seventy percent.

"I had a British woman reporter visit me who was very nasty—polite, but nasty. So I wanted to be nasty also. So I said to her: 'You remember the man who jumped the fence to your queen and found her awake because she couldn't sleep? Do you know what they talked about? I'll tell you. The man said, "My gracious Queen, why are you so sleepless?" And the queen answered, "Because of the Palestinian problem." Over what do people lose sleep these days? Over the Palestinian problem! Well, the man didn't know what to answer her. He should have answered, "Over *which* Palestinian problem? The Palestinian problem in *western* Palestine or the Palestinian problem in *eastern* Palestine?" The Palestinian problem in western Palestine is the problem of a *third* of the population—the Palestinian Arabs of what you call the West Bank, of Gaza, and of pre-1967 Israel make up a third of the population of that area—while the Palestinian problem in eastern Palestine is the problem of the majority, of *two thirds* of the population in Jordan. So where should you seek their self-determination? Where they are a minority or where they are a majority? So,' I said to that British reporter, 'the next time you talk to your queen, tell her over what she should be losing her sleep. And ask her why she doesn't lose sleep over the Kurds. Or over the Arabs in Khuzistan, which is called Arabistan. Or

over the Germans in the places where they are dominated by other countries. Or over the Corsicans, the Basques, the Copts—the whole world! But it's only over the Palestinians that she loses sleep. So if she loses sleep over them, then at least she should lose sleep over the Palestinians in eastern Palestine, in Jordan, where they form a majority and still have no state!'

Haetzni was once described to me as "a crazy" by an American journalist who had interviewed him, and this story shows why. Haetzni was describing to me, with great satisfaction, how he had disarmed and confused a hostile British journalist with an invented story about her own queen, and how he had used the invention, apparently accepted as real by that stunned journalist, at least momentarily, in order to get her to listen to what he had to say—and in order to tweak her unsympathetic British nose. My friend the American journalist was, I knew, no less hostile to Haetzni's beliefs; and I suspect that in his talks with the American Haetzni had used whatever stratagem he could devise to tweak *his* nose—which was, no doubt, all the more worthy of tweaking, since it was the nose of a Jew, who, Haetzni must have felt, should have known better.

Perhaps deciding that I might begin to think that my own nose was being tweaked and that all of his stories were inventions and all of his statements merely sarcastic asides, Haetzni quickly grew serious. "I sincerely do feel," he went on, "that the Palestinian Arabs have developed the traits of a nation. Of course, we shouldn't overdo it the way Mr. McGovern did when he came here and spoke of the thousands-of-years-old culture of the Palestinians. Because the Palestinian Arabs first developed a feeling that they were a nation in the 1920s—imitating Zionism. This is not something for us to be ashamed of; our movement, Zionism, gave birth to two nationalisms—Jewish nationalism and Palestinian nationalism. So it's our responsibility that there's a Palestinian nationalism. And what we should do now is foster a Palestinian nation, a Palestinian state in Jordan."

To Haetzni, the creation of such a state is crucial. "There should be a strong, free Palestine on the East Bank of the Jordan—in alliance with us, maybe in a federation. We should annex Judea, Samaria, and Gaza. There should be complete autonomy in those places for the Arabs. Jordanian law, or some other Arab law, should prevail, and this should be legislated by the Knesset. This would be genuine autonomy—in the health system, in local government, and in anything else that doesn't have to do with the superstructure of the state, security, and foreign relations. And the Arabs can have a Palestinian state on the other side of the Jordan. Instead of having Jordanian passports, the Arabs in the annexed territories on this side of the Jordan would have Palestinian passports issued by the Palestinian state on the East Bank. Today they are eligible to vote in Amman, to the extent that *any* Jordanians are allowed to vote; and under my plan, that eligibility would continue, except that they would be voting in the Palestinian state. And, I should add, just as Arabs would be per-

mitted to live in Judea and Samaria, in the Jewish state, so Jews should be permitted to live in the Palestinian state, on the eastern side of the Jordan River; and those Jews would, of course, vote in Israeli elections, not Palestinian ones. And there should be open bridges between the two states. There should be a Law of Return for the Arabs. If an Arab wants to buy a house and live in Jaffa, why not?"

"But," I objected, "what if that Arab says, 'It was my house, and I want it back?'"

"No, no, no. That house has changed hands twenty times. If a German were to come to Kaliningrad and say, 'This city was once Königsberg, and this is my house,' the Russians would answer him, on the train ride to Siberia, 'Don't you remember that there was a war? That we paid with twenty million dead?' Where in the world did you ever see the clock turned back in a case in which one side was vanquished? But a war in which Jews win seems to be considered differently."

Haetzni was now on a topic—the world's hypocrisy—that clearly had exercised him in the past and that continued to do so in that restaurant.

"Look, UN Resolution 242—which says that acquisition of land by war is forbidden—is the biggest lie since Cain and Abel. And all the nations who signed it are liars. Take America. America should give back New Mexico and California. They can keep Alaska and Louisiana, because they purchased them. All the rest should be given back. And take the other signers—all of them took land and kept it. But *we* can't. So this Resolution 242 is like a Jewish yellow star in international law. It's a shame! It's a lie! And the question you asked me about Arabs moving back into the houses they abandoned in 1948 is a 242 question—it's based on a lie. The question isn't why we don't give back the Arabs their old houses. The question is, why haven't we paid them reparations for the property we took? If we had done so, we would have retrieved the honor of the Arabs. That would go a long way toward peace."

Under Haetzni's plan the Arabs of the annexed West Bank, in being denied the right to vote in Israeli elections, would be treated differently from the Arabs within Israel's pre-1967 borders, though the status of Judea and Samaria would otherwise be the same as that of the rest of Israel. I asked him why. His answer was based simply on numbers: the Arabs of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza, together with those of the Galilee, the part of pre-1967 Israel that is about 50 percent Arab, would make up 33 percent of the population of Israel; and a 33 percent Arab vote in the Knesset would result in a binational state. Eventually the Arabs, because of their higher birthrate, might be able to muster enough votes to change the laws so that Israel would no longer serve as the Jewish homeland—the place where Jews being hounded elsewhere can come and receive refuge and automatic citizenship.

To Haetzni, this strange plan—the creation of an area that would belong to one state but most of whose citizens would vote in another—was not strange at all. "Take the hundred thousand or so Arabs in East Jerusalem," he ex-

plained. "East Jerusalem has been annexed to Israel, and those Arabs now have the choice of taking Israeli citizenship. But very few have done so. [According to recent Israeli government statistics, of the approximately 110,000 Arabs in East Jerusalem only 300 have so far accepted Israeli citizenship.] And you can't blame them. They would be choosing citizenship in a state whose national anthem speaks about the Jewish soul! Look, you Americans are trying to impose European notions on the Middle East, and you'll succeed as much as you succeeded when you tried to impose democracy on the Diem regime in South Vietnam. It's so foolish to impose such notions here. Are there any democratic countries among the Arab states? Was anybody elected in those countries? Sadat? Mubarak? Assad? Democratic notions are simply irrelevant in this part of the world. The best we can do is turn to our Arab neighbors and say, 'We recognize that this is your country and your homeland; you're attached to it with the same feelings that we are. You can stay here for as long as you like—for the next five thousand years. You can have all the civil rights that are possible—habeas corpus, freedom of speech; the only free Arab press in the Middle East is right here in Jerusalem. What we can't give you are political rights. Those rights you should seek in the seventy-eight percent of Palestine that is under Jordanian sovereignty. If you want to change that sovereignty and make it Palestinian sovereignty, we shall help you.'

"I think that ultimately this will be the solution. For me there is no difference where a Palestinian lives. If a Palestinian living in Brazil wants to return, and buys a home in Jaffa, maybe with reparations that I pay him, and he doesn't vote for the Knesset—what would be the problem? We don't have racial feelings toward them. The problem is *political*—it's not on a human level. This problem of voting is, practically speaking, irrelevant in the Middle East. In which Arab country do people vote? So here, if people voted in the elections of a country in which they don't live, it would be a precedent. What's wrong with a precedent? On the contrary: it would give professors of international law something to talk about!"

I asked Haetzni if an arrangement of this sort existed anywhere. He wasn't sure. "But," he said, "even if there were absolutely no precedent, even if it would be absolutely unique, that would be even better. What's wrong if the problem here is a unique one and has a unique solution? In fact, the problem here really *is* unique. Israeli nationality has something to do with Jewishness, and we don't have the urge to force people to accept Jewishness. And the Arabs for their part have their own rich cultural heritage and are in the midst of a period in which they're fervently nationalistic. Besides, they have a language that is ten times richer than Hebrew. So there's no urge by masses of Arabs to become like Jews. So neither side has an urge to incorporate the other.

"But there's another way in which the problem is unique here, and therefore requires a unique solution. Let me tell you a story. Once when my wife was buying grapes

in Hebron—we have beautiful grapes in Hebron—an Arab woman asked her, ‘Why did you come here? We were here *before* you.’ And my wife had the presence of mind to answer, ‘And we were here *before* you.’ In other words”—Haetzni beamed—“if having been somewhere *before* is an argument, then we have a superargument, because we were here *before* the before.

“Now, such an argument is available only to the Jewish people. If the Etruscans were to be discovered living somewhere in Africa and they were to return to Florence, then they would have such an argument too. But they’re safely tucked away in the museums.

“Sometimes I try to explain to Palestinians what happened to them. I tell them a story: An Iraqi Arab, a Syrian Arab, and a Palestinian Arab were walking on the street, and a brick fell from a roof. On whose head did it fall? On *your* head—on the head of the Palestinian. The name of the brick is the Jewish fate. If the descendants of Nebuchadnezzar were alive today, then the Iraqis would have a problem. But it’s the Palestinians who have that problem.

“Now, there is only one such brick. There is no other people alive today with the conscious sense that they are the direct descendants of people from the ancient world. The Colosseum stands intact in Rome, but the people in that city don’t have the feeling that they are the descendants of the ancient Romans. But if you go to Masada, you read the inscription ‘Masada Will Not Fall Again!’—as if it fell just yesterday. And for us the Wailing Wall is contemporary, not classical, history. This is unique. When we have a question about contemporary Jewish ritual, we check the archaeological digs and get the answers. If we don’t know something about the correct size of a ritual bath, for example, we measure the remains of the ritual bath on Masada. So we have bridged time, as if the gap in time between our period of sovereignty here before the expulsion and our current period of sovereignty didn’t exist. It’s as if we had a time machine. *Nu*, there is no other nation of this kind! And this is the unique problem that befell the Palestinian Arabs.

“But you have to add to this the fact that the Palestinian Arabs weren’t here for such a long time. Most of them came here during the past hundred to a hundred and fifty years. Before that the country was completely depopulated. And you can immediately tell from where they are. Yesterday I got four new clients from Yatta. The Israeli authorities found arms in their houses. They’re not from Fatah [a PLO organization]—Fatah clients I don’t take. Yatta is wild country, like the Shouf Mountains in Lebanon, full of feuds; it’s just south of Hebron.”

I had assumed that all of Haetzni’s clients were Jews; I was surprised to learn that Arabs turned to him for his services, but he insisted that many of his clients were indeed local Arabs. “Why don’t they go to Arab lawyers?” I asked. “Because,” he said, laughing, “they don’t trust them!”

Haetzni returned to the subject of his new clients. One had said his name was Masaruwa. The name Masaruwa, Haetzni explained to me triumphantly, was the name of

someone whose family had come from Egypt. “When did his family come from Egypt? Who knows? A hundred and fifty years ago. At the most two hundred years ago. Look, there’s a very big town in Judea called Dura. Two hundred years ago two tribes from Saudi Arabia came there and killed off all the people of Dura, then killed off each other—from the second tribe only a fifth remained—and this is Dura! And they have taken the whole range of the Hebron Mountains from Dura to the south. And they know it!

“Sometimes they’re so conscious of it. There is a town called Dhahariya. Three Arabs were sitting there talking, and one says, ‘Our great-grandfathers came from Saudi Arabia.’ And then one of them kicks him. Why? Because they don’t want to upset the myth that they are the ancient inhabitants of Palestine, from time immemorial, and we, the Jews, are the newcomers.”

Haetzni said that he doubted that the Palestinian Arabs would ever give up on their wish to take back Jaffa or Haifa. But he insisted that neither that lingering wish nor the disinclination of Arab states to make peace with Israel would stand in the way of the political solution he had outlined to me. This solution, he asserted, is advantageous to both Israelis and Palestinians. The Palestinians, he said, know that only the Israelis could see to it that they would have their own state—a state in what is now Jordan. King Hussein, they know, wouldn’t give them a state and didn’t do so when he controlled Judea and Samaria. So the Palestinians secretly know that their only chance for political independence is some kind of accommodation with Israel. And as for the Israelis, it’s more important for them to do what they can to achieve some kind of accommodation, even federation, with a Palestinian state on the East Bank of the Jordan than it is to achieve peace with other Arab states. On the matter of returning any part of Judea and Samaria Haetzni was adamant. “If we ever give them Hebron, they’ll still want Jaffa and Haifa. They won’t give up on that no matter what we do. So it won’t help.”

Haetzni seemed absolutely certain of the path he had chosen when he moved to the West Bank. “Do I have any alternative? What would I say to my Maker if I had this opportunity and didn’t use it? What would I say if I had this opportunity to return to my homeland and didn’t take it? It would be a sacrilege. It would be an outrage. It would be a shame. And it would be a tragedy.”

SO LET THE ARABS VOTE—I’M NOT AFRAID

FOR YISRAEL MEDAD, THE MAIN FEAR OF BOTH Levinger and Haetzni—the fear that if the Arabs in an Israeli-annexed West Bank were allowed full political rights in Israel, including the right to vote, they could vote out the Jewish state—did not exist.

Medad is a thirty-six-year-old Bronx-born Israeli who lives in the West Bank settlement of Shiloh with his wife and five children. For ten years he has been working for Geula Cohen, a member of the Knesset representing the right-of-center Tehiya, or Renaissance, Party; he has

worked as a teacher in Cohen's educational institute and as her parliamentary aide. As a former American, he understands, much better than Levinger does, Western, particularly American, sensibilities about the issue of Arab rights; and it's to him that visitors are often referred when they come to complain about that issue.

In Medad's view Arabs should be offered full political rights in an annexed West Bank, including the right to vote in national elections for the Knesset. And Medad is unafraid that that right would, because of the Arabs' high birthrate, eventually give them the votes to dismantle the Jewish state.

He doesn't fear that because, he explained, he supports a plan that would allow the Arabs to become voting citizens of the Jewish state only if they first accepted the principle that the state was, by its definition, unalterably Jewish—that it wasn't just another state, like all the other states of the world, but, rather, in perpetuity the Jewish homeland, the place to which any Jew can return. The Arabs would also have to be willing to participate fully in Israeli society, a participation that would involve the responsibility to defend the state. Medad acknowledged that Arabs could not be expected to fight in the Israeli military against other Arabs; consequently they would be expected to do alternative national service, but for a length of time equal to that put in by Jewish Israelis.

If they accepted these conditions for Israeli citizenship, Medad said, Arabs would no longer be a threat to Israel, even if their population increased to such an extent as to enable them to elect sixty-one members in the 120-member Knesset; after all, under his plan it would be illegal for even a majority to change the Jewish purpose of the state. Moreover, Medad doubted that all Arabs would accept his conditions; some would, but probably most would not, preferring to keep their Jordanian—or perhaps Palestinian—citizenship and vote in the state, whether it was called Jordan or Palestine, that was located on the East Bank of the Jordan River. The likelihood that most Arabs would exercise the latter preference makes Medad confident that the offer of full political rights in Israel would not endanger the state or its purpose.

This plan—the plan of the Tehiya Party—would be acceptable to 80 percent of the Jewish settlers in the West Bank, in Medad's estimation; the settlers do *not* want an apartheid-like state. The accusation that they do, Medad insisted, is wrong: "I want Arabs to be integrated into Israeli society and do things that Jews do, such as national service. Besides, I resent this comparison of the position of the Jews in Israel with the position of the whites in South Africa. The white settlement in South Africa was started by a bunch of Dutch people who came into the region a couple of hundred years ago, people who had never been there before and whose ancestors had nothing to do with that land. Here, the Jews returned to their land."

Medad acknowledged that under this plan one part of the West Bank population—Arabs—would not be able to exercise all of the rights that a person accustomed to West-

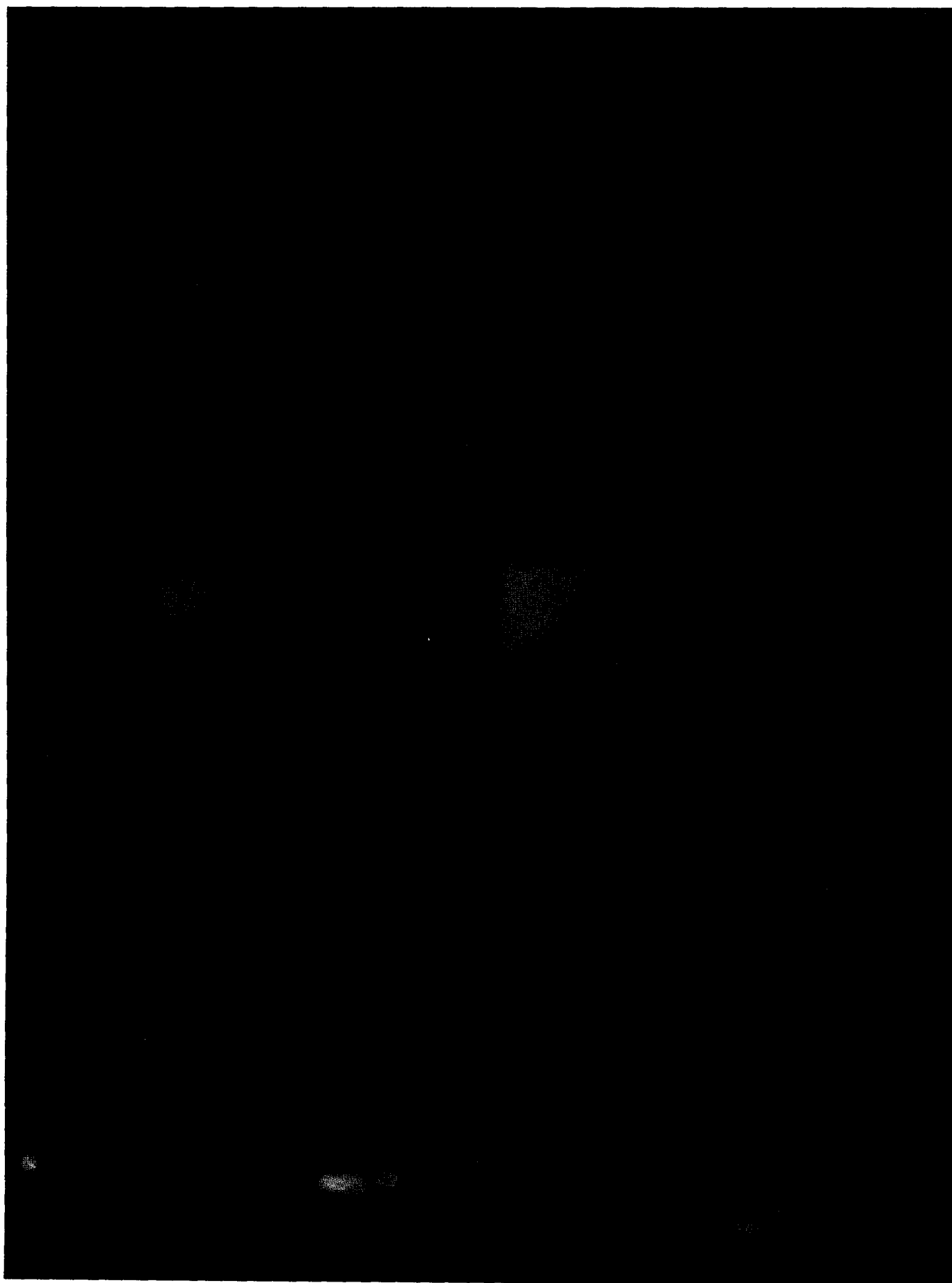
ern democratic practices ordinarily assumes belong to all peoples. That is, even those who chose Israeli citizenship would be unable, no matter how numerous they were, to change Israel from a Jewish state into an Arab one; and those who chose not to accept Israeli citizenship would have no say in matters affecting the country as a whole.

But such limitations on political rights would not really be so odd, even from a Western democratic perspective, Medad argued. All that the Arabs would lack would be the right to sovereignty. "But who says that every people has the right to sovereignty—the right to dominate others—wherever they live? Let's take the Jews of Brooklyn. If they constituted forty percent of the population and had lived there for three hundred and fifty years, that wouldn't give them the right to secede from the United States. There are certain limitations on the freedoms of national groups."

Medad echoed a point made by Elyakim Haetzni: the situation in the West Bank is simply different from any other and requires a different solution. "I agree with you that it sounds silly for a bunch of Jews whose parents came from Russia, Poland, and Germany, and who themselves came from America, France, and England, to come into an area that was populated by other people and claim that it's their home. But it *is* their home."

Medad went on to justify the definition of the West Bank as Jewish on yet other grounds. The Jews, he said, had proved that the land was theirs by the way they lived on it. They loved it. They were tender toward it. They caressed it. They cultivated it. They planted in it. And the land, in turn, gave them its fruits. What had the Arabs done for the land? What kind of lovers were they? They neglected it. Their allegiance was to the village rather than to the land. And if they had finally developed a Palestinian nationalism, they had done so only after having been confronted by the nationalism of the Jews. Before that they had been just Arabs living in villages, often migrants from nearby areas such as Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Iraq, or Turkey; and if they felt themselves to be part of anything larger than the village they happened to live in, it was, perhaps, the Arab nation, not the Palestinian people. For them the land was incidental; it was where their village happened to be. Besides, Medad added, during the 1948–1949 Arab–Israeli war the Arabs ran away too easily, much as the Jews used to run away from towns in Poland and the Ukraine when hostilities would start in those regions; the Arabs ran because they weren't committed to the land, whereas the Jews in the Land of Israel, even during war, would never leave it.

I quickly objected to these arguments. Different peoples lived differently in their lands and possessed those lands in different ways, I said; making the desert bloom, or draining swamps, did not by itself establish ownership. Nor did readiness to flee prove the transience of ownership: in wars people flee. But Medad's arguments were, by the time I heard them, fixed stars in the Gush Emunim ideological firmament—not central, but still important. And my objections failed to dislodge them in the least.



Against Medad's central arguments too I was able to muster few of my own that convinced him. My American inclination to challenge him on the grounds of Arab rights was met by his repeated reminders that, while the issue for the Arabs was one of rights, the issue for the Jews, and for Israel, was one of existence. "You have to understand," he lectured me patiently, "that you're looking at the problem from an American perspective. What are Americans acquainted with? They're acquainted, for example, with the problem of American blacks insisting on civil rights. But the problem of the blacks in America is different from the problem of the Arabs in Israel. Blacks in America never wanted to deny nationhood to the whites, while Arabs here do want to deny nationhood to the Jews. There's a fundamental difference. I have very strong reasons to believe that no matter what we do the Arabs will never be satisfied. If we say to the Palestinians that they're welcome to have the West Bank, that wouldn't satisfy them either; they would want the rest of our land, they would want pre-'67 Israel. And all we would accomplish by giving back these territories would be to increase our level of danger. And I genuinely believe that if we lived under Arab rule the situation for us would be much, much worse than the situation is for Arabs under Israeli rule. It would be a question of our very survival. We would be killed. It would be Hebron, 1929; it would be Kfar Etzion, 1948."

JUST WAIT TILL WE HAVE THE POWER

WHEN THE ARAB TAXI DISPATCHER AT JERUSALEM'S Damascus Gate learned that I would be writing something about the West Bank, he insisted that I include his story. He had been imprisoned by the Israelis, he said, for fifteen years.

"Fifteen years! Fifteen years of my life!"

I asked him why.

"Because the Israelis said I was PLO. They said I was a terrorist."

"Were you?"

The dispatcher was taken aback. I continued: "What did they say you did?"

"They said I planted a bomb."

"Did you?"

"I did."

"Where?"

"In a movie theater."

"What happened?"

"Somebody found it and took it outside. It exploded outside."

"Why did you do it?"

"I was protesting the immigration of Jews."

The dispatcher finally found a taxi driver willing to take us—a young Arab journalist and me—to Hebron. We set off to the south, and I asked the journalist, who had himself spent time in an Israeli jail, what he thought of the story.

"Fifteen years is a large part of one's life," he observed.

"But what about the bomb?"

"Well, it didn't kill anyone."

"But wasn't he a terrorist?"

"He was fighting for what he believed in."

"But what if the bomb had gone off inside the theater? What if that theater had been filled not with Israelis but with Arabs—with your brother, or your father?"

We drove on to Hebron in silence.

Mustafa Natshe was waiting for me in the foyer of his spacious, even lavish, house. Some days before, while driving me around the West Bank, a Gush Emunim settler had told me that very few Jews in Israel lived as opulently as did many of the Arabs in the West Bank. "It's money from the Gulf," he explained. Without doubt, many of the houses lining the main roads north and south of Jerusalem were opulent indeed. "They look like apartment houses, don't they?" the settler asked. I agreed. "Well, they're not. They're houses built by wealthy Palestinians for their families. Some of them have maybe thirty rooms, and four or five floors, each floor for a different part of the family. Maybe a son and his family on one floor, a daughter and her family on another. I've been in some of those houses, I've been invited into them, and what's amazing is that they're empty. Really, they're empty. You'd be surprised. There's some furniture, but not much else. You'd expect oriental carpets, elaborate things. But mostly they're empty. I really don't understand it. And I really don't understand their taste, either. Look at those Eiffel Towers on the roofs." Nearly every roof did in fact have a not-so-miniature Eiffel Tower serving as a television antenna. The settler's offended aesthetic sensibilities, expressed as much with puzzlement as with dismay, reminded me of the offended sensibilities of West Bank Arabs who had told me more than once that they could not understand how the Jews could violate their pristine hilltops, barren for centuries, with the instant and crude habitations that belonged more in the vulgar suburbs of America than in the ancient landscapes of the Middle East.

Mustafa Natshe's house, in Hebron, was not so opulent on the outside as some of the million-dollar houses along the Jerusalem-Ramallah road, but inside it was more lavishly appointed than the ones the settler had described. Natshe, a heavyset man of fifty-three, dressed on that warm night in a pinstripe suit, invited me into his living room. The evening prayers from the mosque, in this, the most religious and conservative of the West Bank towns, a community of 70,000 with no cinemas or places of entertainment, floated through the open window. A series of red velvet sofas was arranged around the room, with gold velvet drapes along the walls. Lace doilies adorned the sofas, a blue rug the floor. I felt too informal in my shirt-sleeves.

Natshe, formerly the acting mayor of Hebron, had recently been dismissed by Israeli authorities; so had his city council. The dismissals had occurred shortly after Aharon Gross, a nineteen-year-old Jewish seminary student, had been stabbed to death in the town's vegetable market.

Gross was the eighth Jew killed in Hebron in three years, and his murder followed a number of other anti-Jewish incidents there, most of them involving stones or grenades thrown at Israeli cars.

After the killing, Jews from nearby Kiryat Arba descended on the vegetable market and set fire to most of its stalls. Israeli authorities, perhaps to assuage the settlers' anger, then dismissed Natshe, whom the settlers regarded as a fomenter of anti-Jewish violence. Miriam Levinger, the American-born wife of Rabbi Moshe Levinger, remarked to a reporter a few days after the burning of the vegetable market: "The Arabs take a life for a life. I say the Jews deserve credit for not killing any Arabs." Within days Hebron's Islamic University was attacked, presumably by Jews. Three Arabs were killed and thirty-three wounded.

Natshe had been acting mayor of Hebron since May of 1980, when Fahd Kawasmeh, the mayor, was deported together with other Arabs, including Mohammed Milhem, the mayor of Halhul. Natshe explained that he had refused to assume the title of mayor because to do so would have been to recognize the dismissal of Kawasmeh as a legal act.

Natshe said that he had never had any contact with the Jews of Kiryat Arba, despite the proximity of that Jewish settlement. "No, never. Because I didn't want it. Because we believe that the Jewish settlements in the occupied areas are illegal. Settlements would be legal only if there were a comprehensive solution to the Palestinian problem. When the Arabs have their rights, when all the problems are solved, why not? An Arab will have the right to return to Jaffa and Lod and Ramla, and the Jew who wishes to return to settle in this city, why not?" Apparently, Natshe felt that the Jews who might be permitted to settle in the West Bank Palestinian state once it was established would be those who were literally returning—that is, Jews who had lived in the area of the West Bank prior to the establishment of Israel, in 1948, and perhaps the descendants of Jews who were killed in various massacres there. "But who," Natshe asked, "has come to settle here? They are not the Jews who lived here until 1929. They are fanatics coming from the States. They say that we must be expelled to the other part of the Land of Israel, which is Jordan. But we say no. We say there are two nations here, the Arab and the Israeli. We must have an independent state as Israel has a state. We must not be governed by the Israelis."

Which borders, I asked Natshe, would his envisioned Palestinian state have?

"The borders according to the UN partition plan of 1947."

"Oh," I responded, "you want to go back to the partition before the 1948 war."

"Yes. Before the war. The UN partition plan of 1947 gives the Arabs and the Israelis the right to have their own states. This is the basis on which negotiations must begin."

"In 1947," I began, "there was a partition plan in which a small area was to be given to Israel—"

"Not small."

"Smaller than the area Israel had after the Arab-Israeli War of 1948."

"Yes, of course. Smaller, but not much smaller. And this is the base from which we must start negotiations for Israel to be created in the area and also for the Palestinian state to be created."

"But Israel already exists. And the 1967 borders appear to be the minimal reality—"

"I didn't say this or that. I just say that this is the base from which negotiations must begin!"

"So you recognize the Israeli state."

"Yes."

"Unlike the PLO, which does not recognize it."

"Yes."

"Except that you say that the Israel you recognize is the state within the 1947 partition boundaries, not the state within the armistice lines after the 1948–1949 Arab-Israeli war."

"Yes."

"Now, Israel is currently in the position, as a result of the 1967 war, of being internally torn between those Israelis who are willing to give up the West Bank for the sake of peace and those Israelis who proclaim it to be the central part of the Land of Israel and wish to hold on to it, as exemplified by the settlers and to some extent by the government. When those Israelis who are willing to give up the West Bank explain their position to those who are not, the answer they get is, 'Don't be silly. We'll give up the West Bank and then they'll want the rest of Palestine. After all, the PLO still hasn't accepted the existence of Israel.' If you, Mayor Natshe, as a responsible representative of the West Bank Palestinian people, say that even *you* don't accept Israel's pre-1967 borders, aren't you encouraging that response?"

Natshe seemed irritated by my question. "Look, the most important question is whether the Israeli government recognizes our right to self-determination. Why do we argue about borders if we still haven't gotten recognition of our rights?"

But I continued to argue, and in my arguing I felt as I had two days earlier, when I had argued with Natshe's neighbor Rabbi Moshe Levinger: I felt that the person I was facing couldn't understand how his interviewer could be so foolish. "But by the same token," I said, "it could be argued that if borders aren't so important, why don't you accept Israel within its 1967 borders?"

Natshe's irritation grew. "Look, *who* doesn't accept? If I said that the 1967 borders are okay, would the Israeli government accept the Palestinian state?"

In fact, Natshe seemed more moderate in his outlook than I had been led to believe by his enemies in the Gush Emunim: he was willing to state publicly that he could accept Israel—a rump Israel but an Israel nevertheless. That was further than I would have thought he would be willing

to go, and further than PLO leaders had ever gone—save a few, such as Issam Sartawi, who had been assassinated in April of 1983 for being too moderate.

A young boy served us tea. I began to talk to Natshe as if what we said would make a difference, as if reasoning could change things. “The subject we’re dealing with is very complicated,” I said unnecessarily. “The Arabs feel that this is their land, that it has been taken from them. Some Jews feel that there is a place here for Jews as well—that they have a historic claim here. And so there is a clash of two nationalities. Can this clash, Mayor Natshe, be resolved?”

“It can be,” Natshe answered, “if the Israelis really want peace. Let’s start with 1947. After the Israelis got the land, they took another step. They got more land. Then, in 1967, they took yet another step. They got still more land. So you find that the Israelis kept on getting more and more land, because they had power. They rely on power. In Lebanon, I’m sure, if they didn’t have problems, they would have never withdrawn, even from Beirut. They want to keep southern Lebanon. They want to keep the Golan Heights. The next step will be to enter Jordan and take the heights of Irbid. We see that the extremists are planning these things, and that all the people are involved in this planning. They say they want peace with us. But I’ll tell you how they want peace with us. They want us as laborers—without rights. They don’t want to be on an equal basis with us, to live with us as two independent states. They think that by the power they have they can rule all of the Arab countries. The extremists think that way. They talk about the other part of Israel, which is Jordan. And what will come after Jordan? We don’t know. The Israeli government must recognize our right to self-determination. But so long as it says ‘We won’t recognize the PLO even if the PLO recognizes Israel,’ what can we do?”

“The Israeli government argues,” I returned, “that it’s impossible to expect that Israel should recognize an organization that’s bent on its destruction.”

“But we say, how can we recognize someone who takes our land?”

“Let’s look at reality for a moment,” I responded. “Israel has power here now. Israel has everything and the Palestinians have nothing.”

“Yes! You are right!”

“And the Palestinians sometimes have friends and sometimes don’t. Arab countries use them for their own needs.”

“Yes! You are right!”

“And this is even the case with the Soviet Union. If it didn’t serve their interests, they would drop the Palestinian cause.”

“Yes!”

“In this situation, if I were a Palestinian, I would say to myself, ‘I have nothing, the Israelis have everything. I want to do whatever I can to have something.’”

“So tell me what I can do.”

“I think,” I answered, “that there are a large number of people within Israel who would be willing, for the sake of security and peace, to allow the establishment of a Palestinian state. But they’re frightened. They fear that given the feelings of the Palestinians, if they were given a Palestinian state they would move into it and then start talking about the liberation of the *rest* of Palestine. If you were an Israeli, you might also want to be reassured. You might ask, ‘Why should I commit suicide?’”

“How can such an Israeli be reassured?”

“Maybe he can be reassured if people like you say, ‘I agree there should be two countries here. And you should have the right to a country, and we should have the right to a country. I have no aspirations to take over Israel. And I define Israel as a country that exists within the borders before 1967, with some modifications in those borders that could be worked out. And also, because of the realities of geography, you would need a long period of time during which you would not be threatened militarily by armaments in the West Bank. And I’m willing to accept this, and to say right now that I’m willing to accept the right of Israel to exist within those borders; and all I ask is that we begin arranging for the establishment of a Palestinian state.’”

“Look,” Natshe responded incredulously. “The Israelis have the power. So how can the Israelis be afraid? What we want is a comprehensive solution. We have to solve not only our problem here but also the problem of the Palestinians in other countries—in Syria, in Saudi Arabia. A Palestinian who has rights in Jaffa should either get compensation or be allowed to return. Take the Palestinian living in Damascus. You give him a choice. You say to him, ‘Do you wish to live in Jaffa, in the Israeli state? Or do you wish to live in Hebron, in the Palestinian state?’ He will choose. If he chooses to return to Jaffa, he will return, and accept the fact that he is going to Israel. If he wants to go to Hebron, or to any other place in the West Bank, then he will find a job, a home, and get compensation.”

I asked Natshe why the Palestinians who live in Syria and other Arab countries didn’t move to the West Bank when they could have—before 1967, when it was under Jordanian control.

“There were many problems,” Natshe replied. “There were not enough jobs. This is a problem—that they didn’t return,” he admitted.

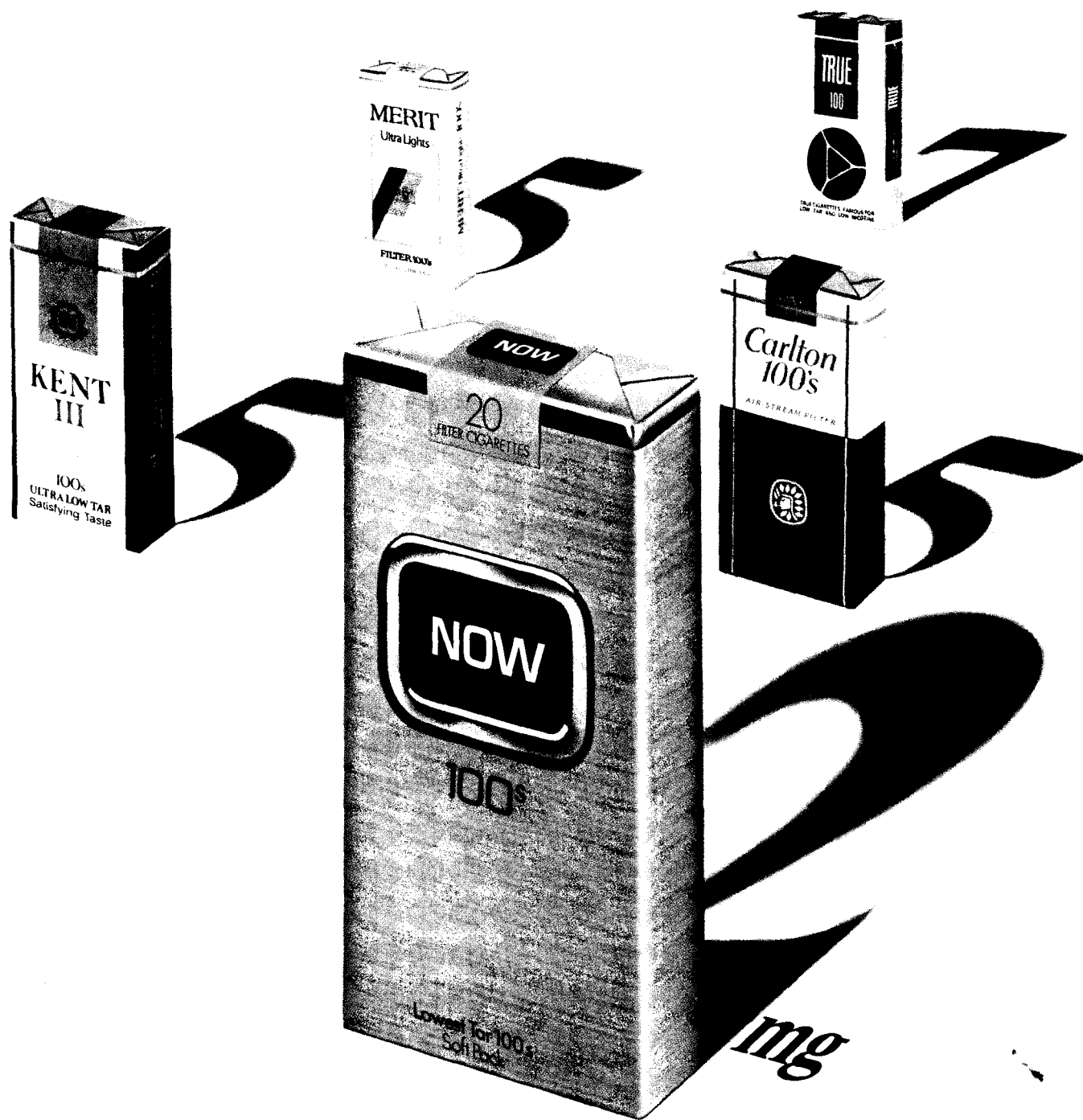
“Yes, it is a problem,” I repeated. “Tell me something else. What about the problem in Haifa or in any of the places in Israel in which Palestinians lived before 1948? These cities now have almost totally Jewish populations. Realistically, it wouldn’t work for Arabs to come back and claim a house or land in such a city.”

“Look,” Natshe said. “Let’s say an Arab has ten dunams in Israel. [One dunam equals a quarter of an acre.] And Israelis are now living on those ten dunams. Okay. For those ten dunams he should get compensation. And he should be able to live in Israel, like any other immigrant from Russia or America. And if he doesn’t want to live in Israel,

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then he can take his money and live in the Palestinian state."

"You think there's room for a million Palestinian immigrants in the West Bank?"

"Yes, there's room."

"The official PLO position is that there should be a democratic state in Palestine that has Jews and Palestinians. Do you believe that such a thing would work?"

"Realistically, no. Because many Israelis want their own state."

"And the Palestinians?"

"Yes, many Palestinians want their own state too. But I think that if there are two states in the area and there is peace, then after some time—say, ten years or twenty years—the borders will not be a problem between them. They will be able to cross borders to work in each other's countries."

"For many years," I said, "there has been a great deal of difficult and painful feeling on the part of Palestinians, especially those growing up outside Israel. Those who grew up in the camps grew up with powerful feelings of animosity against Israel."

"Yes, you are right."

"Only a dreamer would imagine that these feelings would disappear overnight."

"Yes."

"Let's say," I went on, "that you were the president of the new Palestinian state, or someone else were—Yasser Arafat, say, or Abu Musa—"

"Yes—"

"—and here are these people who are now saying, five years after the establishment of the Palestinian state, or ten years after, 'Now we have to liberate the rest of Palestine. We shed all this blood—' "

"Yes—"

"—and now we have to liberate the rest of our homeland.' "

Natshe sighed. I went on. "Palestinians have been saying this for many years—for thirty years and more. This feeling can't just disappear overnight. Moreover, it's a popular feeling. It wouldn't be two percent of the Palestinians who would feel it; it would probably be more. Who knows how many? Maybe twenty percent, thirty percent. I don't know how many, but it would be, I think, many."

DEATH, THE LAST VISIT

Hearing a low growl in your throat, you'll know that it's started.
It has nothing to ask you. It has only something to say, and
it will speak in your own tongue.

Locking its arm around you, it will hold you as long as you ever wanted.
Only this time it will be long enough. It will not let go.
Burying your face in its dark shoulder, you'll smell mud and hair and water.

You'll taste your mother's sour nipple, your favorite salty part,
and swallow a word you thought you'd spit out once and be done with.
Through half-closed eyes you'll see that its shadow looks like yours,

a perfect fit. You could weep with gratefulness. It will take you
as you like it best, hard and fast as a slap across your face,
or so sweet and slow you'll scream give it to me give it to me until it does.

Nothing will ever reach this deep. Nothing will ever clench this hard.
At last (the little girls are clapping, shouting) someone has pulled
the drawstring of your gym bag closed enough and tight. At last

someone has knotted the lace of your shoe so it won't ever come undone.
Even as you turn into it, even as you begin to feel yourself stop,
you'll whistle with amazement between your residual teeth oh jesu

oh sweetheart, oh holy mother, nothing nothing nothing ever felt this good.

—Marie Howe

Natshe nodded agreement.

"Would you, as president of the Palestinian state, suppress these people?" I asked him. "Would you throw them into jail if they tried to cross the border into Israel?"

Natshe rejected my dark scenario, which was in fact a rendition of a common Israeli nightmare. "You are assuming something that doesn't exist. We have to think of what would happen in an actual state of peace. If you consider the Palestinian in a refugee camp, you have to understand that he is against the Israeli state and wants to kill any Israeli he meets because since 1948 he has been living in a miserable state as if in jail; he sees that his homeland has been taken away from him and hears everyone around him in the country in which he is living calling him a foreigner. But look at what has happened to the Arabs who have lived in the West Bank and in Gaza. Until 1967 they assumed that any Israeli who would meet them would kill them, and many of them also felt that if they met an Israeli they would kill *him*. But after 1967 things changed. Israelis and Arabs have begun to see and speak to each other. And now these Arabs know that there are some Israelis who are aware of our concerns and aspirations, and who agree that we should have our rights. So things have changed, and I don't necessarily view an Israeli as an enemy. I can distinguish between Israelis. I can say, this is a friend; this is Gush Emunim; this is Tehiya [the Renaissance Party, which favors annexation of the West Bank]; this is Peace Now. So let's say a Palestinian from, say, the El Yarmuk camp, in Damascus, who has been living in bad conditions as a foreigner in Syria, comes to the Palestinian state. He gets compensation for his lost property in Israel and has enough to live on here. He will have contact with Israelis—by working in Israel or by commerce with them—and he will change his point of view. Why do you assume that he will be an enemy of the Israelis?"

Because Natshe had returned several times to the theme of compensation for the property lost by Arabs who had left the part of Palestine that became Israel, I asked him about the argument, often made by Israelis, that at about the same time that Arabs were fleeing their homes and losing their property in Israel, Jews were fleeing their homes and losing their property in Arab countries—probably in equal or greater numbers, and probably with greater material losses. What about the argument that the losses balance each other out, and that compensation has therefore, in that sense, already taken place?

Natshe wouldn't accept this. Compensation is still very important, he said. Let Iraq and Egypt compensate the Jews who lost their property in those countries, and let Israel compensate the Palestinians who lost their property in Israel. He went on to tell me of the compensation that he and his family were expecting. "My uncle had an orchard near Tel Aviv, in a place which they call now Ramat Hasharon. It was 170 dunams. And we ourselves have three houses and land which we also lost in 1948. So it's obvious that compensation is necessary."

Finally, I pointed out Natshe's window, in the direction

in which I thought Kiryat Arba must lie. The settlements were growing up around him every day, I said. He could spend his days and years talking about the details of compensation, but meanwhile the settlements would continue to be built. Jews would continue to move into places that they considered to be their patrimony. And soon, I said, the subject would be closed. It would be too late. The Jews would be back in the Land of Israel, and there would be no Palestinian state in the West Bank to talk about.

Paradoxically, Natshe relaxed. He smiled. All that talk about compensation, about recognition, about a democratic binational state, about boundaries and partition plans, suddenly appeared absurd and irrelevant. Natshe's eyes seemed to grow as old as the hills toward which my finger was pointing. He said there was time, plenty of time. "Now," he told me, "the Israelis have the power. And the Arabs don't have the power. But in ten years, in twenty years, in thirty years, who knows? At some time the Arabs will have the power, the forces will be on the side against Israel, *we* will have the power. And then we will see what will be."

THE JEW IS A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE

ON JUNE 7, 1979, A GROUP OF GUSH EMUNIM SETTLERS took over a piece of land near the West Bank town of Nablus, known in Hebrew as Shechem, and announced the establishment of Elon Moreh, named after the place in Shechem where Abraham had built his altar. A week later, seventeen Arab landowners, represented by an Arab lawyer and a Jewish one, sued for the return of the land, which had been theirs. The Israeli Supreme Court, in an unprecedented decision, ordered that the land be returned. Private land in an occupied territory, the court held, could be temporarily seized for military purposes under Section 52 of the Hague Convention, but this seizure had been made for a political, not a military purpose, that of establishing a permanent, not a temporary, settlement. As a result of this judgment, it became clear that it would be possible to build Jewish settlements only on land that had been held by the Jordanian government prior to the 1967 war, that was without private title, or that had been purchased from individual Arabs.

Ordered to leave Elon Moreh, the settlers resisted. They argued that the Hague Convention didn't apply, since the West Bank was not "occupied" territory but, rather, "re-occupied"—re-occupied by Jews after years of exile. The Israeli government, however, acceded to the demand of the court, and in February, 1980, removed the settlers to a new site on government land five miles away.

Following the court-ordered removal of Elon Moreh, Menachem Begin's government announced plans to build more settlements, and Begin himself later vowed that Israel would never leave the West Bank. Elon Moreh and Yamit, the city evacuated when Israel gave the Sinai back to Egypt in fulfillment of the Camp David accords, became for the Gush Emunim and their supporters geographical

tragedies to be remembered and never repeated. For Israelis opposed to the settlements, however, they became harbingers of even more painful things to come.

It was against this background of strife between settlers and Arabs and between settlers and the Israeli government that I visited Nablus to talk with Bassam Shaka'a, recently dismissed as mayor of the town by the Israeli authorities.

On June 2, 1980, Shaka'a, while starting his car, set off a bomb that blew off the lower part of his legs. On the same day, in the same way, another West Bank mayor, Karim Khalaf, of Ramallah, lost a foot. And in El Bireh, also on the same day, Mayor Ibrahim Tawil was saved from a classic military "side-charge" that had been buried in a flower bed alongside his garage; the Israeli bomb-disposal expert who was sent to the scene, a Druse, accidentally touched the trip wire and was blinded.

As it happened, these attacks on the West Bank mayors were made on precisely the last day of the thirty-day mourning period for six Jewish settlers who had been shot outside Beit Hadassah, in Hebron. The attacks clearly were coordinated, and almost surely were carried out by militant settlers, but the Israeli General Security Service, better known as the Shin Bet, has so far failed to make any arrests. According to Israeli government statistics released in 1981 the Shin Bet has been successful in solving 80 percent of the cases involving Arab terrorist attacks against Jews, but in cases of terrorist attacks against Arabs it has in the main failed. Israeli leaders repeatedly stress that such cases are assiduously investigated. By most accounts, they are. But the extremist groups among the settlers are very small and close-knit, and the Shin Bet has been unable to penetrate them or to get alleged members to admit to terrorist acts. One resident of the Jewish West Bank settlement of Gush Etzion, appalled by the emergence of terrorism among Jewish settlers, told a *Jerusalem Post* reporter, "I have suddenly begun to realize that there are people out there who make Rabbi Moshe Levinger look moderate."

The West Bank mayors who were the targets of the June, 1980, attacks were among the most radical in the West Bank, at least from the Israeli perspective: they actively supported the PLO, and according to some Israelis they organized their townspeople in every way they could to resist and obstruct the Israeli occupation, even to the point of terrorism and other forms of violence. Of this group of mayors, probably the most active and popular, and certainly the best known, was Bassam Shaka'a, of Nablus.

The same Arab journalist who had accompanied me to the home of Mustafa Natshe accompanied me to the home of Bassam Shaka'a. The entrance to Shaka'a's house was guarded by Israeli soldiers, who checked my passport and then lingered over my friend's identity papers. Finally, after they had registered our names on a visitors' form, we were let through. Shaka'a, in a white cotton gown, was waiting for us on his porch. Though the gown was long, the stump of his right leg, amputated at the knee, was visible from time to time as he sat.

The mutilation of his legs, Shaka'a said, had had a powerful effect on his daughter, who had been four years old at the time. "She saw everything," Shaka'a explained. "She wasn't able to live in the house after that. She always wanted to live somewhere else. And when I came back from treatment after the bombing, she didn't accept me. She was always looking at my legs. It took many months before she was comfortable, before she was able to forget. She's all right now."

Shaka'a scoffed at my characterization of the Israeli occupation of the West Bank as benign. As far as he was concerned, it was deeply malignant. It was malignant, he said, to establish a Jewish school in the middle of his town, next to a grave traditionally considered to be Joseph's. It was malignant to increase taxes and the price of electricity. It was malignant to dismiss him from his position as mayor and deport those Arabs who resisted the Israeli occupation. And it was malignant to harass not only him and his Arab supporters but also those Israelis who visited him out of sympathy and solidarity.

Israelis, Shaka'a insisted, had nothing to fear—from the Palestinians, from the Arabs in general, or even from the Soviet Union. "They're very strong," he explained, "but they always make themselves appear to be victims. They always say they're victims, but they're criminals."

Shaka'a saw little hope for an accommodation with Israel. For Shaka'a, as for Natshe, every Israeli action was part of a plan to take over more and more Arab land. "What the Israelis want to do," he stressed, "is to annex the land. They want the land but they don't want us. So they want to negotiate with the Jordanians so that the Jordanians will help them work against the Palestinian nation. And this is the entire philosophy behind the tactic of creating a civilian administration or working for 'autonomy.' And I can prove this. I said this to the Israeli military governor, Yossi Cohen. I said, 'Look, you want to annex the land. So annex us with the land!' And he said, 'We don't accept you as citizens.'"

As for the Jews, Shaka'a said, ~~they~~ they had no right at all to be in the West Bank. "It's against international law! It's against the principle of human rights. They have no right to live here. If they want peace, they have to withdraw from here. I'm surprised when anybody thinks that they have such rights. You're an American. Could anybody build a state in your country?" Besides, Shaka'a asked me, "how can I accept those criminals? They cannot settle here." After suggesting that it was the Israeli authorities themselves, or people they knew, who had planted the bomb in his car, he added, "I cannot accept them on my land! I wouldn't respect anyone who *would* accept them!"

About the right of the Jews to stay in the part of Palestine that had become Israel, Shaka'a was willing to say only that that was a matter for negotiation once there was a Palestinian state and arrangements had been made to resettle or compensate the Arab refugees. When I suggested that Israel would be unlikely ever to accept a Palestinian state unless Arabs had already accepted Israel's right to exist,

Shaka'a insisted that I was wrong. Eventually, he predicted, Israel would bow to pressure, both internal and external. Eventually Israel would be forced in one way or another to accept a Palestinian state in the West Bank. And toward that end there could be no compromise. The only position a West Bank Arab could take was the position of the PLO. He himself could never accept the occupation. "What would they say if I accepted this occupation? They would say I was a quisling! Or a Pétain. What would happen to the quisling Bassam Shaka'a?"

Shaka'a repeatedly volunteered that he didn't hate the Israelis, despite what they had done to him. Yet the outrage that he expressed toward Israel was so powerful and so deep that I had difficulty distinguishing it from hatred. He saw himself and his people reduced to vassals, or worse, and hurled back eons to a brutal and lawless time. "In what stage of civilization are we living?" he asked, growing red with indignation. "Do we live in a forest? Are we beasts? Am I meat to be eaten by the beasts? For the Israelis I am not a human! I am not a he and not a she!"

An Israel that could reduce him to such a state, Shaka'a made clear, was not an Israel that he could ever accept—and certainly not one that he could ever consider a friend of his people. "Can I consider you a friend," he asked, "if you want my house?"

The question startled me. Shaka'a had chosen precisely the same metaphor that Moshe Levinger, some days before, had chosen in trying to explain to me, with wild eyes, how impossible it seemed to him to compromise on the question of Israeli sovereignty over the West Bank. The Arab, Levinger had said, was a stranger in his house, had taken it over, and now wanted it, or part of it, for himself. If a stranger had taken over *my* house, would *I* give him part of it? So how could I expect the Jews to give up part of *their* house to the Arabs?

And now the Moshe Levinger of the West Bank Arabs, Bassam Shaka'a, was using the same metaphor, and drawing me into it. Yet in Shaka'a's version it was the Jew who was the stranger and the Arab whose home had been invaded. "How can I consider you a friend," he asked again, as the sun dropped behind the Samarian Hills overlooking his town, "when I know that you want my house?" And though he was speaking rhetorically, and the "you" in question was not the I sitting before him, I nevertheless turned, as if to avoid his gaze.

ISRAEL IS A STRANGE BODY IN THE MIDDLE EAST

MORE THAN ONCE PALESTINIAN ARABS WHO HAVE strayed from the PLO line, or who have in some other way undercut the PLO's agenda or embarrassed its program, have been punished for their deviations. Some have been chastised. Others have been assassinated. For this reason I will not identify the Palestinian with whom I spent the most time while visiting the West Bank. He ultimately talked to me in ways in which other

politicized Palestinians did not allow themselves to talk. For that I was grateful; and for that I'll call him only Karim.

I met Karim in the offices of a pro-PLO Palestinian organization. I had come there to interview its director and had found Karim instead. He was the only one working that Sunday, and we began to talk.

At first Karim educated me about the development of Palestinian nationalism since the 1967 war. He analyzed the relationships between the Palestinians and the various Arab countries, mostly to demonstrate how perfidious those countries have been with regard to Palestinian aspirations. The only people the Palestinians can trust, he concluded, are themselves, and it's for that reason that they have taken a united stand behind the PLO.

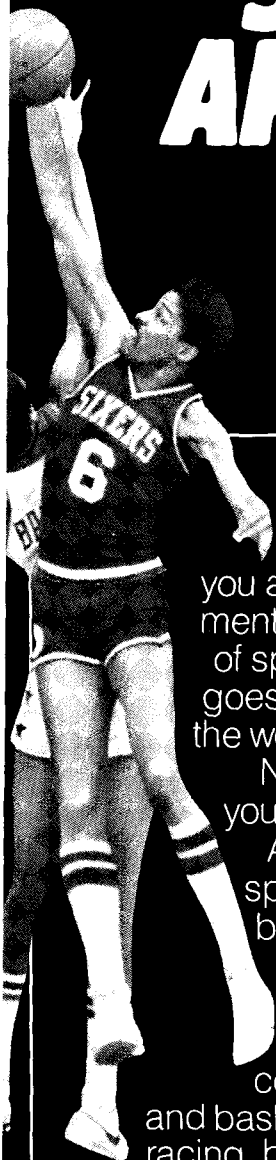
The PLO's positions, Karim pointed out, have changed over the years. "After 1967 the PLO raised the slogan of a secular democratic state in all of Palestine in which all Jews and Moslems and Christians would have the right to stay. Whether the Jews who came after 1948 would stay was a debatable issue. There would be no State of Israel. After 1974 this slogan was changed. They decided that there should be a Palestinian state in the West Bank. The rejectionists refused this slogan, wanting to liberate all of Palestine. Eventually, all of the PLO factions agreed on this slogan without recognizing Israel. So the rejectionists want to establish a Palestinian state in the West Bank and not recognize Israel, so as to keep open the option of liberating the rest of Palestine. The others want to establish a Palestinian state in the West Bank and then solve the refugee problem, by having them either return to their original homes in Israel or get compensation." It was a mistake, Karim went on, for the Arabs not to accept the UN partition plan of 1947. "It would have been better for us. Now we are much better in diplomacy."

I tried at every opportunity to pry Karim loose from his undeviating allegiance to the official PLO positions. Surely, I suggested, he had his own views. Surely there was no single truth, as the split in the PLO itself demonstrated. Surely even the PLO might not be infallible; it was at least possible that another approach, another position, might work better. Surely he understood that an organization like the PLO tends to regard any attempt at compromise as betrayal, which makes it difficult, if not impossible, to take advantage of opportunities for accommodation that may arise. I complained that with his unquestioning acceptance of PLO slogans he sounded a little like a Soviet official. Except that, I added, even Soviet officials sometimes speak frankly when they're speaking in private. Couldn't he?

At first he said he couldn't. The PLO was the only good thing that had ever happened to his people; if it had weaknesses and disadvantages, and even splits, they were less important than its strengths.

But the more we talked, the more times we visited, the more we traveled through his homeland, the more questions I asked him about his life and views and the more he asked me about mine, the more he admitted to doubts.

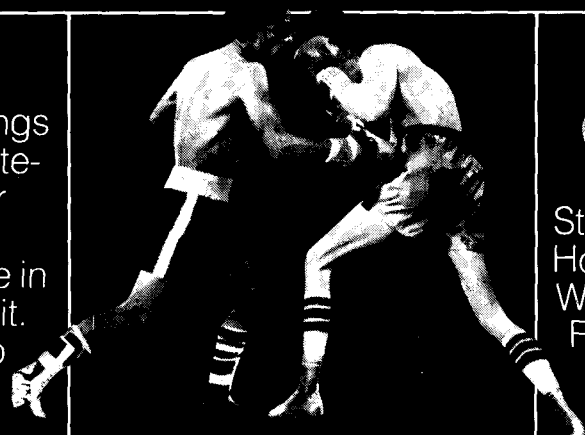
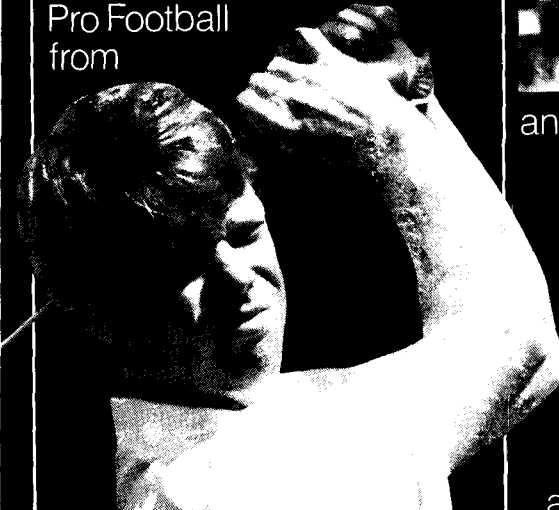
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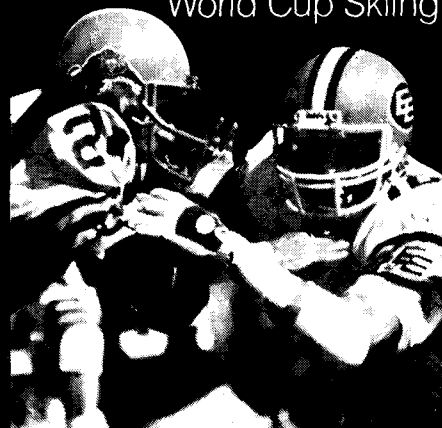
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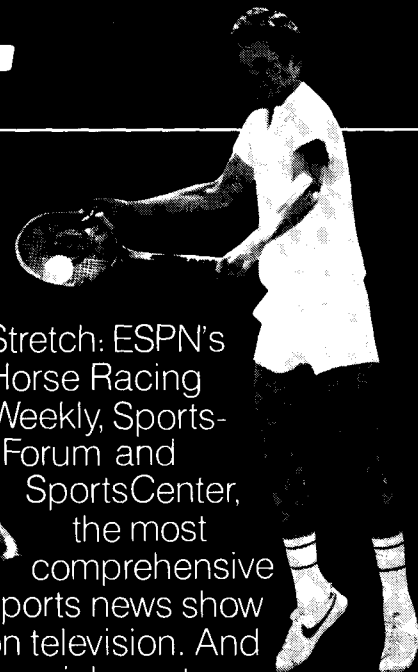


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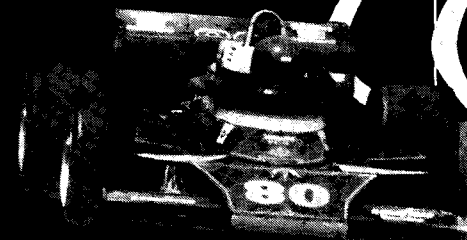


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He had doubts, first of all, about the wisdom of refusing to offer Israel recognition in exchange for a Palestinian state—recognition now, while there was still something in the West Bank to make into a state. He too saw the hills slipping away, saw the bulldozers and the settlements; and he too had begun to wonder whether some way other than the PLO's might better enable the Palestinians to save what was left to be saved.

But he had other doubts, too. He wondered whether he, or the PLO, or the Palestinians as a whole, really could in their hearts *ever* compromise—ever accept Israel in *any* form. "This area," he explained, almost pleadingly, "is Arab. We have been here for centuries. Israel's presence is strange here. It's a strange body in the Arab homeland." And again: "The Palestinian people don't recognize Israel. It's a strange body in the Middle East. The Palestinian people who were expelled from their land want to return to their country."

Karim was talking not about the West Bank but about all of western Palestine—including Israel. In his heart he was saying Israel didn't belong there and shouldn't stay there; and that, he added, was what was in the hearts of his fellow Palestinians, as well. Didn't I agree? Did *I* really think that Israel had a place in the Middle East?

Karim estimated that if it came to some kind of vote, 70 percent of the West Bank Palestinians would be willing to say that they would recognize Israel once a Palestinian state was established in the West Bank; he would, too. But what they would say *after* the Palestinian state was established was, he suspected, another story. The recognition of Israel by the Palestinians, he said, could never be anything other than a tactic—because Israel was something that the Palestinians could never really accept. "There is no other way for someone to talk who has no power," Karim insisted. "We promise we will recognize Israel, but who knows what will happen in five years or ten years? What does it cost us to make such promises? If we gain through them a Palestinian state, then such promises are a good tactic. And if the balance of power changes in ten years—if Israel weakens internally, if America stops defending it, if the Arabs back us with their power—then things will change. The Palestinians will then be in a position to regain their rights in all of Palestine—to regain the rest of their homeland. I see no other way. We have to take what we can get now and see about the rest later. I see no peace coming—no real trust. Each side wants all of what the other side has. If there were only two people, one Arab and one Jew, it would be the same. There would be war. And it will always be that way. Always."

In saying that, Karim knew that he had admitted something dangerous—even something that his fellow Palestinians could call treacherous. After all, what he predicted the Palestinians would say after the creation of a Palestinian state was precisely what many Israelis, including many in the government, were predicting the Palestinians would say; and it was on the basis of that prediction that those Israelis had vowed never to give up the West Bank. So for a

Palestinian to agree that those Israelis were right was indeed dangerous.

And it was because it was dangerous that I told Karim I would not identify him. Curiously, he said he didn't care. The whole matter saddened him, drained him. It was as if the tragedy had already happened; there was no hope, and therefore could be no fear.

I WON'T BE THE COSSACK OF RABBI LEVINGER!

I INTERRUPTED MY INTERVIEWS IN THE WEST BANK TO spend a weekend in Modi'in. Modi'in is halfway between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, within the borders of pre-1967 Israel. Two thousand years ago it was the place where the Maccabees began their revolt against the Syrian Greeks. Now it's the site of Moshav Modi'in, the village established by Shlomo Carlebach.

Born in Germany to a family of distinguished scholars and religious leaders, Shlomo Carlebach had come to be known as "the singing rabbi." A man of true musical gifts, he composed melodies derived from the Hasidic tradition and sang them in concerts for large and admiring audiences in the United States, Europe, and Israel. Young Jews who knew nothing of their religious heritage were drawn to him and impressed by him, especially during the late 1960s and early 1970s, when he opened his House of Love and Prayer, in San Francisco. Hippies who had escaped their middle-class, secular, assimilated Jewish origins somehow found their way there and discovered a figure who spoke their language and sang their songs, but who turned that language and song in religious, spiritual, mystical, Hasidic directions. Some retained elements of their hippie styles but combined them, in an original and curious amalgam, with traditional orthodox features: hippie beards with Hasidic earlocks; large yarmulkes embroidered in bright colors; long-sleeved, modest dresses made of Madras cotton rather than Brooklyn polyester.

Some of these former hippies and others, many of them *ba'alei teshuvah* (a term meaning, literally, "masters of the return," used for irreligious Jews who become religious), followed Carlebach when he established his communal village in Modi'in. Still speaking English, but living in the landscape of the Maccabees, they began to work the rocky soil and to establish a health-food factory. The community is still struggling, and its inhabitants have not fully adjusted to the landscape or the tasks; but they persist in their quest, started in other places, for spirituality, which they get whenever they can from one another and their rabbi. Carlebach is at Modi'in during the summer months and spends the Sabbaths, as he did the Sabbath I was there, with his wounded and uplifted flock, eating with them, praying with them, learning with them, singing with them.

Also there as visitors that Sabbath were a friend who had suggested I come to experience the place—an American sociologist who had visited before—and a friend of that

friend, an Israeli-born political scientist. The Israeli, Yaron Ezrahi, forty-three, had studied at Harvard and was a professor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem; he was also a member of Peace Now, the Israeli organization that has been most active in the search for an Arab-Israeli accommodation and one that favors the creation of a Palestinian state in the West Bank.

The Sabbath meals at Modi'in are served communally in a large dining room. The food, vegetarian, was simple but offered with generosity. Every course was followed by melodies composed and led by Rabbi Carlebach; the residents swayed to their repetitive strains, some seemingly transported to other, more celestial, spheres.

The other guests and I, seated together at one of the dining room's long tables, quietly talked about our respective lives and interests. Asked by Yaron Ezrahi what I had been doing on my trip, I explained that I had been visiting the West Bank. Why? he asked. To interview the Arabs and the Jewish settlers, I said.

"The settlers! They're destroying Israel! They're destroying my dream!"

That and more at a high pitch during a soft moment of a tender song. The others in the dining room looked at us and at each other and sang on. Ezrahi continued, more restrained but still in a rage: "The Gush Emunim want me and those I love to spill our blood so that they can realize their fanatic visions of a Land of Israel! You say you saw Rabbi Levinger? He's the biggest fanatic of them all! He wants us to be his cossacks. We should always be on guard, always at war with our Arab neighbors, always suppressing them and making them hate us, so that he can live in his beloved Hebron. I won't be the cossack of Rabbi Levinger!"

Rabbi Carlebach stopped the singing and, not looking directly at us, complained that the vibes weren't good. Here was a holy congregation trying to reach the most awesome heights of heaven, and there were some in its midst pulling it down. It was *mamish*, really, a shame.

Ezrahi knew enough to contain his rage, and I knew enough to arrange another time, on another day, to tap it again.

The next week, in his office at the Hebrew University, Ezrahi and I met again, together with Yoram Ben-Porath, an economist. Like Ezrahi, Ben-Porath, forty-six, was born in Israel. Like Ezrahi he was married and had three children. And like Ezrahi he had been educated in the United States, was a professor at the Hebrew University, and was a member of Peace Now.

He spoke calmly, but it was clear that the topic was of no less urgency for him than it was for Ezrahi. For years Ben-Porath had devoted much of his time to the task of persuading his fellow Israelis to risk giving up the occupied territories—the West Bank and Gaza—for peace. And it was about that effort, and how important both he and Ezrahi felt it was, that we talked.

A large percentage of the Israeli population, perhaps 50

percent, according to Ben-Porath, would be willing to trade the territories for peace. "I cannot say that we are the spokesmen for these fifty percent, but it gives you an idea of the support that exists for our position. At the time of the Sabra and Shatilla massacres Peace Now's general line attracted greater support. On the other hand, if we demonstrate in Hebron against the settlements, such people might criticize us, despite their sympathies for us, for going into an Arab city and demonstrating against Israeli policies in such a way. That is, they might criticize our tactics in one instance or another. I think we speak for approximately twenty-five to thirty percent of the Israeli people, and another twenty-five percent of the people might be sympathetic but partly critical—with the criticism that we divide the nation, that we help our enemy. There was always a risk that we could be seen as a leftist fringe group."

Yaron Ezrahi laughed. "My diagnosis in the last few years has been that we don't have a lunatic fringe but a lunatic center!"

What had turned Ben-Porath into a dove, he explained, was the 1967 war. "I realized then that for the first time we had options for peace. Until then it seemed that we were doomed to have peace or war depending on what the other side wanted—though, to be sure, now we know that there *were* a few openings during those years. But after the 1967 war there was a new reality, real choices. This doesn't mean, of course, that it all depends on us. But at least we hold many of the cards. At least now we can think of the Palestinians as a separate issue—separate from the seven Arab countries that, we were always being told, wanted to wipe us out.

"Also, I began to think after the 1967 war of what I wanted to see in a Jewish state. And also I began to put myself in the Arabs' shoes. This doesn't mean that I agree with them, or see us the way they see us. But it does mean that I don't want to deny them the kinds of rights and aspirations that I also consider to be my own."

Ben-Porath was the first person I had encountered during my visit, either Israeli or Arab, who spoke about putting himself in the shoes of his opponent. "There are a few Israelis," I said, "who, like you, can put themselves in the Arabs' shoes. But if you ask an Arab to do the opposite, the request seems to strike him as preposterous. Why do you think that capacity hasn't developed among the Palestinians? For example, they insist that they can't understand the Israelis' fear of the Arabs' intentions to wipe out Israel, because Israel is so strong, and therefore can't understand why they should offer Israel recognition for the purpose of eradicating that fear."

Ben-Porath smiled a historical smile. "The ability of nations in conflict to step into each other's shoes is something new. Even in the French-German conflict I don't think you could have found that—maybe you could have in an isolated case, in the case of an intellectual here or a writer there, but not in the general population. So this is really too big a step to ask from the Palestinians.

"I think that the culture of the Palestinian experience of

1948 makes them feel themselves to be our victims. And this makes them unable to feel our fears. Of course, we Jews come to this point in our history with as deep a feeling of victimization as they—probably deeper. And I think that what we see here, then, are two groups with long histories of victimization; and the result is that each side is unable to see the other's experience of victimization, each side is unable to exaggerate the power or cruelty of the other side, and each side is too easily able to justify what it does to the other side on the grounds that it is a victim, it faces great danger, it has to do what is necessary, and anyone who complains about that is simply naive.

"I would say that eighty to ninety percent of the hawkish sentiments among Israelis are based not on aggressive designs, and not on biblical beliefs, but, rather, on the fear of what the Arabs might do. The typical question that goes through the mind of the Israeli is, 'What would the Arabs have done to us if they had been in our position—if they had won?' And the typical, unanimous answer is, 'They would have destroyed us.' And this is the source of the fear. The Arab inability to understand this is the result of their own sense of victimization; I can't see any other explanation for it. I don't think that the Arabs understand the degree to which their image in the eyes of the Israelis has been colored by their acts of terrorism; but it's precisely on those acts, on the murders of the kids in Maalot and of the people in Nahariya, that Israeli fears—and therefore Israeli hawkishness and Israeli inability to sympathize with Palestinian national aspirations—are based. I don't think the Palestinians understand that. They see them only as excuses."

Ezrahi took up the theme. "It's precisely because there is no Arab counterpart to Peace Now that we were forced to take on their role. My main concern is, how am I going to shape the reality over which I have control? Take the issue of 'Jewish exceptionalism'—the doctrine that Israel should subscribe to a higher morality than the one to which other countries subscribe. We can't become just like any other country—like, say, the French."

It isn't just the Palestinians' inability to put themselves in the shoes of Israelis that makes it difficult for them to engage Israel in negotiation, Ben-Porath observed; they're also caught in their own web of constraints. What does the Palestinian charter say, they ask themselves, about this position or that? What does the latest resolution of the Palestine National Council say? Is it kosher to talk in this way or that about the Jews or Israel? What would the Palestinians outside the West Bank say? Their explanations, Ben-Porath added, seem so "Talmudic."

But he said he understood to an extent why the West Bank Palestinians were so constrained by the PLO line. "The Palestinians feel that their only achievement is that they have gained a spokesman in the PLO, a representative, a government-in-exile. So there's a high premium on being consistent with the outside. Besides, the PLO itself is a coalition of various opinions. So it's not just a question of whether the PLO said something. It's also a question of

who in the PLO said it. People don't want to take risks. Why say something that might be denounced?"

Peace Now advocates Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza, and the establishment in those areas of a Palestinian state. I asked Ben-Porath and Ezrahi what they thought about the nightmare expressed to me by many Israelis, of the rise of an irredentist Palestinian state whose aim it would be to liberate the rest of Palestine, which is to say Israel itself.

"I assume," Ben-Porath responded, "that the creation of a Palestinian state would occur under a tremendous asymmetry of power. Israel would be much stronger than it. Also, Palestinians themselves aren't sure what form such a state would take, especially in this first stage. Who would run it? Jordan? The PLO? The extremists? The traditional West Bank forces? My assumption is that Israel would be so strong that either the knowledge of that strength would serve to dampen the possibilities of Arab violence or Israel would have to actually respond to the violence if it arose. I cannot see that the Palestinian state would be a real threat."

For the first time in the conversation I felt that Ben-Porath was making the kind of self-assured assumption that no one could be sure of. After all, what if the nightmare of the Israelis really came to pass? What if, after a Palestinian state had been established, even one federated with Jordan, PLO fighters came in from their bases in the Arab world—fighters who, together with their families, had grown up in the venomous conditions of the refugee camps in Syria, Lebanon, and Jordan, and had emerged from those camps with Kalashnikovs in their hands and the dream in their hearts of liberating all of pre-1948 Palestine? What if, after a few years of shaky statehood, after the infrastructure of the Palestinian state had been established, those fighters, who had grown up waiting to liberate Jaffa and Haifa because that was where their parents had been born, began to exert pressure on the government of their state to help them do the job? What if that government agreed? Or what if it didn't, fearing Israeli retaliation, and the fighters decided to take matters into their own hands? What if such *fedayeen* began to cross the long border into Israel and to blow up schools and buses? What if Israeli retaliatory strikes did no good because the Palestinian state's government simply couldn't control the *fedayeen*—who were, after all, pursuing a goal that for two generations had been declared the most holy goal of all? What if the attacks continued and escalated? What if a hundred Israelis were killed every month? Three hundred? Five hundred?

What would Israel do at such a point? What *could* it do? Certainly it couldn't do what it did in 1967; it couldn't do what Ben-Porath somehow assumed it would be able to do. It couldn't just say to the United States and the world: "Sorry. This is what we told you would happen if we gave up the West Bank. And now it's happened; now you see the terrible consequences of your ill-considered advice. Now even you have to admit that the experiment has failed and that we have to act to protect ourselves. And now even you have to agree that all that's left for us to do is

to retake the West Bank and keep it forever." It wouldn't be able to say that, and wouldn't be able to do that, because no one would let it. By that time, after all, the West Bank would no longer be a disputed territory, as it was in 1967. It would be a full-fledged state, a member of the UN. And these days a state, especially if it's not a superpower, can't just take over another state, certainly not in a permanent way. No country, not even the United States, would allow that. The option would simply be unavailable. And the Israeli nightmare would never end. Better, then, if you are an Israeli who believes that that nightmare can become reality, not to give it a chance to do so. Better to hold on to the West Bank.

What would you say, I asked Ben-Porath, if Israel gave up the West Bank, the nightmare turned into reality, and fellow Israelis came to you, a decade or two from now, and asked how you could have dared lead Israel to such a tragedy by advocating the very circumstances that made that tragedy happen? Would you just say that it was a noble experiment that had failed?

Ben-Porath smiled. "I would say then what I'm saying now. I'm saying now that the risks of staying on the course we are following are greater than the risks of allowing the establishment of a Palestinian state. I don't want twenty years from now to see here a South Africa—a dual society in which different sets of norms exist for Jews and Arabs, and all for the great fun of visiting Shiloh and Hebron, and of speaking about the values that our forefathers bequeathed to us. And that's the *best* scenario I can envision for the situation twenty years from now—a docile Arab population unequal in rights. But I can envision a worse scenario. I can envision a scenario in which there is terror, even under occupation. Riots. Killings every day. And then Israelis will say to each other, 'Jews have to do this or that. It's not pleasant, but the situation requires it. There have to be mass jailings. There have to be collective punishments. We don't like it, but we have to do it.' So here I am again, a grandfather, seeing my children and grandchildren becoming the keepers of the population of the West Bank. So within the set of possible scenarios, and the probabilities that you can attach to them, I'm saying that you have to make a choice; and returning the West Bank is my choice.

"Let me add something else. If Israel continues to hold on to the West Bank, it will be affected internally—it will become less democratic. And it will be less accepted, both by its own people and by others."

As for the Jewish settlements in the West Bank, Ben-Porath told me that no more should be built and that the status of the ones that now exist should be negotiated in the process of establishing the Palestinian state. His own view was that whereas Jews should have the right to live anywhere in the world, particularly in the classical Land of Israel, he didn't think it was good for them to live among Arabs. "I don't think it's useful, at least now. Maybe, after we live side by side for a while with the Arabs, it will become useful; but it isn't now."

Ezrahi broke in: "No one can say that Israelis have the right to settle in the West Bank and in the same breath say that the Palestinians *don't* have the right to settle near Tel Aviv. And if anyone says that the Palestinians *do* have that right, then he's saying that he is not averse to the notion of a binational state."

What about the platform of the Tehiya Party—the platform described to me by Yisrael Medad—which would give Arabs in an annexed West Bank full political rights, including the right to vote, if they accepted Israel as a Jewish state and did national service?

"It seems to me," Ben-Porath answered, "that such plans and offers are not really sincere. From talking to them—from having genuine discussions with them—my conclusion has been that what drives the Gush Emunim is religion, and that they produce these plans regarding the equality that the Arabs would have if they did national service and so on because they don't believe that such a situation will come to pass and because it's useful to say that for export—to answer those foreigners who come to complain about the problem of Arab rights. I don't take those positions seriously. I don't mean to say, by any means, that they are bad people. On the contrary, there are good guys among them, and I see the agony in them when they're faced with the conflict between what they want to do with regard to the Arabs and the human values that they hold in general."

Ezrahi returned to the theme that he had introduced during our dinner conversation in Modi'in the week before, but this time without the rage. "Some of those settlers, those religious mystics, sound so reasonable. But when you listen to them you realize that what they want to fight for is really an inconceivable religious utopia. When they realize that that's the program they're fighting for, they shift the ground of the discussion to another field—the field of survival. But that's not really what they're arguing for. They're arguing for a program that's inherently religious, a religious utopia. But the cost of that utopia is just unacceptable. The military costs alone to achieve that utopia for them would be just incredible."

And, Ben-Porath added, that utopia probably could never even be realized. "The most likely outcome of this process will be something incomplete: there will be too many settlements to dismantle, but not enough, and not well enough developed, to constitute the religious utopia that the settlers are yearning for. It will be a permanent mess in which no one will be happy."

But isn't it possible that the mess has already been created? That the point of no return has already been reached?

"It's possible," Ben-Porath conceded, "or if not, then we're probably not very far from it. I don't feel that we're already past the point of irreversibility, but I think we could be in several years. But even at that point the annexationists won't have what they want—a Jewish West Bank. And yet it will be too late to reverse the process and give up the West Bank in exchange for peace."

We had been talking about the settlers as if they were all members of the Gush Emunim, and I described the many I had met who were not religious at all. I described, for example, the taxi driver who had taken me one day to Shiloh. His parents had been killed during Arab riots in Hebron. He had moved, however, not to Hebron but to Ma'aleh Adumim, a bedroom suburb between Jerusalem and Jericho. He had moved there not because he felt it was a holy act to settle in the Land of Israel but because it was cheaper to live in Ma'aleh Adumim than in Jerusalem; he was able to sell his home in Jerusalem, buy a much larger one in Ma'aleh Adumim for much less money, and invest the difference. While I was examining the archaeological digs of the first capital of Israel, he was searching the area to find old-looking rocks that he could set in the garden of his new West Bank town house.

I also described Ya'akov Fitelson, the mayor of Ariel, an energetic Jewish émigré from the Soviet Union who had outlined, to me and other reporters from the United States, his optimistic plans for the town. He said that Ariel would first be a suburb of Tel Aviv, since it was just a few minutes' driving time from that city. Then it would grow to become a Tel Aviv itself, rivaling it in size and attracting to itself new high-technology industries. And then it would start to develop its own suburbs, stretching much of the way to Nablus.

Ben-Porath listened and nodded in sad agreement. "This is the Meron Benvenisti argument. If the West Bank settler population becomes large enough, because it attracts large numbers of such nonideological settlers—if it becomes an important part of Israeli life because, say, the only way you can get an apartment for your newly married children that you can afford is by getting one for them in Ariel—then the process of Jewish settlement in the West Bank will be truly irreversible."

Ezrahi returned to the aspirations of the Gush Emunim and to the price that Israelis would have to pay in order to realize them. "I want to tell you about a relative of my wife's from Kibbutz Ein Shemer. She lost her husband in the 1967 war, in the battle for Ammunition Hill. She raised her three children by herself. Two children are in the army. One of them served in Lebanon. Now, the 1967 war was a war of survival. We saw it as such; it was a war in which we could have been destroyed. I want one of those guys from Gush Emunim to sit in front of this woman and tell her that that war was a *ness*, a miracle [designed by God to deliver the West Bank into the hands of the Jews]—that war in which her husband was killed! And I want him to tell her that we'll have another *ness*, another miracle, in which she'll lose a child! And from *ness* to *ness*—Ezrahi laughed bitterly—"we'll get into a mess!"

"You know something?" he added angrily. "I don't mind if these people live by their faith in their miracles so long as my blood isn't the instrument by which they realize those miracles! That's all! And it's as raw and down-to-earth as that. I have no tolerance for people whose miracles involve direct threats to the lives of people I know."

And here Ezrahi, slashing the air between us with his open hand, repeated what he had said to me at Modi'in the previous week: "I don't want the people I love to become the cossacks of Rabbi Levinger! He will sit there on his hill with all of his fantasies, and thousands of our youth will die to realize them! This is some kind of pathology!"

Ben-Porath, seeing our conversation come to its end, turned once again to the question of the irreversibility of the Jewish settlement process in the West Bank. "I don't think it's too late," he said, smiling. "I'm generally pessimistic, but there's great intellectual arrogance in pessimism. My ability, and our collective ability, to predict the future is poor. And all the people who are saying with absolute assurance that the process of settlement in the West Bank is irreversible are committing the same act of intellectual arrogance. There are so many ways in which things can reverse themselves. History is erratic and unpredictable—it was in the past and continues to be. In fact, there's reason here for optimism. After sixteen years of occupation half of the Israeli population is still against annexation! This is a tribute to the Jewish people and to their moderation. Where else in the world would a people behave in the same way? Where else in the world would a people with claims to a land, and with the belief that relinquishing that land would pose a mortal threat to their survival, nevertheless still consider relinquishing it?"

Ben-Porath was pleased with his rhetorical question. A Jew who found the policies of the Likud government and the Gush Emunim in violation of his concepts of traditional Jewish decency and justice, he was still able to find in the attitudes of most Israelis a vibrant representation of that Jewishness. He asked me to be sure to quote the question, and to note his pride in the conclusion about Israel that it implied.

WHOSE HOMELAND?

AS I ENDED MY VISIT TO THE WEST BANK, I FOUND MYSELF on the edge of despair. So much of what I had heard from Arabs seemed an echo of what I had heard from Jews. So much of the passion on both sides was the same, so much of the claim, so much of the appeal to justice and history, and so much of the distrust, that the entire matter seemed impossible to resolve.

And maybe it *is* impossible to resolve. After all, the settlers really do feel their claim deeply; and they really do believe that the Palestinians will never be satisfied until they have all of Israel, and many other Israelis agree with them.

And that belief, unfortunately, is not without foundation. The PLO fosters it by continuing to insist that it will "liquidate the Zionist entity politically, economically, militarily, culturally, and ideologically." Moreover, its leaders and representatives have repeatedly made it plain that, should they ever have the opportunity to establish an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, they would use it as a base from which to destroy Israel. For ex-





ample, Farouk Kadoumi, the head of the PLO's political department, told *Newsweek*: "There are two phases to our return. The first phase to the 1967 lines and the second to the 1948 lines." Another PLO official, Rafik Natasha, observed: "We were not established in 1965 in order to liberate Hebron, Nablus, and Gaza, for these were already liberated, but, rather, we were established to liberate Jaffa, Haifa, Ramla, and the Negev." George Habash, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, told an Athens newspaper: "Yes, we will accept part of Palestine in the beginning, but under no circumstances will we agree to stop there. We will fight until we take every last corner of it." Abu Iyad, the founder of Black September, told an interviewer: "An independent state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip is the beginning of the final solution. That solution is to establish a democratic state in the whole of Palestine." And *Al-Talak*, a PLO organ in Syria, defined what U.S. recognition of the PLO would mean: "recognition of its rights to self-determination, beginning with an independent national state which, in the future, will demand . . . the return of Palestinian lands beyond the West Bank and the Gaza Strip—in Galilee, the coastal area, and the Negev. It [would mean] a speedy effort to regain all our rights, not just some of them."

For their part, the Palestinians feel their claim no less deeply and distrust Israeli intentions no less powerfully, their distrust fed by the repeated references they hear to the Land of Israel—a land whose classical borders, they know, extend beyond the Jordan—as well as by the fact that each Arab-Israeli war has brought more territory under Israeli control. Though some Arabs recognize that there are Israelis who would be willing to trade territory for peace, even they insist that that willingness has never been translated into government policy, and they see in the position of the current Israeli government a clear plan not only to annex the West Bank but even to expand the Jewish state further.

Yet as consuming and conflicting as these passions and suspicions are, and as far from resolution as they seem to be, changes have arisen during the past two years, both in Israel and among the Palestinian Arabs, that could well reduce the suspicions, and perhaps even render the conflict susceptible to some form of resolution.

Changes that have taken place within Israel could diminish support for the settlement process. The 1982 invasion of Lebanon spawned unrest of a sort that Israel had never before experienced. Soldiers refused to serve, and some were sent to prison. In addition, economic deterioration has shocked the population. And, too, strife among Jews has attained painful proportions—strife between the Sephardic Jews, mostly from Arab countries, now a majority of the Israeli population, and the Ashkenazic, or European, Jews, whom the Sephardim see as more privileged than they; and strife between the ultra-orthodox Jews, who wish to impose religious rules on national life, and their less religious countrymen, who resent such impositions by Jews who hardly recognize the existence of the

state, or do not recognize it at all, and in any case refuse to contribute to the state through military service.

These developments, as well as others, have served to fray the Israeli national consensus, and have rendered the position of Israel less sure—no less powerful, but less sure. As the internal uncertainty has increased, so has disunity, and so has the pressure to focus resources, financial but especially moral, on the problems within.

The billions of dollars required to develop the infrastructure of West Bank Jewish settlements are seen by a growing number of Israelis as money unwisely spent—money that could be better spent on capital investments in Israeli industry, or on the needs of Sephardic communities that are still without adequate housing or education or roads. And perhaps most distressing of all to Israelis has been the growth of settler vigilante groups committed to carrying out violent reprisals against Arabs. The emergence of such elements among West Bank Jews, as atypical as they are, has disturbed many Israelis more than the Arab violence, and they have seen it as a sign of deterioration in the quality of Israeli society and morality.

But all these stirrings of doubt have not convinced the Israeli government, or the majority of the Israeli population, that the country's position has weakened so much that it must reach a compromise on the West Bank at any price, including the price of unending terrorism and unending war. Still, recent public-opinion polls reveal that some Israelis have grown more wary than they once were of their country's involvement in the West Bank, and more fearful of the cost to its national well-being of that involvement.

In my own conversations with Israelis, ranging from academics to businessmen to blue-collar workers, I found a remarkable reluctance even to discuss the problem—indeed, a remarkable and sometimes willful blindness to it. A professor at Tel Aviv University, for example, who travels frequently to Europe and the United States, and regularly among the cities of his own country, has never even visited the West Bank, except when driving along the new highway linking Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, which cuts through a small portion of the territory. He understands the Jewish claim to the area, even endorses it as historically just, but wonders whether the risk of pursuing it might be too great—greater, perhaps, than the risk of not pursuing it. He is not a member of Peace Now; he simply finds the problem painful and prefers not to think about it.

Whether he and substantial numbers of other Israelis who feel as he does will soon decide that they have to think about it, and have to take a position on it, is still unclear. But the possibility that they will appears to be growing. And the awareness of that growing possibility may yet influence the Israeli government, despite the sentiments of the settlers, to consider with greater interest than it once would have any Palestinian overtures that may be made for an accommodation on the West Bank, especially overtures from the West Bank Palestinians themselves.

These changes within Israel, and the effects they may

have on Israeli attitudes regarding the future of the West Bank, will not, of course, alter the views of the settlers themselves, particularly the Gush Emunim. But most Israelis might well come to feel that their government ought to reach an accommodation on the West Bank that would include the continued existence there of Jewish settlements but under altered circumstances—not the current circumstance, of Israeli military occupation, or the one desired by the settlers themselves, annexation.

For the Palestinian Arabs the tasks and prospects are different; but changes have occurred in their communities as well, and these may also increase the possibilities for an accommodation on the West Bank.

The Palestinian population can be considered to have been made up, since 1967, of two communities seeking a solution to their unresolved national condition. One of these communities consists of Palestinians who live in the West Bank and Gaza, which is to say in Palestine itself, or, to be precise, in the part of the Palestine Mandate that came to be called Palestine after Transjordan was severed from it; they are now under the control of Israel and number some 1.3 million. The other community consists of Palestinians who live outside of Palestine, in the surrounding Arab states; they number some 2 million.

Until now the Palestinian community outside of Palestine has been the one that has been active politically and militarily. That community has produced the PLO, established itself as an international force, and mobilized an array of allies for the purpose of battling Israel and liberating its homeland. By contrast, the Palestinian community in the West Bank and Gaza, dominated by Israel, has been politically subdued; but it has consistently and overwhelmingly given the other community its moral support and blessing, as well as its proxy for action, by recognizing the PLO as its representative.

The trouble has been that in doing so—in unquestioningly backing an organization and a community whose goals are probably not attainable—the Palestinians living in the West Bank have made it impossible for themselves to pursue their own goals, which are more restricted and more attainable. For the goals of the two Palestinian communities, though they overlap, are in important ways quite different; and the difference has to do with the different geographic histories that those two communities have experienced.

The Palestinians living outside of Palestine are, in the main, the Palestinians or the descendants of the Palestinians who lost their homes and property when Israel was first created. It is they who became, and in large measure remained and were encouraged to remain, refugees in the surrounding Arab states. And it is they, therefore, who for nearly four decades have been nurtured on the dream of returning to their homes and property in what is now Israel, and who created the PLO to engineer that return, retake their original homes and property, and achieve a state in *all* of Palestine, including the part in which they or their parents once lived. For that Palestinian community the

goal remains essentially the same; it has never been changed, at least not formally. To change it would be to abandon the dream that has fired the hopes and imaginations of the community and that has served as the basis for all of its political, social, and cultural organizations; to abandon it would be to abandon the cohesion and life of the community itself.

The great bulk of the Palestinians in the West Bank, however, were born there and are the children of Palestinians who were born there; neither they nor their parents ever lived in what is now Israel. Though some—such as the former acting mayor of Hebron, Mustafa Natshe—owned property in the area of Palestine that became Israel, most did not. For these Palestinians, an accommodation with Israel that resulted in an independent territory—either a full-fledged West Bank Palestinian state that includes Gaza, or a West Bank–Gaza entity federated with another state, perhaps Jordan—would provide, finally, political control over their own land, something they had not been allowed by Arabs from 1948 to 1967 and have not been allowed by Israel since then. But such an accommodation would inevitably require the abandonment of all claims to political rights in the part of Palestine that is now Israel—that is, Israel within its pre-1967 borders; and such an abandonment would represent a betrayal of the interests of the other Palestinian community, the one outside Palestine. To be sure, not a complete betrayal: property rights could be recognized through the arrangement of compensation for property lost, and even through permission given to refugees to live in Israel, as part of an overall settlement. But political rights would be abandoned—an abandonment that would betray the dream of the return.

But that dream in its fullness is, under the present and foreseeable political and military circumstances, simply unattainable, whereas the modified dream, the establishment of an independent or federated Palestinian West Bank, is still attainable, though, given the rapid growth of the Jewish settlements, not for long. It is therefore in the interests of the West Bank Palestinians to attempt to realize that modified dream as soon as possible; and insofar as that realization would yield at least some benefits to the refugees in the Palestinian community outside Palestine—perhaps compensation for lost property as well as the right to live at least in the West Bank and possibly near their original homes in Israel—it would be in the interests of that community as well.

Is it likely that the West Bank Palestinians would be willing, after all these years of resistance, to make that attempt—to seize the moment of opportunity that is now available to them, to depart from the PLO line, and to declare themselves ready to recognize and negotiate with Israel? It may not be likely, but it is, finally, possible. And the birth of that possibility can be traced to one development that, more than any other during the past decade, has shaken the foundations and the confidence of the Palestinian cause—the split in the PLO.

That split first came into the open in May of 1983, as a

result of the willingness of Yasser Arafat to consider allowing King Hussein to negotiate with Israel on the Reagan plan, which called for a West Bank–Jordan federation but not for an independent Palestinian state. The split subsequently deepened, with the Syrian-backed hard-liners, who rejected what they saw as Arafat's moderation, driving Arafat and his followers out of Lebanon. Because of that split, the requirement that West Bank Palestinians maintain unity behind the PLO position lost much of its logic, given the lack of unity within the PLO itself; as the split grew, so did the possibilities for expressing independent West Bank Palestinian views.

An early expression of such views took place in December of 1983, when a bomb planted in a Jerusalem bus killed six Israelis and wounded forty-five. Immediately after the blast, both factions of the PLO—Arafat's, which was still besieged in Tripoli, and Abu Musa's, which was doing the besieging—claimed responsibility for it. Within a few days five prominent West Bank Palestinian leaders issued a statement deploring the act. One of those leaders was Mustafa Natshe, the dismissed acting mayor of Hebron, whom I had interviewed; until then Natshe would never have questioned a PLO-endorsed act, at least not publicly. Another signer of the statement was Paul Ajlouny, the publisher of *Al-Fajr*, an East Jerusalem Palestinian newspaper that has been adamant about the need for Palestinian unity.

If such West Bank Palestinians would be willing not only to disagree with the PLO publicly but also to offer to negotiate with Israel in the name of the Palestinians as a whole as well as in their own names, then very significant progress could well be made toward an Arab–Israeli accommodation. The first step in that process would have to be a declaration on the part of those Palestinians that they were willing to accept Israel within its pre-1967 borders, and that they recognized that some of those borders would have to be revised to satisfy Israel's legitimate security concerns.

If West Bank Palestinian leaders were to take that step, this could well provoke a very substantial upheaval within Israeli society. Those Israelis who have favored the retention of the West Bank on the grounds of security would suddenly have reason to feel a little less insecure. Not that their insecurity would disappear altogether. Many would continue to worry that the West Bank Palestinians' recognition of Israel was just, as Karim had told me, a negotiating tactic to achieve a West Bank state as a springboard for the liberation of the rest of Palestine. But such recognition would, after all, constitute the most significant change in the Palestinian position in decades, and would be seen by large numbers of Israelis as significant enough to make the risks posed by an accommodation on the West Bank worthwhile.

The precise details of the settlement that might be forged in negotiations between West Bank Palestinians willing to speak for themselves and an Israeli government willing to risk its future security are hard to predict. But it

might well be possible to construct an arrangement in which the West Bank Palestinians, in association with the Palestinians living in Gaza, would have not only civil but also political independence; in which the rights of those Jews who still wished to live in most of the West Bank could be preserved; in which the right of Palestinian refugees from the surrounding states to live in the West Bank and Gaza could be guaranteed; and in which compensation to Palestinians who lost property in Israel in 1948 could be made, along with compensation to Jews who lost property in Arab countries when they fled or were expelled at around the same time.

But if West Bank Palestinians do *not* rise to the occasion of possible compromise provided by the nexus of changes now taking place in Israel and in the Palestinian communities, then the status quo is likely to continue. Even if the relatively moderate wing of the PLO gains diplomatic strength, it will probably be unable to find a negotiating partner in Israel—even through the mediation of Jordan's King Hussein, who was in any case despised and distrusted by nearly every Palestinian I interviewed—unless it formally abandons the only position that has given even the moderates any degree of unity, namely the refusal to give up its claim on the part of Palestine that has become Israel. The growth and proliferation of the Jewish settlements will proceed, and within a few years the West Bank will have a population of at least a hundred thousand Jews. By that time it will be impossible to disentangle the two peoples or their fates. The West Bank will be fully a part of Israel, not only demographically but also economically and socially, and the only possible arrangement that would allow any measure of autonomy for the West Bank Palestinians would be one in which they would have the right to control their own civil affairs and to exercise their political rights by voting in the state across the Jordan River.

Whether that state would remain the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan is unclear. About 65 percent of its population is from western Palestine, with only a minority having been born to families who have lived in eastern Palestine for generations. One notable constituent of the population that is from neither western Palestine nor eastern Palestine is made up of descendants of Abdullah, of Saudi Arabia—a group that includes Abdullah's grandson, King Hussein—as well as descendants of the soldiers that Abdullah brought with him to take over the land. Altogether they make up a very small percentage of the Jordanian population. Given these demographic realities as well as the continued frustration of Palestinian national aspirations, it seems not unlikely that some attempt might be made by Jordan's western-Palestinian majority to gain control of that country.

If they do make that attempt, they will probably be aided by their fellow Palestinians in the surrounding Arab states and, more important, by Syria, which has long wished to rid the area of King Hussein, who has been the main rival to its president, Hafez al-Assad, for the role of chief Arab spokesman ever since Anwar Sadat gave up that

role by making peace with Israel. This is, as it happens, a role Assad has long sought, partly for the purpose of heightening national prestige and partly for the purpose of focusing the international spotlight on Syria's own goals, which include having a controlling voice in the affairs of Lebanon and the restoration of the Golan Heights—captured in 1967 and later annexed by Israel—to Syrian sovereignty. It therefore seems likely that Syria would welcome the installation of a Palestinian government on the East Bank, and might well facilitate that end militarily.

For the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza, the failure to reach an early accommodation with Israel would be serious; it would foreclose, probably forever, the creation of a full-fledged state in which they would have complete political sovereignty. Still, even after such a failure it might be possible for those Palestinians to achieve, as a result of a second-stage accommodation with Israel, a modified form of political independence that would provide many, though not all, of the advantages of full sovereignty.

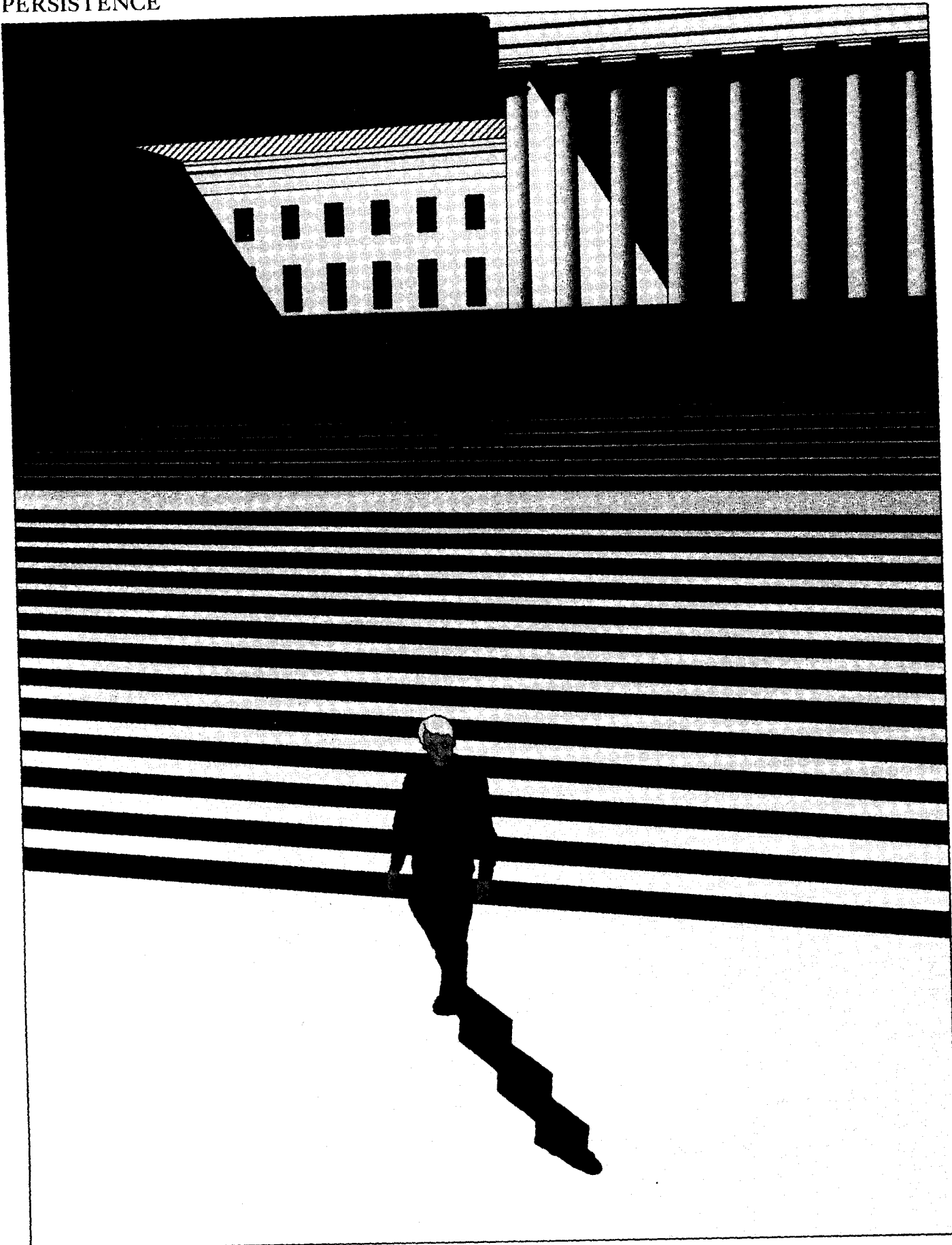
But such a second-stage accommodation could be achieved only if a Palestinian state did come to be established on the East Bank in place of, or through the transformation of, Jordan—a state that could prove itself able to control the forces within it that would be aimed at liberating the part of Palestine to the west of the river, but that would provide Palestinians with a homeland in which they could experience full political rights and sovereignty. Such a state would be one with which Israel could enter into negotiations, one of the results of which could well be a condominium of the West Bank, with Jews and Arabs sharing the territory, by now no longer divisible, and with its two populations turning toward their respective mother states for the exercise of their political rights. Certainly this would be a unique arrangement, but it seems logical, and even attainable.

No solution for the West Bank, or indeed for the Arab-Israeli problem as a whole, can come without pain and compromise—compromise not only on territory, historical claims, and political rights but also on long-held dreams. Perhaps, given how intensely held those dreams are, those compromises will simply not be made. If they are not, the area will continue to be one of the many places in the world in which the dreams of one group are enveloped by the fears of another, and in which injustice is mingled with justice in ways that are impossible to disentangle. We rarely pay attention to other such areas, because it's easy not to: the 20 million Kurds, the world has decided, are forgettable, and so, unfortunately for them, is their struggle for an independent Kurdish state. But the Israelis and the Palestinians are not forgettable, the alliances that rotate about them are powerful, and their competing claims stare us in the face with the threat of ultimate horror.

In the short run, the chance for accommodation rests primarily in the hands of the Palestinians in the West Bank. Their choice will affect not only them and their children but also the dreams and the future of all Arabs, all Jews, and perhaps all mankind. □

PERSISTENCE

BY GUY BILLOUT



A Short Story



COMIC DIALOGUE

BY ALAN ZWEIBEL

MAY, 1974

Upon graduation from college, I had to make a crucial choice about my future. Should I attend law school or pursue my long-time dream of becoming a comedy writer?

As it worked out, that decision was made for me by all twenty-three law schools I applied to. Feeling both rejected and relieved, I met Catskills comic Stu Cooper, who, over a cup of coffee at the Stage Deli, introduced me to my new profession.

—Basically, kid, there are six levels in show business.
 —What do you mean?
 —Like, you're either an unknown, or you're a semi-name, or you're a name, or you're a star, or you're a big star, or you're a superstar.
 —I never thought of it in those terms.
 —Oh, sure. And once you've been in the business for a while, you find that trying to get from one level to the next becomes your life. For instance, take Dickie Newfield. He's an unknown.
 —Uh-huh.
 —So is Dickie Pearl, Benny Diamond, Davey Opal, Jackie Stone . . .
 —Right.
 —. . . Davey Leigh, Lee Burton, Burt Lewis, Lou Stevens, Lew Burns, there's Dave Lenny and Lenny Martin and Marty Craig . . . All of them are unknown.
 —Right.
 —Marty Reynolds is unknown.
 —I see.
 —So's Lee Reynolds and Herbie Day and Jackie Dawn and Larry Storm . . .
 —Got you.
 —Then there's Mel Silvers, Burt Gold, Eddie Pines, Mickey Scott, Jackie Scott, Scotty Drake . . . All of these guys are unknown.
 —I see.
 —You know what I mean?
 —Sure.
 —Oh, there's dozens of them.
 —Right.
 —Lenny Drake and Jimmy Robbins and Les Hanes . . .
 —Right.

—Now, all of these guys are very good professional comics. They work the Catskills or they can come out and do twenty solid minutes in any room, whether it's opening for big stars like Steve and Eydie or even a superstar like Sammy.
 —Couldn't they open for semi-names?
 —An unknown opening for a semi-name? Who would come to see them?
 —I'm not sure that I understand.
 —Well, a superstar can have an unknown open for him because people will come to see a Liza or a Tom Jones or a Humperdinck no matter who the opening act is. But semi-names are only known by a few people and unknowns aren't known by anyone. So what would be the draw?
 —Oh, I get you.
 —You see, semi-names are semi-recognizable, because occasionally you can see us on a talk show or on TV commercials, so we get paid slightly more in clubs—but we still have to share the billing with a big star or superstar. Do you know what I mean?
 —Right. Now, who are some of the semi-names?
 —Well, there's me, Marty Blake, Morty Gunty, Mattie Rose . . .
 —Pat Henry?
 —Oh, sure, Pat's a semi-name. But, you know, now that I think of it, everyone knows that Pat's been opening for Sinatra for so long that he could very well be a name already. Pat does okay. So does Corbett.
 —Corbett Monica?
 —Yeah. Luckiest guy in the world. Ever see his act?
 —No.
 —Fair, at best. But people still know who he is from when he was on *The Joey Bishop Show*.
 —I remember that program.
 —Joey threw him a bone, so Corbett's a name. But that's the power of the tube. Red Buttons, Jan Murray, Morey Amsterdam, Larry Storch, Phil Foster, Foster Brooks, Marty Ingels, Marty Allen, Bernie Allen . . . Look at Nipsey Russell. Perfect example. *Perfect* example. The guy gets up, right? He reads a few poems. Okay, they're cute, but they're not going to change the world. You know what I mean?
 —Uh-huh.
 —But, he does a few game shows and a few Dean Martin roasts, so people know who he is and that raises his price for what he gets in a club.
 —I like Woody Allen.

Alan Zweibel was a writer for the original Saturday Night Live. His first novel, North, will be published by Villard Books/Random House.

—There's another example. He makes movies, they're cute—a lot of New York Jewish shtick—that's okay. But put him in a room in Vegas and nobody knows what he's talking about. The audience just sits there—he's too deep.

—God, Woody Allen's my idol.

—Hey, don't get me wrong. Woody's very clever. But, a nightclub audience who pays fifty dollars a couple wants to laugh. They don't want to have to figure out what the guy is talking about and then decide if they should laugh. You know what I mean?

—Well . . .

—You can disagree with me if you want to.

—Sure. I know.

—But I'll tell you one thing—and you can take this from me, because if there's one thing I know, it's comedy—and I'll bet you that if you put Woody Allen in the same room with Jackie Gayle, Woody'd never know what hit him.

—Who's Jackie Gayle?

—The greatest lounge act in the history of Vegas. You know, you might think I'm crazy, but between you and me, I think he's even funnier than Shecky.

—Shecky Greene?

—Yep. I think Jackie's much funnier. But Shecky's got that Madame Butterfly routine that's a classic. That and "ca-ca on the moon"—twenty minutes of wall-to-wall screams.

—"Ca-ca on the moon"?

—Oh, you know that one.

—I do?

—That's the routine where Neil Armstrong had no place to go to the bathroom while he was in the spaceship, so that's why he was in such a hurry to land, so he could make a ca-ca on the moon.

—Oh . . . right.

—Shecky always had the best material, that's what made him. And that's what I need: some surefire material. Do you want to write for me?

—Sure. But . . .

—Well, you want to be a comedy writer, don't you?

—Sure. But I don't even know how to go about doing it.

—This stuff you sent me in the mail isn't bad.

—Really?

—It's a little sophomoric, but . . .

—Well, that was just some material that I wrote when I was in college.

—It's also a little bit too wordy. You've got to get to the punch lines quicker. The setups are way too long. Have you ever seen me work?

—No. . . . Well, I mean not recently. My parents used to take us on weekend trips to the Catskills, so of course I saw you then.

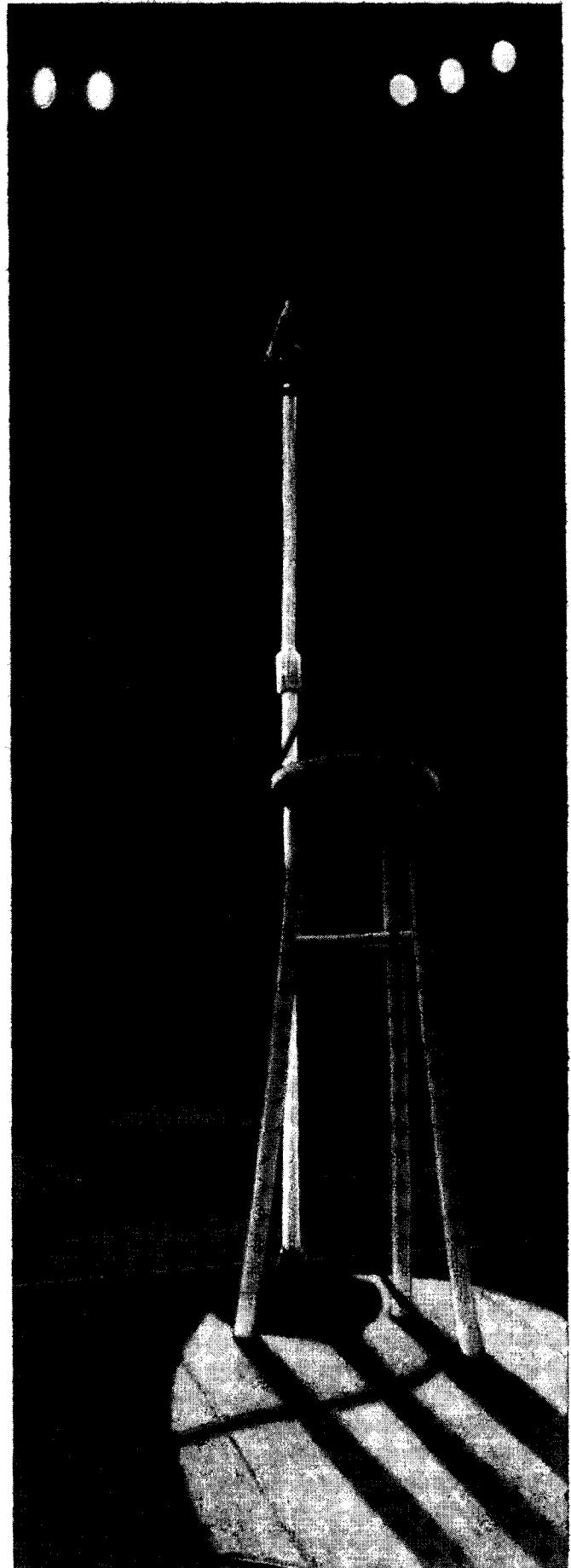
—I'm pretty frenetic on stage. I like to move around a lot. I like to play the room, the way Carter does.

—Jack Carter?

—Sure. Hey, let's face it—we're all doing Jack.

—Of course.

—So that's why I need a lot of quick one-line zingers. I



never stand in one place long enough to do a setup joke. It'd break my rhythm.

—Okay. Is there any special subject you want me to write about?

—No, not really. Just so long as it's funny. That's all I care about.

—Okay.

—My audience likes to laugh at just about anything. Like marriage, or divorce, or in-laws, or a date coming to pick up your daughter, or the commercials they do on TV. You know what I mean?

—Sure. I'll do my best.

—Great. And if by some chance you can come up with a hook for me . . . Christ, that would get me to the next level, or even make me a star, so fast it'd make your head spin.

—What's a hook?

—An image. An identity. A shtick. It's something that'd let people know that "Stu Cooper—he's the guy who is such and such."

—Oh, I see.

—You know what I mean?

—I think so.

—Like Jack Benny's cheap—that's his hook—that's what made him. Alan King's angry, Gleason's fat, Hackett's got that speech impediment . . . All the big stars have some hook, and that's how the audience knows them, and that's what I'm looking for.

—Right. Okay.

—Hey, it's not that easy. I'm real hard to find an attitude for. I'm forty-four, I don't have a big nose, and I look sort of handsome in my tuxedo—so the audience doesn't believe it when I make fun of myself. You know what I mean?

—Uh-huh. . . .

—No one would believe that "I don't get no respect."

—Right.

—You know what I mean?

—Sure.

—That line is great for Rodney because he looks that way. But that could never work for me. I'm too classy-looking. You see, the audience has to believe that the comic could actually have those things that he's saying happen to him. To be someone that people remember, you got to be a believable character.

—I got you.

—Like, I have a friend, a comedian, named Larry Best. He does a very funny thing in his act: he pretends that he's eating an apple.

—Really.

—It's hysterical. He cups his hand and brings it up to his mouth and does these sound effects that are so funny, like he was actually biting into and chewing an apple. And the audience screams. And he goes on and on with these crunchy sounds and slurps to the point where you'd swear that the juice was actually dripping down his chin.

—Right.

—But, as funny as it is, Larry's still unknown. Sure, people know that there's a guy around who does a very funny

bit about eating an apple, but Larry never came up with a memorable character on stage to make people remember that Larry Best's the guy who eats the apple.

—I see.

—And it's been that way with him his whole career. Christ, I remember Larry before he was unknown.

—Huh?

—Oh, sure. I met Larry when he was first starting out.

—Oh.

—So it's tricky. How old are you?

—Twenty-two.

—Christ, I've been in this business since before you were born. I was nineteen when I started out. . . .

—Uh-huh.

—And I've had every big writer write for me at one time or other, and none of them have been able to capture me.

—Really?

—Oh, sure. They all wrote for me. Arnie Kogen, Arnie Rosen, Arnie Sultan, Larry Gelbart, Larry Rhine, Mel Tolkin, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon, Danny Simon . . .

—Neil Simon?

—Sure. As a matter of fact, I discovered him.

—Really?

—Sure. He started out just like you. They all did. They sold jokes here and there, and then they graduated to selling routines. And when their names got around, they started writing for more and more comics, and then when one of those comics caught a break and got a TV program, the way Caesar did, the comic would ask the writers to work on that show and that's how they all broke into TV.

—Wow. That's exactly what I want to do.

—You can do it.

—Really?

—Sure. Like, for example, you write for me or any of the other comics that are around—I can introduce you to all of them—and if one of us gets a show you'd write for it.

—That'd be amazing. You know, being a TV comedy writer has always been my dream, ever since I used to watch the old *Dick Van Dyke Show*.

—Good program.

—Do you still speak with Neil Simon?

—Occasionally I call and he gives me a joke if I need it, but he's very busy. Do you have a car?

—No. I live with my parents, so I usually borrow theirs.

—Well, why don't you come up to the mountains with me one night this weekend? You can drive up to the house, have dinner with the family, and then you can come and watch me work.

—That would be great.

—Just pick a night. I'm at the Nevele on Friday and I'm doing the late show at the Concord on Saturday.

—Well, I have work on Friday night, so I'll have to make it Saturday, if that's okay.

—Super. What kind of work do you do?

—Well, I have a B.A. in psychology, but now I'm just working part-time in a delicatessen on Long Island—until I can get things together a little bit.

—Oh, that's so funny.
 —What's so funny?
 —That's so funny—that your background in psychology helps you understand the pastrami before you slice it.
 —. . . Right.
 —Isn't that funny?
 —Yeah. . . . Sure.
 —Tell you what. I'm going to use that in my act tonight, and if it gets a laugh, I'll send you seven dollars. Then you'll really be a professional writer.
 —But I didn't say that about the pastrami—you did.
 —That's all right. I never would have thought of that gag if we didn't have this conversation.
 —Oh. . . . Thanks.
 —And I'll see you on Saturday and we'll take it from there.
 —Great.
 —I'm going into Vegas next month, and maybe you could come up with a couple of things by then.
 —Sure.
 —I'm opening for Tony Orlando, and I'd really like to knock 'em dead out there.
 —Sure.
 —Orlando's got that TV show coming up this summer and they're going to need comics, so I really want to show Tony's people what I can do.
 —Sure.
 —I'm especially interested in about five strong minutes. Something about jogging. Or sending the kids to camp. . . . Like I say, anything as long as it's funny. I want to do it in the spot where I usually do "ca-ca on the moon."
 —I thought Shecky Greene does "ca-ca on the moon."
 —Well, yeah. But we don't play the same places. So it doesn't hurt Shecky at all. And when I go into Vegas, I don't do it. That's why I need you to write me some material.
 —Okay, Mr. Cooper.
 —Stu.
 —Sure, Stu.

AUGUST, 1975

—Hello.
 —Listen, did I wake you? It's Stu.
 —No. . . . no. . . . that's okay. . . . What time is it?
 —It's, let me look at my watch, it's eleven-thirty out here, so that would make it. . . .
 —. . . Two-thirty in the morning.
 —Right, two-thirty New York time. Are you sure I didn't wake you?
 —No, no. Is everything all right?
 —Just super. Look, remember that inflation joke you wrote for me a few years ago?
 —What joke was that?
 —The one where I say that the price of meat is getting so bad that yesterday I stole a piece of flanken that had a street value of six thousand dollars.
 —Right, I remember.

—Super joke. Well, I've been using that joke in my act, and it gets screams in the mountains, they just love it.
 —Uh-huh.
 —But I noticed that here in Vegas the joke just does okay. They like it here, but it doesn't play the way it does in front of Jews who know that "flanken" is boiled meat and that's what makes it a great joke.
 —Right.
 —So I find that the ones who know what flanken means scream when they hear the joke and the ones who don't know what the hell flanken is don't laugh as hard.
 —Right.
 —I mean, they laugh, but not as hard as they would if they understood what it meant. You know what I mean?
 —Sure.
 —It's just too hip for this crowd. So what I did was change the joke around a little so that everyone out here would get it.
 —Uh-huh.
 —So what I did was, I switched it around to "the price of meat is getting so bad that yesterday I stole a pot roast that had a street value of six thousand dollars."
 —Uh-huh.
 —Isn't that funny?
 —Oh, yeah. . . . It's great.
 —Look, you and I know that it's still the flanken-joke formula, but this way it plays better for these goyim out here.
 —Right.
 —So what happened was, I wanted to try it out before I did it on stage. Just to test it, you know?
 —Uh-huh.
 —As a matter of fact, I called you earlier to tell you the joke.
 —I was working tonight.
 —Right. So I'm out here opening for Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, and we were having dinner, and I told Tony the joke. Well, when I tell you that he started laughing, but I mean tears were coming out. . . .
 —Really?
 —And Cyd, you know Cyd never laughs. . . .
 —Uh-huh.
 —You know Tony and Cyd, don't you?
 —No.
 —Well, everyone knows that Cyd doesn't laugh. . . .
 —Oh.
 —. . . but when I told her this joke I got worried, because I thought she was going to have a stroke from laughing so hard.
 —That's great.
 —It's a super joke, isn't it?
 —Oh, yeah.
 —I called Vic, and he loved it, too.
 —That's great.
 —Freddy didn't laugh, but I didn't let it bother me. I figured that was his problem. You know how he gets.
 —Right.
 —You know what I mean?

—Sure.
 —So I won't let that bother me. I bumped into Jackie Eagle in a coffee shop, and he also thought it was a super joke.
 —Uh-huh.
 —And he also said that Freddy was jealous and that I shouldn't let it bother me.
 —Right.
 —So what's doing with you?
 —Everything's fine. The job is going real good. I'm learning how to write sketches and today we filmed a—
 —Super. Did you hear about Pat Crane?
 —Who?
 —Catskill comic. Does this thing about having an Irish grandmother.
 —Uh-huh.
 —You know who I'm talking about?
 —Yeah. I met him at—
 —He died. Was killed in a car crash on his way home from a job.
 —Oh my God.
 —Yeah, it happened a few weeks ago. It was terrible. He was only forty-six. Had a wife, three kids. . . .
 —I'm really sorry to hear that.
 —I know. It's a real tragedy.
 —God.
 —I'm doing his bit about farting in an elevator.
 —What?
 —I asked his wife, Barbara, and she said it would be all right.
 —Wow.
 —Which reminds me, I must give her a call when I get back to New York. I haven't spoken to her since the funeral, because I left for Vegas the next day.
 —Wait a second. You mean to tell me that at Pat Crane's funeral you asked his wife if you could do his bit about farting in an elevator?
 —No, of course not.
 —But . . .
 —I asked her on the way back from the cemetery.
 —Oh.
 —Look, my daughter Leslie's going to be sixteen, so we're giving her a big sweet-sixteen party.
 —Uh-huh.
 —Do you think that there's a routine in that?
 —There could be. . . .
 —You know, with the invitations, and now she's old enough to date, or the records that kids listen to. . . . There must be some routine in there somewhere.
 —Sure.
 —You know, if you can think of it, that's where I can use some punching-up in my act. Like I do that routine about the names of the different musical groups.
 —Right.
 —Like I do that thing where I say that the musical groups today have the strangest names, like "Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—what kind of name is that? When I first heard it, I thought it was the name of a law firm."

—Right.
 —It's a super joke, but it only works to the hipper crowds. The young people like it.
 —Uh-huh.
 —Or I say: "The Jefferson Airplane—what kind of name is that? Did you ever hear their music? I'll tell you one thing, that's one airplane I wouldn't mind seeing hijacked."
 —Right.
 —It's a super joke. You have to think about it for a second, but it works.
 —Uh-huh.
 —So that's what I could use more of—names of musical groups. It's good material for television, you know what I mean?
 —Sure.
 —It's clean, and appeals to the young people—which is the audience that TV's trying to reach.
 —Right.
 —Look, I know you're busy with your show and everything, but could you do me a favor and just jot down some funny names of musical groups for me?
 —Okay.
 —It's a funny idea, isn't it?
 —Oh, yeah.
 —Look, I'll let you go back to sleep. . . .
 —Okay.
 —Sorry I woke you. . . .
 —That's all right.
 —. . . But off the top of your head, could you think of a funny name of a musical group?
 —Uh . . . The Grateful Dead?
 —No. . . . It's not bad, but the routine works a lot better when I use the names of actual groups.
 —But—
 —Look, I know you're tired. So give it some thought, and I'll call you when I get back to New York.
 —Okay.
 —Good night.

FEBRUARY, 1980

—I just can't believe that I'm fifty years old.
 —I know. But you don't look it.
 —Really?
 —No. No way.
 —Thanks. . . . Hey, it was nice of all the boys to come, wasn't it?
 —Sure was.
 —That's why we made the party today, so most of the boys wouldn't be working.
 —Right.
 —There's very few jobs on Sunday afternoons, unless it's a special affair or something. The only one who couldn't make it is Davey Kent. He's entertaining on a cruise, so he won't be back till Tuesday.
 —What are those cruises like?

—They fly you down to Miami, you get on the boat, you visit the islands, and you just have to do two shows.

—On the boat?

—Yeah. And all of your accommodations are taken care of. It's not too bad. The money's okay—especially if you can pick up a night or two playing one of those condominiums before you fly back from Miami.

—You don't do those cruises though, do you?

—Me? No. It's not a career move. You know what I mean?

—Sure.

—I used to do them, when the kids were younger. We'd take them with us, and that'd be our vacation. . . . Hey, can I get you another drink?

—No, thanks. I'm okay.

—Len Bernie's funny, isn't he?

—He was the one who was making the jokes about everyone's gifts, right?

—Ain't he a riot? He does that at every party. It's like a ritual. Do you realize that people buy presents and actually try to predict what Len is going to say about them?

—God. . . .

—That's right. If he were only that funny on stage. For years we've been trying to convince him that he should do some material about gifts and gift-giving, but it's like talking to a wall. That's his son over there. Vale. Good-looking kid, isn't he?

—Vale?

—Yeah. He goes with my daughter Leslie. For about two years now.

—Vale Bernie?

—Well, actually his last name is Katzenbaum. Len calls himself Len Bernie as a stage name.

—Vale Katzenbaum? What kind of a name is that?

—Oh, it's a long story. But in a nutshell what happened was that Len, who was struggling for years as an unknown—this was in the early sixties—was asked to be the opening act for Jerry Vale when Jerry went into the Copa. Jerry Vale was a real big star back then—now he's probably just a name—but at that time he was playing Vegas and headlining in the biggest nightclubs, so this was like a real big break for Len because it could give him all sorts of exposure he never had before.

—Uh-huh.

—So Len opens for Jerry, and he's a big hit. He just killed 'em. I remember there was this big party afterward, Sinatra was there, Dean Martin, Sammy—all of Jerry's friends as well as Len and his wife, Sylvia, who was pregnant at the time. Well, you know how those parties get—I think it was at Toots Shor's—and everyone's having a great time, and Jerry comes up to Len and hugs him and says that he was great and that he wants Len to open for him when he goes into Vegas and when he tours that summer. Well, Len was beside himself. He picked up the tab for the party, and a few days later, when Sylvia gave birth, they named the baby Vale.

—Why didn't they just name him Jerry?

—Well, Len wanted Jerry to know that the baby was really



named after him and not Jerry Van Dyke, who was also a good friend of Len's.

—How did the tour go?

—He didn't get it. We all told Len that you can't count on anything in this business until the contracts are signed, but you know how Len has a tendency to get carried away. So how are you doing?

—Fine. The show's still going strong, but I'm starting to get a little bored with sketch writing. I think I'd like to try—

—Sure. Hey, you know what I need is . . . I'm sorry, I thought you were finished.

—Well, I was just saying that I'd like to try my hand at writing something more challenging than a sketch. My dream is to write a movie and have it directed by someone like Coppola.

—Who?

—Francis Ford Coppola . . . He did *The Godfather*. . . .

—Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. He's a clever kid. . . . You know, that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

—What's that?

—Well, you know the piece in my act where I talk about replacing all the items in my lost wallet.

—Yeah.

—It's funny. Isn't it?

—Oh, yeah. . . . Very funny.

—Do you think that it could be a TV series?

—What?

—I'll tell you, it's been so successful for me that some people are starting to know me because of that bit. You know, in the mountains I'm actually starting to be known as the comic who lost his wallet. It sounds crazy, but this could be my hook.

NIGHT WINDS

Night winds call the odors from the nighttime lilacs.

I am alone now; trees dark; night winds pull me out,
but I am faithful to you in the deep reaches
of the pasture the farmer visits only once a year.

Loving you, I am small as the stone the hawk
sees as he flies over the meadow at dusk.

I am alone now; trees dark; the time for heroes is over.
Lilacs sway in the night winds near the abandoned woodshed.

I float like them, and do not choose the motion.

I am faithful as the ant with his small waist.

What do heroes and Hercules mean to me now?

I will remain here; you will find me where you left me.

—Robert Bly

—Uh-huh.

—It's a funny image, isn't it?

—Oh, yeah. . . . Very funny.

—Well, do you think that you could develop it into a series for me?

—I don't know. A series about losing a wallet?

—The series could be about anything, but I'd play the guy next door who can't drive anywhere because his license was in the wallet . . .

—Well . . .

— . . . and I can't even buy a new wallet because my credit cards were in the lost one and I can't get any money because my check-cashing card was also in the lost wallet.

—Uh-huh.

—There's a million things we can see me do or not do because I lost my wallet. Why don't you give it some thought?

—Sure.

—I'll tell you, it could be fun. And let's face it—I've seen a lot of worse ideas made into television series.

—You got a point there.

—Are you sure you don't want me to freshen your drink?

—On second thought, why don't you?

—That's the boy.

JUNE, 1983

—Hello.

—Hi, Stu, how you doing?

—Isn't that something? I was just talking about you.

—Really?

—Yeah, I was going to call and ask you how the wedding went.

—Oh, it was great. Thanks.

—Your parents, Shari, everyone have a good time?

—Oh, yeah.

—Good, good. . . . And the band? They were good?

—Oh, they were fine.

—I'm glad. I'm sorry we weren't able to make it, but like I said, I had to be away on a job and I just couldn't swing it.

—No, no, I understand. How *did* the cruise go, anyway?

—Just great. You know those things. A week on the boat, I did a couple of shows—it was real easy. Everything got screams. Hey, listen, is this funny? "Milton Berle was the only infant I know whose foreskin was used to cover the infield at Yankee Stadium." Is that a funny joke?

—Yeah.

—You like it?

—Yeah, it's funny.

—The Friars are roasting Paul Williams next week, and I'm on the dais, but before I get into my Paul Williams material, you know how I always like to shpritz whoever else is there.

—Uh-huh.

—And Berle is going to be the roastmaster, so I figured that I'd zing him with that one.

—Right.

—It's a funny joke, isn't it?

—Oh, yeah. Very funny.

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There were three ways a company could earn dividends this year: First-Time Awards for new entrants, Return Awards for previous winners, and Distinguished Achievement Awards for businesses that have an outstanding history of support to the arts. These winners are located all across the country from Maine to California.

The competition involved more than big blue-chip companies. Winning firms range in size from small local businesses to giant multinational corporations. Company contributions included more than liquid assets too. They could take the form of a cash grant, the loan of personnel, the provision of in-kind goods or services, or a tie-in that used the arts in advertising or promotion. Congratulations to the Business in the Arts Awards winners. And to everyone else, showing an interest in the arts now could earn your company plenty of interest when next year's winners are selected.

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT PREPARED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE BY OGILVY & MATHER.

—I think it'll get a laugh. I got it from this kid who's here with me now. He's just breaking in. He's only twenty-four years old, but he's got some cute ideas, so I'm trying to help him out. He reminds me of you a little.

—Uh-huh.

—Look, maybe you could meet me for a cup of coffee or something and we could discuss the Paul Williams material?

—Okay.

—I really think that it's all there, but maybe you can come up with a gag or two to punch it up.

—Sure.

—I was telling this young writer that you were writing gags just like he's doing until you caught that break and got on TV.

—Right.

—So you want to get together?

—Sure.

—How does Tuesday sound?

—Tuesday's the only day I have a problem with. Can you make it Wednesday?

—Sure, Wednesday's no problem. What do you have doing on Tuesday?

—Well, that's actually why I called. You see, I wrote this movie script that's going into production and on Tuesday I have a—

—Okay, Wednesday's fine. The roast isn't until Friday, so I'll still have time to go over whatever we come up with over coffee.

—Sure, but listen—I got to tell you . . .

—I'd like to do well at the roast. It doesn't pay anything, but it's a good career move. I figure if I do good enough maybe Paul will give me some weeks on his next tour. That's what happened to Freddy last time when they roasted Ben Vereen.

—Look, Stu. I have something to tell you that concerns you.

—Really?

—Yes. I wrote this movie, and I want you to be in it.

—You're kidding.

—No, I'm not. That's what I'm trying to tell you. Tuesday I have a meeting with the casting director, and I want to talk to him about you.

—Geez, I can't believe it. A movie . . . What's it about?

—Well, basically it's about the relationship between a young writer and a comic.

—Right. . . .

—And, what can I tell you, as the years go by they sort of grow apart comedically, and really don't have that much in common on a professional level anymore. You know what I'm saying?

—Sure.

—But the two of them still keep in touch because they're friends and because the kid still feels grateful to the comic for giving him his first break and helping make his dream come true.

—Super. Super.

—You like it?

—Are you kidding? It sounds just super.

—Thanks. Well, anyway, Kevin Kline might play the writer, who's going to eventually create a role that could help make the comic's dream come true.

—Uh-huh. . . .

—Because the comic is . . . How should I say this? He's the kind of guy who should be happy—like he's got a beautiful home, a great family, and he makes a lot of money opening for all sorts of headliners.

—Uh-huh. . . .

—But he's the kind of guy who'll never be really happy until he himself becomes a household name—which is what the writer's going to try to do by creating this role for this friend. Do you know what I'm saying?

—Oh, sure I do.

—Well, what do you think?

—It's super. It really is. It really sounds like a winner.

—Thanks.

—Now, what part were you thinking of having me play in the movie?

—Well . . . uh, I thought it'd be great if you played the part of the comic.

—Really? Hmmm . . .

—Is something wrong?

—Well, the problem is that I'm not an actor.

—So?

—So I can't see how the hell I can play a guy like that.

—But . . .

—I mean, look, I know the kind of comic that you're talking about. Christ, I must know a thousand of them. But I don't think it'd be believable if I did it. You know what I mean?

—Well . . .

—Look, I'm really flattered that you asked me. Really I am.

—Uh-huh. . . .

—Hey, I have an idea. Why don't you actually use one of those comics? You know, some unknown like Stuey Curtis, or Lenny Bates, or Joey Rush? Some guy who can actually play himself? Have you thought of that?

—Well . . .

—Christ, that would be a hell of a shot for someone like that.

—Right.

—You should consider it.

—Okay.

—Hey, look, thanks again for thinking of me.

—Sure.

—And I'll see you on Wednesday to talk about the Paul Williams roast. Okay?

—Sure.

—What do you say, two o'clock at the Stage Deli?

—That'll be fine.

—So I'll see you then?

—Uh-huh.

—Super. □

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MUSIC

MACHINES AS COLLABORATORS

BY STEPHEN HOLDEN

FOR YEARS PURISTS and innovators have squabbled over the artistic validity of each new pop-music gadget. Swing fans still find it hard to accept noisy electric guitars and amplified rhythms. And to many in the rock generation electronic pop has come to symbolize a spiritual hollowness and superficiality.

During the years of disco fever that capped the rock era the synthesizer—a keyboard instrument that uses oscillators to imitate other instruments—was so ubiquitous as a cheap orchestra substitute that its name became synonymous with canned pop junk. A sharp reaction against disco only momentarily stalled a revolution that in the past five years has seen the synthesizer surpass the guitar to become the primary pop instrument.

The music of every generation has been profoundly shaped by changing technology. Although we think of crooning as “natural” pop music, in fact singing intimately with a large orchestra works only with a microphone. It was not until the rock era, however, that large numbers of people took an interest in the relationship between music and machines. Whereas the younger generation recognized that high-volume rock could be cathartic, older people found it threateningly loud. Once in full bloom the sixties rock culture ignored a basic contradiction in its chosen art form—that it depended on technology just as much as warfare did. Some rock stars, like Jimi Hendrix and Peter Townshend, of the Who, expressed their frustration by assaulting their instruments. Hendrix, rock’s most influential guitarist, made warlike music with musical firestorms of feedback.

The gentler studio psychedelia of the Beatles presented a different contradiction. Under the tutelage of their producer, George Martin, they used electronics to create lovely sound collages that seemed to express a yearning for a nineteenth-century idyll. The bucolic

dreamscape of “Strawberry Fields Forever” was a refuge safely removed from the technology that created it.

Since the late sixties pop music has slowly and inexorably embraced mechanization. Gadgets have even become the basis for a new kind of pop romanticism. Through the seventies dozens of “art-rock” bands, from Pink Floyd to Yes, used synthesized psychedelia as a springboard for escapist musical “trips” based on science fiction and medieval myths. English art-rock groups usually treated the synthesizer as a deluxe organ whose aural twinklings were supposed to suggest astral voyages.

Lighter “synth-pop” styles were developed to create a flattering image of ourselves as components in a technological utopia. Disco and exercise records tantalized us with daydreams of being sex and sports machines. The hits of Olivia Newton-John, Electric Light Or-

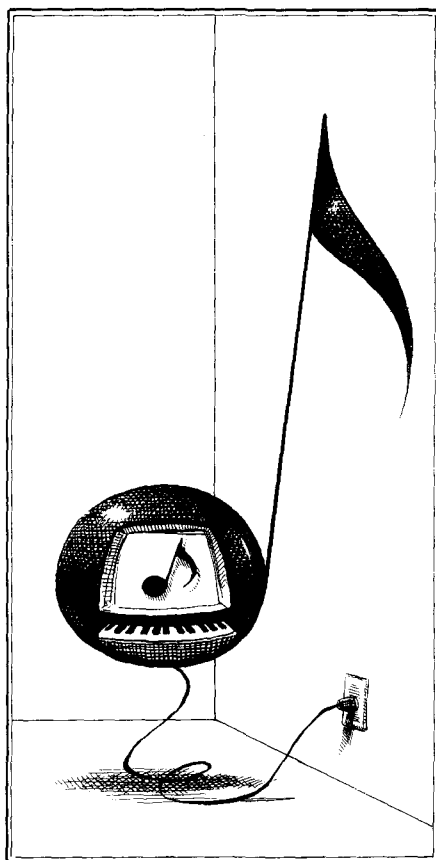
chestra, the Bee Gees, Village People, and Abba all portrayed the world as an electronic music box. Even the nastier sensibilities behind this kind of gadget music have been essentially playful. The German group Kraftwerk—one of the first to use drum machines and electronic filters that turn the voice into a metallic drone—poses as cartoonishly inhuman lab technicians. Giorgio Moroder, the producer whose soft-core disco fantasies with Donna Summer introduced electronically sequenced bass lines to dance music, is a cynical humorist with a knack for carnival shock effects.

THE NOVELTY of robotic sound effects and exercise rhythms has finally worn off to the point that serious pop musicians can begin to use the new vocabulary to suggest more complex and realistic relationships between humanity and the natural world. In the seventies musicians as dissimilar as the pop-soul hero Stevie Wonder and the eccentric English aesthete Brian Eno developed electronically inflected tone poems that avoided cheap aural gimmicks.

A blind man obsessed with “seeing” through music, Wonder used synthesizers to imagine the colors of the sun. Synthetic instrumentation became an integral textural ingredient of works structured like sweeping murals which bore a humanitarian message. Wonder’s most spectacular impressionistic work, his flawed but interesting “Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants” soundtrack, conjures up a magic garden, in which the notes unfurl like tendrils.

Brian Eno’s “ambient” pieces, using found music and slowed-down tape, refined a new kind of mood music that seemed to float on spontaneous atmospheric currents, gently entering and receding from one’s field of perception. His influential collaborations with David Bowie and the Talking Heads helped to cut through the studio formulas by which pop records were laboriously constructed, instrumental track by instrumental track, over carefully laid-down rhythms.

In the past three years the English singer-songwriter-keyboardist Thomas Dolby and the New York performance artist Laurie Anderson have had hits with records dependent on electronics. Dolby’s “She Blinded Me With Science,” a spoof about the “science” of erotic love, became a top-five hit in America, and Anderson’s “O Superman” went to the top of the charts in England.



Stephen Holden writes frequently about pop music.

On *The Golden Age of Wireless*, his debut album, made in 1982, Dolby used a "wave computer" to generate a synthesized pop of unprecedented fluidity. The songs on the record are filled with images of aviation, navigation, meteorology, and long-distance communication. Dolby's recent album *The Flat Earth* is a still richer mixture of electronics, sound effects, and pop-jazz. It is a cinematic travelogue that moves from Africa to Hollywood, each cut evoking a discrete world. "Screen Kiss," a languidly morbid vision of Hollywood, glosses melodramatic movie music; "Dissidents" uses a mixture of jittery funk, the sounds of clacking typewriters, and strains of the Internationale to describe the anxiety of a political fugitive. Dolby's musical postcards, conceived with video elaborations in mind, add up to a far-reaching exploration of the modern world.

Laurie Anderson, who came to pop from performance art, also wants to create the world whole. She plays the electric violin and the Synclavier, a musical computer that can mathematically remember and reproduce any sound programmed into it. She is not a singer so much as a poetic monologist speaking in different voices, some electronically treated, others natural; her musical settings run from abrasive scratchings to pastoral reveries. In "O Superman" Anderson invokes the embrace of various saviors, from "Mom and Dad" to Superman, in a mechanized chant over an eerie tape loop of "ah ah ah." The record is full of dark presentiment of nuclear catastrophe.

Both of Anderson's albums, *Big Science* and *Mister Heartbreak*, are collections of monologues that weld simple chants, slogans, puns, literary fragments, aphorisms, and computer language into tales that communicate by insinuation. "Big Science, Hallelujah, Yodelayheehoo," she croons in the title song of her first album, summoning in four words resonant and disturbing images of American might.

On *Mister Heartbreak* Anderson frames her version of the Creation with the life and death of an Everyman named Sharkey. Parodying the Adam and Eve story and bringing in quotations from *Moby-Dick* and *The Tempest* and allusions to Thomas Pynchon, she compiles transparent images of man's evolution from an exotic species of tropical creature to a supposedly civilized being. At its love-liest, the music on *Mister Heartbreak*

evokes a South Seas Garden of Eden.

Anderson's subject is knowledge itself. What do we know? How do we separate superstition from fact? What does language really tell us? By infusing classic myths with contemporary jargons, from mathematics to pop culture, Anderson translates those myths into pop fables that are seductively elusive and deeply skeptical. Her language is grafted to melodies that repeat the simplest phrases with a mesmerizing insistence. Anderson's songs deal with the fundamental ambiguities of perception. But having brought them up she leaves us to ponder them alone.

STEVIE WONDER, Thomas Dolby, and Laurie Anderson all represent a return to the Wagnerian idea of the solo artist as heroic commander of the spirit. It's an idea that, paradoxically, technology has revived. With the latest synthesizers anyone who wants to can be a one-man band. Inexpensive drum machines can perfectly reproduce rhythmic signatures that studio musicians have spent decades refining. Conservatory training and recording-studio experience are not essential for making sound effects. On the Synclavier it is theoretically possible for a composer to write and play his own symphony for a hundred-piece or a thousand-piece orchestra.

At the very core of Wonder's tapestries of black life, Dolby's global adventures, and Anderson's mythical playlets is the unspoken assumption that if we don't master our technology it will destroy us. The rock generation was the last generation to imagine that it could pay no attention to the machines it depended on for survival. Brought up to believe that science would magically solve humanity's problems, it set about exploring the boundaries of permissiveness in the coming utopia, which would be both created by and protected from machines.

The post-rock generation knows better. Wielding electronic instruments, video equipment, and computers, its brightest young musicians are showing us a world in which machines are unavoidable. They are as imperfect as people and cause as many problems as they solve. Electronic music insists that art and science must not be mutually exclusive. These artists' skillful manipulation of so much hardware shows us that we *can* master technology—and that the better we understand it, the better our chances to save ourselves. □

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TRAVEL

COMFORTABLE ON THE COAST

BY WENDY LOWE

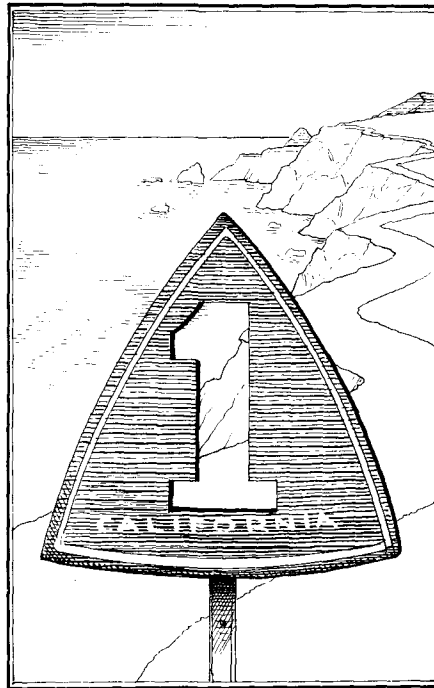
WHEN I WAS living in San Francisco, I would often meet a group of friends at dusk on the high roof of the building we lived in, which overlooked the ocean. We would all stare at the horizon, watching for that precise moment of impact when the sun's perimeter exploded into marbled shards of orange, blue, and mauve. Sometimes, as the upper rim slipped out of sight, there would be one prismatic flash of green against the water. Then it seemed appropriate to smile a little, proudly, as if each of us had sponsored the event.

It was during one of these rituals that a member of our group, who had lived for a time in Carmel-by-the-Sea, pronounced her credo of the Real California. "All this is well and good," she said, with a sweeping gesture toward the horizon. "But the Real California is down along the coast. That's where they keep the national good-life supply for the rest of the country. Down there, nothing really matters except looking at the scenery and making yourself very, very comfortable."

I thought of this each time I drove the coastal highway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, an eight-hour trip. Along this winding portion of Highway 1 are small communities that cherish above all their style of living and their ocean views. The sunsets are arguably the most dramatic in the world. Late winter, spring, and fall are clear and breezy; the summer months bring dense fogs. The towns are full of flower-covered cottages and modern cliffside houses stuck at precarious angles to the sea. Scattered among them are enough excellent restaurants, lovely art galleries, and first-rate country inns to keep a traveler content.

On a weekend not long ago I drove my favorite portion of the route, which extends from San Luis Obispo County, two hundred miles north of Los Angeles, to the Monterey Peninsula, a hundred miles south of San Francisco. Along

this road is Big Sur, which was made famous by the Esalen Institute and by Edward Weston's photographs of wind-brushed cypress trees above a raging sea. The restaurants and galleries of Carmel are on the route, as is San Simeon, the town where William Randolph Hearst built his palatial folly.



The narrow, two-lane highway is carved high on a sheer granite cliff with mountains to the east and ocean to the west. I had perfect weather—bright sunshine and a cloudless sky—but there are foggy days when the trip can be unnerving, for the road appears to be suspended on a solid bed of clouds yet you hear the crash of ocean waves a few yards over and a thousand feet down. In the fog I think of Scottish apparitions and of Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds*, which was filmed in a little town off Highway 1.

More than a year ago a long stretch of Highway 1 just south of Big Sur suddenly crumbled and collapsed into the ocean. For a while it looked as if the famous coastal road would be closed for good. Northbound drivers who wanted

to see the Big Sur Valley had to detour inland through a hundred miles of boring farmland and then turn south and backtrack along Highway 1, which ended in a huge, ugly gash of bare earth and broken trees. Fortunately the state managed to rebuild the torn section of road a bit farther up the mountain, and it was finally reopened in April.

NO ONE WAS happier than the merchants and innkeepers of Cambria, a small town on Highway 1 about forty miles above San Luis Obispo and just north of where the inland detour began. After the big slide most of the town was left sitting on a virtual dead-end street, so quiet that residents used it for their Frisbee games. The restaurants, beach-front hotels, and galleries had to struggle along on the trade from visitors who came to see San Simeon, a few miles away.

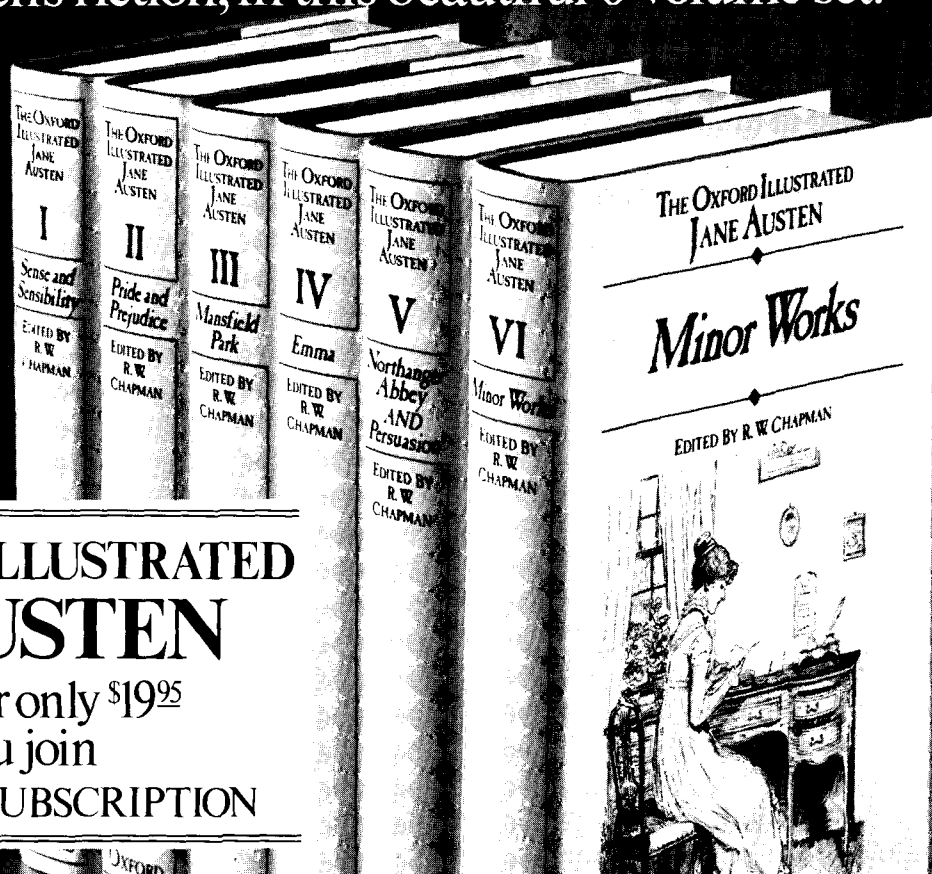
The Spanish-style castle and its grounds (officially named Hearst San Simeon State Historical Monument) make up one of California's most popular state parks. The estate includes an outdoor pool littered with Greek statuary, an indoor pool inlaid with Venetian tile, a Gothic banquet hall, and a fifty-seat movie theater, where *Gone With the Wind* was previewed. Three huge guesthouses are lavishly adorned with fancy bric-a-brac. There is even a wildlife preserve with a dwindling herd of wild zebras. The estate is a fascinating pile of thoroughly vulgar opulence to which not even *Citizen Kane* did justice. A day-long tour, which covers only a fraction of the grounds, provides an almost nauseating amount of visual stimulation.

The weathered wood and brick of Cambria look all the more relaxing after a day at San Simeon. It's a nonchalant little beach town whose residents are a mixture of well-off retirees, youngish craftsmen, and earnest macrobiotic types. I took a large, modern room with a fireplace at the Fireside Inn, on Moonstone Beach, which parallels the highway. Rocky trails on the beach wind over pockets of coarse sand filled with driftwood and the occasional half-buried artifact of an Indian tribe. On the other side of the highway, beach shacks in bright turquoise and red sit side by side with expensive new houses, all surrounded by a forest of towering pine trees.

I was told that Cambrians are debating whether to chop down the oldest, tallest pine trees, which are no longer

Wendy Lowe is a writer and editor who grew up in California and lives in Knoxville, Tennessee.

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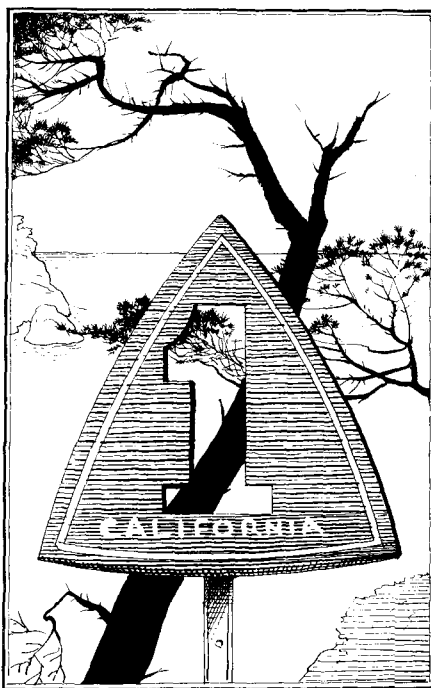
healthy. The preservationists think that cutting the old trees is a bit age-ist, and anyhow, they don't want a lot of tree stumps littering the town. An opposition group, calling itself Cambrians Who Don't Care, thinks that stumps have a right to be scenic too, and has printed up bumper stickers claiming "I Love Cambria Stumps." Another civic issue concerns a man who is alleged to have robbed both of Cambria's banks in a single day while wearing a ski mask. Having no clear plan of escape, the story goes, he tried, unsuccessfully, to hitchhike out of town, still wearing his ski mask. Shopkeepers have been talking about silkscreening his picture onto a popular local T-shirt that reads "Property of Cambria Jail, next to the Mobil Station."

Caught up on the news, I strolled among the bicyclists and joggers on Moonstone Beach Drive to have a seafood omelet at the Moonraker, whose giant windows overlook the beach. Later, walking along a one-mile stretch of Main Street, I admired the fresh croissants at the Upper Crust Bakery & Tearoom and the elegant basket lunches to go at Picnic in the Pines. In the restored Burton Drive area I browsed in a dozen tiny gift shops and in craft galleries that exhibit the work of Californians. At Seekers, which shows an outstanding collection of glass and ceramic sculpture, I bought small handmade marbles—fantasy versions of the cat's-eyes that I hoarded as a child. Near Seekers is my favorite restaurant in Cambria, the Flying Frog, whose specialty is Mexican food served in enormous deep-fried tortillas. A block away, on MacLeod Drive, is Pickford House, an excellent bed-and-breakfast whose eight rooms are furnished whimsically in the style of the silent-film era. I had plans to finish the evening in a jazz bar or, at the very least, in the hot tub at the Fireside. But it seemed enough to sit in front of my fireplace with a glass of California wine. Outside my window waves roared endlessly and the sky revealed a vast array of brilliant stars.

THE NEXT MORNING, as I drove north from Cambria to Carmel, the road became narrower and more precipitous. The 102-mile drive, known as the Big Sur Coast, made for a leisurely journey with frequent stops at scenic overlooks, which are spaced several miles apart. On the eastern side of the route are dry chaparral canyons, redwood forests, and the green, rolling mountains of the na-

tional Ventana Wilderness and three state parks. To the west, dominating everything in Big Sur, is the ocean, deep blue water crashing into foamy whitecaps on the rocks. Here and there crude trails lead down the cliffs to the tide pools, which contain a universe of tiny marine life. Gnarled trees, growing almost parallel to the ocean, have the spidery abstraction of a Japanese painting on silk. Robinson Jeffers described them:

. . . Old cypresses
The sailor wind works into deep-sea
knots
A thousand years; age-reddened granite
That was the world's cradle and crumbles
apieces. . . .



Henry Miller, at the center of an artists' colony in these hills, called the scenery "almost melodramatic." At the northern end, just below Carmel, is an outcropping of land called Point Lobos State Reserve, where Edward Weston took many photographs. At Point Lobos a network of hiking trails leads to an ecological reserve that protects 300 species of plants and 250 species of animals, including sea lions, harbor seals, cormorants, and brown pelicans.

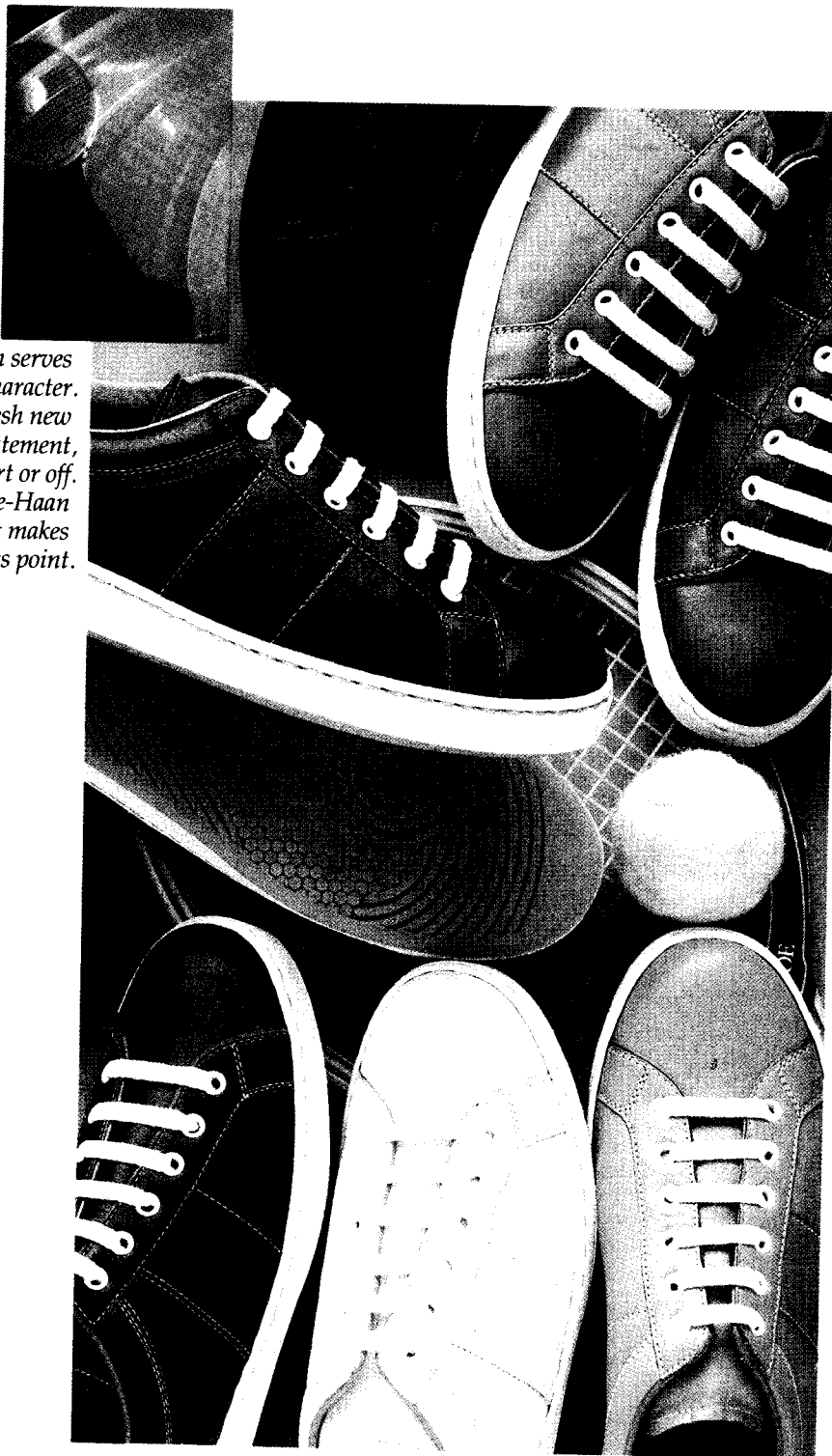
Around every bend is another, subtly different ocean view, and staring at each one is what people do in Big Sur. There is no real town; instead there is a cluster of resorts, galleries, and restaurants, each one surrounded by as much space and as much view as possible. Some of Henry Miller's Big Sur paintings, and a

prodigious amount of redwood sculpture, are displayed at the Coast Gallery, which is fashioned out of two old water tanks. On up the road is Nepenthe, a stylish split-level restaurant of wood and adobe designed by a student of Frank Lloyd Wright's. The main dining room, on the top deck, was crowded, as always. I settled for a juice and Perrier downstairs at the Café Amphora, whose outdoor patio vibrated with thumping Greek folk music, and whose view (green hills, gray rocks, and turbulent blue sea) is the type for which Big Sur is famous.

Overlooking Nepenthe is the Ventana Inn, an airy, ultramodern complex with forty condominium-style rooms, a ninety-foot pool, hot tubs, and saunas. A deli there fronting Highway 1 packs picnic baskets, and the lavish patio restaurant looks out on both the ocean and the Ventana Wilderness. The menu promised glazed duckling and fresh trout, but I drove a few miles farther to a place I'm fond of called Rocky Point Restaurant. This modest roadhouse serves excellent crab-and-avocado sandwiches beside the most outstanding ocean view on Highway 1. Blue-purple streams of ice plant and Scottish heather spill down a steep rock wall to meet ferocious waves. The tide pools seem to boil like cauldrons. In the fog they are an almost terrifying sight; on this clear, sunny day they were glorious. Distinctions among ocean views are very finely drawn on Big Sur's coast, but Rocky Point, I do believe, is "almost melodramatic."

Twelve miles north the traffic slowed to a crawl at the edge of Carmel. The village is a compact grid lined with small gift shops, guest cottages, and restaurants. The main drag, Ocean Avenue, is always mobbed on weekends, so most people park their cars on the outskirts and proceed on foot. The boxy, low-rise buildings of Carmel are obscured by a graceful tangle of fuchsia blossoms, flowering bougainvillea, and twisted cypresses that grow in each front yard. There are many small hotels and guesthouses, but weekend reservations can be hard to come by on short notice. "You're a very lucky little girl," said Graeme Mackenzie, the Scottish host of the Sandpiper Inn, as he gave me his last room. The Sandpiper, half a century old, is in a quiet residential neighborhood near Ocean Avenue and just fifty yards from a mile-long strip of beach. Pots and trellises of flowers cover the trim little property, which includes fif-

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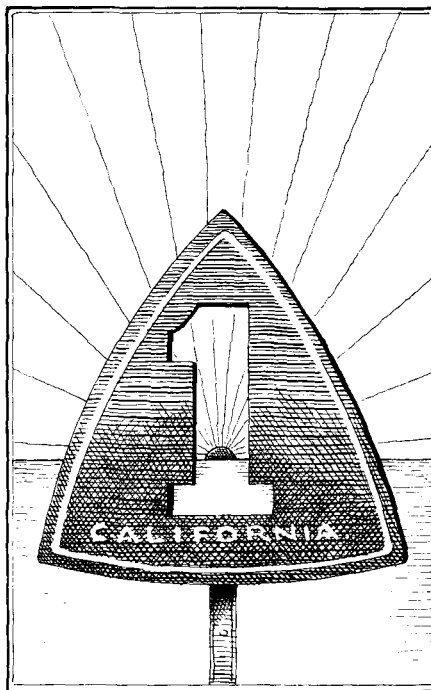
Downstairs in the sunny living room a few guests dressed in expensive running suits were sprawled on a comfortable sofa in front of the fireplace, sipping afternoon sherry and picking through the Sandpiper's basket of menus from local restaurants. People spend their days in Carmel playing tennis and golf, bicycling and jogging, visiting the nearby wineries, and wandering through the more than forty art galleries and the many shops. Still, most conversation revolves around food, because dining in Carmel is exceptional. There are perhaps two dozen first-class restaurants in and around the village, whose food ranges from the classical French cuisine of Chez Felix to the fascinating pizza concoctions of Picasso's. Many of the best restaurants serve "California cuisine," which uses very fresh local vegetables and well-prepared seafood, and melds French, Italian, and Mediterranean influences. On the recommendation of my host I tried Giuliano's, which serves mostly northern Italian food in an intimate red-and-cream room embellished with huge bowls of flowers. After dinner—a delicate appetizer of fettucine in avocado cream sauce topped with golden caviar, followed by a quail stuffed with saffron rice—I tasted garlic for the next twenty-four hours. But it was worth it, and so was the light, creamy cheesecake topped with a sauce of fresh, tart strawberries.

CARMEL IS THE gateway to the Monterey Peninsula, and the loveliest way to proceed north is via the Seventeen-Mile Drive, which goes through a residential area; cars may follow it for a \$4 fee. I passed the Lodge at Pebble Beach, a deluxe golf resort where the Bing Crosby Pro-Am is staged, and traced a circuitous path along the coastline. On one side of the road elegant condos sprouted from the marshy soil, and on the other piles of rocks just off shore held sea lions and gulls.

I left the drive at the Pacific Grove gate and arrived at the western tip of the Monterey Peninsula, not far from Cannery Row. Pacific Grove likes to call itself "Butterflytown U.S.A.," because colonies of orange-and-black monarch butterflies spend the winter there. The

town actually has a statue honoring the butterfly at its Lovers Point, and each October it stages a parade of schoolchildren wearing orange-and-black wings.

Many visitors like to stay in the quieter environment of Pacific Grove and commute to Carmel and Big Sur (it takes only fifteen minutes to drive to Carmel the short way, and an hour to Big Sur). The town's placid reputation dates from the past century, when it was the permanent home of a Methodist temperance retreat, with lights out by 10 P.M. and a strict ban on waltzing. Left over from that time are neat boulevards of Victorian homes near the water. On one of them is the bright yellow Gosby House Inn, built in 1887 by a prosperous boot-



maker. The current owners have recreated the atmosphere of cosseted upper-middle-class respectability with a flurry of ruffles and chintz and a lot of mahogany. There is a cabinet of antique dolls in the dining room and a Victorian clutter of lacy pillows on velvet chairs in the front parlor. Upstairs each room is named instead of numbered, and furnished with its own arrangement of Victorian antiques. Mine, the Robert Louis Stevenson Suite, was the sort of room I had always imagined that Christopher Robin lived in: pale flowered wallpaper and a fireplace with painted nursery tiles, a carved cupboard and a bookcase filled with children's stories, china door-knobs and brass fixtures, a beribboned vase of wildflowers on the mahogany dresser. Downstairs there was sherry,

fruit tart, and tea from a silver tea service in the afternoon. When I went to bed that night I found two chocolates and a small printed card that quoted Thomas Hood: "O bed! o bed! delicious bed/That heaven upon earth to the weary head!" The next morning the dining-room table was laid with a breakfast of homemade granola, quiche, fruit salad, and muffins.

At the Gosby House, too, the conversation always ended up at food. Along with the usual basket of menus, I looked through a looseleaf notebook in which previous guests had written informal reviews of local restaurants. "The Old Bath House was very good, but we arrived a bit tipsy, so anything would have worked," wrote one. "Saturday night we had our first dinner as a married couple at the Tinnery," wrote another. "Be sure to try the Virgin Cappucino."

Late that afternoon I walked down to the Tinnery, an informal spot on the water about five blocks from the Gosby House. Soft jazz was playing in the cool blue interior of the bar, and the dying light streamed through large windows. Melodramatic to the end, I watched the sun go down: orange, blue, and mauve, and then a flash of green. It was surely the Real California I saw, and it was very, very comfortable. □

The Fireside Inn, 6700 Moonstone Beach Drive, Cambria 93428. (805) 927-8661 or toll free (800) 528-1234. Doubles \$40-\$60. All rooms have baths, refrigerators, and coffee-makers. Many rooms have fireplaces; four have spas. AMEX, MC, and VISA accepted.

The Pickford House, 2555 MacLeod Way, Cambria 93428. (805) 927-8619. Doubles \$65-\$90. All rooms have baths. A full breakfast and afternoon drinks with hors d'oeuvres are served. Credit cards accepted with 3 percent surcharge.

The Sandpiper Inn, 2408 Bay View at Martin Way, Carmel 93923. (408) 624-6433. Doubles \$60-\$95. All have private baths. Three rooms have fireplaces. No children under twelve. A Continental breakfast and afternoon sherry are served. VISA and MC accepted.

The Gosby House Inn, 643 Lighthouse Avenue, Pacific Grove 93950. (408) 375-1287. Doubles \$70-\$115. Many rooms have private baths; some have fireplaces. No smoking, and children under twelve discouraged. A generous breakfast and afternoon tea are served. No credit cards.

SPORTS

CUBAN BASEBALL

BY BRUCE BROWN

THE JOKE THAT flying baseballs are the greatest pedestrian hazard in Havana is only partly whimsical. On a stroll from the Havana Riviera to Old Havana last year I counted dozens of pickup baseball games, involving players of all ages, and I was nearly beamed twice. Balls were flying off the trunks of royal palms, onto apartment-house roofs, across moving lanes of traffic, and against the pastel iron gates of old mansions like the one occupied by the Albanian Embassy.

Passionate discussion of *pelota* (which means simply "ball") is an afternoon staple of establishments like the Pelota Café on Havana's 23rd Street, and in the evening the *fanáticos* gather at Havana's 55,000-seat Estadio Latinoamericano to drink thimbles of sweet Cuban coffee and watch the game. Here, on a well-kept natural-grass field with brick-red base paths, Cuban players compete in the top two levels of Cuba's rigorous elimination tournament, the National Series and the Selective Series. Out of the Selective Series comes the Cuban National Team, the apex of Cuban baseball and one of the most successful athletic organizations in modern memory.

During the past twenty years Cuba has dominated world amateur baseball in somewhat the way Taiwan has dominated world Little League baseball and the United States has dominated world professional baseball. The Cuban National Team has won ten World Series of Amateur Baseball and the past four gold medals for baseball at the Pan-American Games. These triumphs have been particularly gratifying for Fidel Castro, whose government has made success in baseball a priority. An opportunity for further gratification will come in July, when the Cuban National Team will appear in the United States for the first time. The Cubans will play a series of exhibition games at the Los Angeles Olympics, from July 31 to August 7.

Bruce Brown is the author of Mountain in the Clouds: A Search for the Wild Salmon (Touchstone/Simon & Schuster).

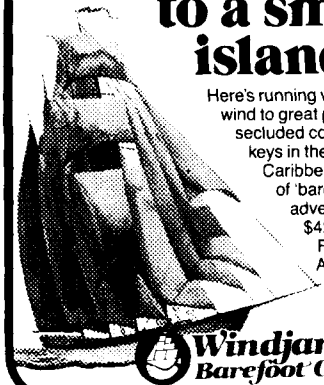
Cuban baseball, whose organized league play began in 1878 (just two years after the birth of the National League, and twenty-two years before the birth of the American League), has always differed from American baseball in several respects, such as racial attitudes. During the sixty years when black baseball players were banned from America's major leagues, blacks and whites competed freely in Cuba. Many of the greatest interracial games of the era took place in Havana, rather than in Yankee Stadium or Fenway Park, pitting Ty Cobb against John Henry Lloyd, and Carl Hubbell against Luis Tiant, Sr. The Cubans proved that the game could be integrated and ultimately played a role in breaking the American "color line" by providing the Brooklyn Dodgers with a place where they could bring Jackie Robinson to spring training in 1947.

More overtly political than the American sport, Cuban baseball has been closely linked with the causes of national independence and revolution since the days of José Martí. Castro has proven particularly adept at using the sport for political ends. The Cuban National Team plays all over the world and has helped Cuban foreign policy in Nicaragua (where it played exhibition games to benefit flood victims) and Japan (where it has helped to cement the relationship that has made Japan one of Cuba's most active trading partners).

Although Americans complain that the Cuban National Team is really a professional squad in amateur disguise, none of the players is paid for his performances in the sport. Instead, all players receive "sports leave" pay at the same rate they get from their off-season jobs as engineers, sports instructors, handy-men, or whatever. Many Cuban baseball stars make less than \$2,000 annually, or one half of one percent of the average New York Yankee's salary. Because of these modest salary levels, every baseball game in Cuba is free.

The Cuban players themselves continually endorse the noncommercial approach engendered by *pelota revolucion-*

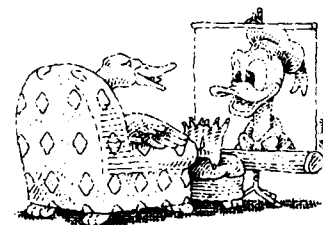
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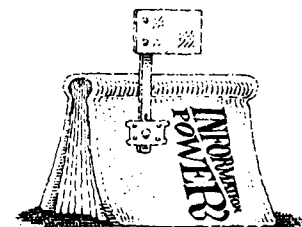
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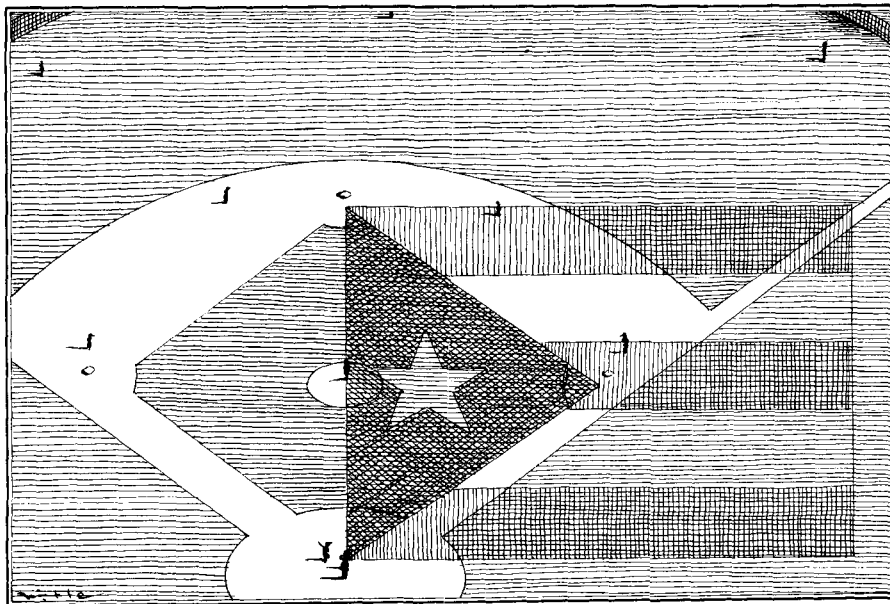
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aria in the Havana sports pages. For instance, after winning virtually every hitting title and leading the Cuban National Team to victory in the 1980 Intercontinental Cup, Pedro José "Chieto" Rodríguez said, "The love of my countrymen means more to me than dollars, and if anyone is dreaming that I would go to the big leagues, they should wake up." Privately, however, some players express dissatisfaction with the Cuban game's financial rewards. Twice in the past five years the Cuban government has expelled players and coaches for gambling and fixing games for money. The second time, in 1982, the Cubans permanently banned nearly two dozen people from the sport.

On the field the Cuban game has a

revolutionary Cuba. The Cubans that American baseball fans remember are members of the last group to arrive on these shores, in the early 1960s: the Twins' Tony Oliva and Zoilo Versalles; Tony Perez, of the Reds; Oriole ace Mike Cuellar; Luis Tiant, of the Red Sox; and Bert Campanaris, of the Oakland A's. During their prime years members of this group won virtually every offensive and defensive award available to major-league players—Rookie of the Year, Golden Glove, Batting Champion, Most Valuable Player, the Cy Young Award—but no one followed them after the Cuban Revolution. Today only Tony Perez remains in the big leagues, and the Cuban presence in American baseball is at its lowest point of the century.



few quirks (aluminum bats are allowed, and the umpire puts strikes before balls when he gives the count), but it closely resembles American baseball in both style and level of accomplishment. American baseball scouts say that the Cubans have developed a number of players who could go directly to the major leagues. The level of play in the Selective Series is AAA or a little lower, but the Cuban National Team is probably on a par with teams currently playing in the American and National Leagues. Preston Gomez, a coach with the California Angels, speculated in 1982 that the Cuban National Team could defeat a major-league team in a short series. "They are very tough to beat, and they have some really first-rate talents."

Few Americans have ever heard of Pedro Jova, Víctor Mesa, Antonio Muñoz, or any of the many other stars of post-

This summer, however, Barbaro Garbey, who is twenty-seven, and who came to the United States in 1980 among the Mariel refugees, became the first Cuban to break into major-league baseball in almost twenty years. A former member of the Cuban National Team, Garbey now figures prominently in the Detroit Tigers' plans as a designated hitter, according to the Tigers' general manager, Bill Lajoie. If Garbey is successful, and if the Cuban National Team plays as well as expected, a new era in baseball relations between Cuba and America seems certain.

CUBAN BASEBALL APPARENTLY WAS born in June of 1866, when an American ship anchored in Matanzas Bay to load sugar. One day the U.S. sailors invited the Cubans to play a game they called baseball. Cubans joke that

the Americans were motivated at least in part by a desire to sell baseball equipment; nonetheless, they helped build a baseball diamond at Palmar del Junco, where the first baseball games in Cuban history were played.

In December of 1874, eight years after the ship had sailed home, Matanzas, known as the "Athens of Cuba," played Havana in the first organized game between Cuban teams. This contest, which Havana won by a score of 51-9, provided a showcase for Cuba's first great baseball figures, Esteban Bellan and Emilio Sabourín. Bellan, a black, had learned the game from students returning to Cuba from college in the United States. He showed such a gift for it that he was able to travel to America himself and play third base for the Troy Haymakers in 1871, the first year of the old National Association, baseball's first professional league.

Although Sabourín played for Havana (and scored eight runs in that 51-9 game), he is remembered today more as a sports potentate and a patriot. He organized Cuba's first professional baseball league in 1878, and ardently promoted the sport throughout the nation. A staunch supporter of Cuban independence as well, Sabourín funneled money he made from baseball into the hands of revolutionaries, among them the poet and journalist José Martí. The Spanish retaliated by banning baseball in some areas and imprisoning Sabourín, who died in the Spanish fortress Castillo del Hacha in 1897.

Following the defeat of the Spanish in what Americans call the Spanish-American War, American big-league baseball teams toured Cuba with increasing frequency, playing clubs composed of American blacks and Cubans of all shades. The Cubans were enthralled with the likes of Ty Cobb and Christy Mathewson, but the gringos also came away with a newfound respect for their opposition—as in 1910, when the American big-league batting champion Ty Cobb was out-hit in Cuba by three American blacks: John Henry Lloyd, Home Run Johnson, and Bruce Petway.

The best Cuban player of this era was Matanzas-born José Méndez, the pitcher whom John McGraw called the "Black Diamond." Although barred from the American big leagues by the color line, Méndez was clearly as good as anyone in the game. Playing against top-flight black Americans on a U.S. tour with the Cuban Stars in 1909, he posted

a record of forty-four victories and two defeats, according to Robert Peterson's *Only the Ball Was White*. In Cuba, where whites and blacks played in the same games, Méndez beat Jack Coombs and Eddie Plank, of the Philadelphia Phillies, and split two games against Christy Mathewson and John McGraw, of the New York Giants. A slight right-hander with a fluid motion, Méndez had a fast-ball that his contemporaries compared to the heat of another slender blade, Smokey Joe Wood.

Light-skinned Cubans began to infiltrate white baseball in America, and soon complaints arose that the racial purity of the American sport was being sullied. In 1911 the Cincinnati Reds had affidavits prepared to "prove" that only Caucasian blood flowed in the veins of Cubans Armando Marsans and Rafael Almeida, who were referred to by the Cincinnati press as "two of the purest bars of Castille soap that ever floated to these shores." A native of Matanzas who had played with Méndez on the Cuban Stars, Marsans hit .317 for the Reds in 1912 and led the first big wave of Cubans into the major leagues. Foremost among this generation were Mike Gonzalez, who became the first Cuban to manage in the big leagues, and Dolf Luque, the "Pride of Havana."

A polished right-hander with a superb down-breaking curve, Luque was the best pitcher in the National League in 1923, when he was 27-8 with a 1.93 ERA for the Cincinnati Reds. Probably his greatest glory in American baseball came a decade later, though, when as a New York Giant he threw four innings of shutout ball against the Washington Senators in the final game of the 1933 World Series. (Mel Ott's eleventh-inning homer won it for the Cuban and his fellow Giants.)

Only one Cuban player exceeded Luque and Gonzalez in popularity prior to the Second World War. This was a black man from Matanzas who may have been the best baseball player of all time. They called him the "Black Babe Ruth" (because he was both a fearsome hitter and an overpowering pitcher) and the "Team Man" (because he could play all nine positions with flourish). His name was Martín Dihigo, and he is the only player honored in the baseball halls of fame of four nations: the United States, Mexico, Cuba, and Venezuela. Dihigo made his professional debut as a sixteen-year-old shortstop in 1923, and by 1926 he had established himself as one of the

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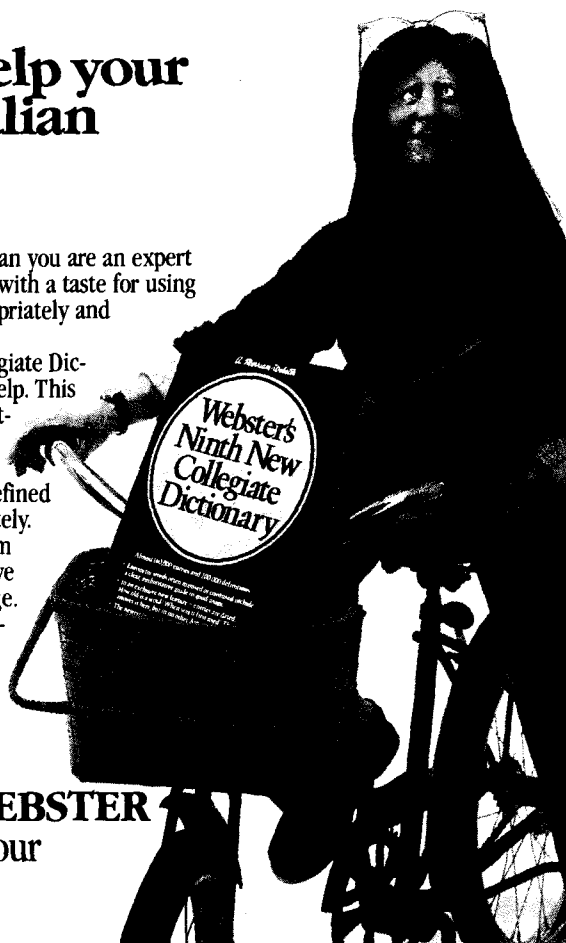
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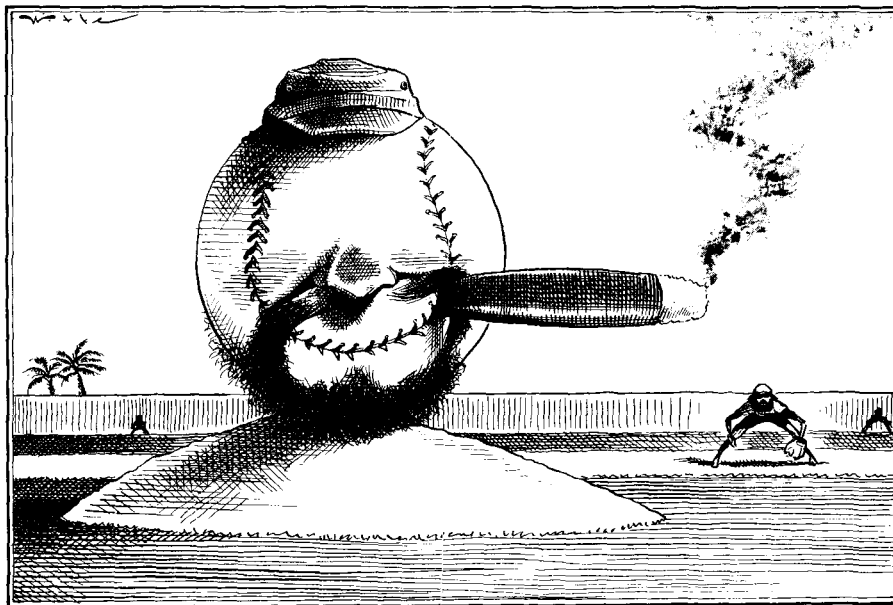
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best pitchers in black baseball, having outdueled Luque 1-0 in a highly publicized game at Almendares Park, near Havana. Over the next twenty years Dihigo wandered from the United States to Mexico, Cuba, and other points. Along the way he led various leagues in home runs, batting average, number of victories, and lowest ERA. Twice he led his league in both hitting and pitching. In 1938 he paced the Mexican League with a .387 batting average, an 18-2 pitching record, and an ERA of 0.90. Not until the very end of Dihigo's playing days was the color line broken, whereupon black ballplayers began to see increases in salary and status.

In the 1940s, when the president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Branch Rickey,



started thinking about bringing a black player to the major leagues, he initially considered the star Cuban shortstop of the day, Silvio García. According to Edsel Casas, the noted Cuban baseball historian, Rickey met with García in Havana in 1945 to explore the possibility of bringing the excellent right-handed hitter to the Dodgers. In the course of the interview, Rickey asked García, "What would you do if a white American slapped your face?" García's response was simple and sincere. "I kill him," he said. García never did make it to the majors, but by the early 1950s a dozen Cubans were playing in the big leagues. This wave included Sandy Amoros and Sandy Consuegra, but the best of the lot was probably Saturnino Orestes Arrieta Armas ("Minnie") Minoso.

Minoso, a black outfielder, got his start playing with a team called the Am-

brosias in Matanzas, and played primarily for the Chicago White Sox and the Cleveland Indians. He was an extremely fleet fielder (for example, he saved the 1957 All-Star game with an outstanding catch of a line drive by Gil Hodges in the ninth) and one of the best hitters of his era (an eight-time .300 hitter, he led the American League in hits, doubles, triples, and stolen bases at various times from 1951 to 1960). Minoso's quick-starting, hard-sliding style was as distinctive as a signature. Once, years after he left Matanzas, Minoso returned and played unannounced. Nobody noticed him at first, but the second time he came up to bat, the people in the stands stood up shouting, "Orestes, take off your mask."

During the early 1950s, while Cuba and the United States were drawing closer than ever before in baseball (as in virtually every other aspect of society), and while Minoso was burning up the American League, another famous black ballplayer from Matanzas was settling into a much less grand existence in Mexico. A political exile from the right-wing dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista, Dihigo was by now well past forty. His playing days were over, but as it turned out, he had not yet had his greatest impact on Cuban baseball. In 1952 (a year when Minoso led the American League in stolen bases) Dihigo met someone whom he would later describe as a "smiling young man in a Prussian-blue suit" at a restaurant in Mexico City. It was Ernesto "Che" Guevara. Subsequently Dihigo gave modest financial support to the *Granma* expedition,

which launched Fidel Castro's overthrow of Batista.

Castro himself pitched with some distinction at the University of Havana during the late 1940s, and frequently attended baseball games at the stadium in Havana. Not surprisingly, he showed enthusiasm for baseball from the very first days of his rule, pledging to underwrite the debts of the Havana Sugar Kings in 1959. With the Sugar Kings perched at the top of the International League standings (on their way to an eventual victory in the Little World Series), Castro made it clear that he wanted this capitalist enterprise to continue, "even if I have to pitch."

On July 24, 1959, he did pitch for Los Barbudos ("The Bearded Ones") in an exhibition contest prior to a Sugar Kings-Rochester Red Wings game attended by 26,532 fans, the largest crowd of the year for the International League. *The Sporting News* reported that Castro pitched one inning and struck out two, partly with the aid of the umpire. "When the arbiter called the batter out on a high, inside pitch, Castro dashed to the plate and shook hands with the ump."

The honeymoon lasted less than a year. Midway through the 1960 season relations between Cuba and the United States ruptured; the International League removed the Havana Sugar Kings to Jersey City, and Cuba was deprived of its best young ballplayers (who departed with the Sugar Kings and quickly graduated to the American big leagues). It was also without a source of new baseball equipment (the U.S. embargo that year cut off access to most foreign goods) and without an established alternative to professional baseball.

With surprising speed, however, the Cubans learned to make respectable baseballs, bats, gloves, and shoes, under the government brand Batos, which takes its name from a ball game that Cuban Indians played well before Christopher Columbus discovered the island. The Cubans also organized an interlocking system of amateur baseball leagues for all levels from grade school youths to the best adult players in the country. Martín Dihigo returned from Mexico to teach baseball in Matanzas, and national standards were established for the technical aspects of the game.

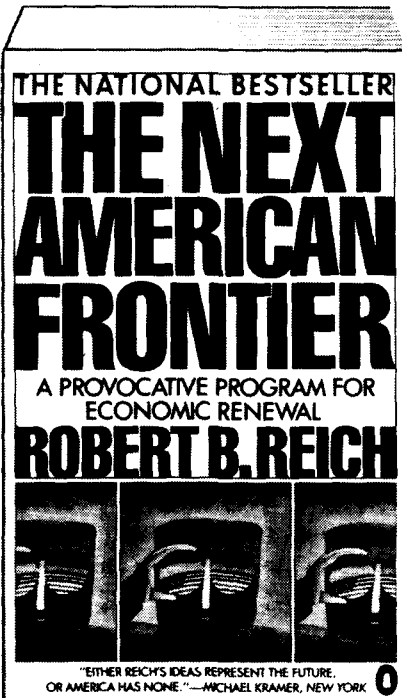
BY 1963 THE CUBANS had things well enough in hand to upset the U.S. amateur team at the Pan-American Games. John Curtis, the California An-

gels left-hander, who pitched against the Cubans at the 1967 Pan-American Games, recalls the Cuban National Team of this period well. "They were without a doubt the best talent I ever saw at the amateur level," Curtis says. "There wasn't any big difference in their style of play—the big difference was that they were a much more talented club. They could hit, hit and run, steal, and execute all the fundamentals very well. If I had to type them, I'd say they were a team of good fastball hitters and very good curve-ball pitchers." Before the first Cuban-American contest at the 1967 Pan-American Games the Cuban players came over to the American dug-out and gave their opponents small gifts of friendship. "It was a nice gesture, and I remember it caught us kind of flat-footed since we didn't have anything to give them back," says Curtis, who was also surprised that the Canadian crowds (the games were played in Edmonton that year) "were cheering the Cubans, not the Americans."

Rising to the occasion, Curtis and Ray Blosse each beat the Cubans once that year, and the American amateurs took the title. Larry Gura also beat them once the next year, but the Cubans regrouped and defeated the United States at the 1969 World Series of Amateur Baseball. At the next World Series of Amateur Baseball Burt Hooton started off by pitching a no-hitter against the Cubans. As fate would have it, the Cubans met Hooton and the Americans once more. This time the Cuban ace José Huelga matched zeros with Hooton, and the Cubans finally won the game in extra innings by a score of 3-1. Afterward Castro called Hooton "the best pitcher the U.S. ever sent into a competition of this sort." Hooton may also have been the best that the United States was to send for years to come: his 1970 no-hitter was the last major American victory over the Cubans during the 1970s.

Just how good the Cuban National Team was during this period is difficult to determine, since it was never able to play an American major-league team. But one clue is that the year after losing his famous duel with the Cuban National Team, Burt Hooton was unbeaten in the majors, posting a 2-0 record with a 2.14 ERA and 22 strikeouts in 21 innings of pitching for the Chicago Cubs. Preston Gomez, a Cuban who managed the Sugar Kings and three major-league teams, says of the Cuban National Team: "The caliber of play is superior to

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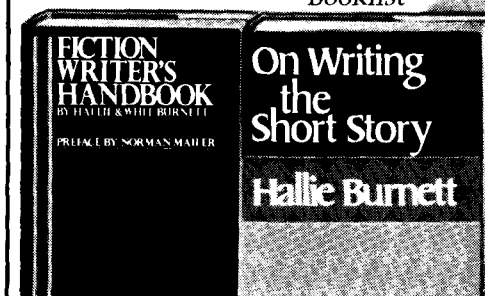
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TOM VICTOR

This man is telling us what other men don't tell women. He is **Roy Blount, Jr.**, who has made a name for himself as one of the great madcap writers in America. (See page 42 of this issue.)

Not long ago he accompanied the governor of Louisiana to Versailles; he visited the Junior League in Richmond; he confessed to the folks on the *Prairie Home Companion* radio show in St. Paul; he revealed much on the *Today* show; and now in his new (and fourth) book he finally tells his secrets to readers of every sex.

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LITTLE, BROWN

the minor leagues, and can probably be compared to some major-league teams. One on one, I think the Cubans could beat you any day in an exhibition game. They might also do well in a short series, but a 162-game season might be another story."

THE CURRENT Cuban-baseball lineup features Pedro Jova (an infielder whom Rod Dedeaux, the U.S. Olympic baseball coach, has compared to Ozzie Smith, of the Cardinals), Víctor Mesa (called by fans "the Orange Explosion," and perhaps the most gifted of the Cuban outfielders), Antonio Muñoz (the huge first baseman, who has hit more homers in Cuba than anyone else since the Revolution), Rogelio García (a right-handed power pitcher who has led the league in strikeouts seven times), Braudilio Vinent (another right-hander, whom many consider Cuba's best since the Revolution, owing to a career record of 118-52 with a 2.03 ERA), Wilfredo Sánchez (who has a sixteen-year batting average of .332, or one point better than Rod Carew's average over the same period), and Luis Casanova (an outfielder with home-run power who hits .325). Crowding around the experienced core are a host of talented young players like relief ace Lázaro de la Torre, Agustín Arias, Lázaro Junco, Amado Zamora, Ramón Otamendi, Pablo Bejerano, and Omar Linares (who played second base in the National Series at the age of fourteen). If the team has any weaknesses these are probably pitching and—surprisingly—base running.

Drugs do not appear to be as much of a problem as they are in the United States, but gambling is perhaps more of one. In the late 1970s the Cuban authorities permanently banned several players for accepting bribes to fix games in internal Cuban play. One of the players was Barbaro Garbey, who had been the young designated hitter on the 1976 Cuban National Team. On March 20, 1982, *Granma* reported that seventeen additional top players and coaches had been banned from the game and their names expunged from the records, and that their actions were liable to prosecution under anti-gambling statutes. A Reuters account described a network of "bankers, bookies, and middlemen" operating inside Cuban baseball. Subsequent testimony by Garbey has implicated at least one Cuban manager in gambling schemes, although Cuban officials deny this.

Garbey was signed by the Detroit Tigers in 1980, within days of his arrival at a detention camp for Cuban refugees. He batted .364 in his first season in professional baseball. In 1981, playing for Birmingham, he was hit in the face by a pitch, and was in the hospital for a week. In 1982 he made the Southern League All-Star Team, and last year he starred for Detroit's AAA farm club, the Evansville Triplets, and seemed by early summer a likely candidate for promotion to the majors. In July, however, the *Miami Herald* revealed that Garbey had fixed games in Cuba. The source for the story was Garbey himself, who said of the run-shaving bribes that he had accepted as a teenager, "I know I did right, because I had to [do it to feed my family]. A lot of people say it was wrong. I still say it was right."

Six days later the president of the American Association, John H. Johnson, commended Garbey for his "candor and openness" concerning his experiences in Cuba, but added, regretfully, that he was placing Garbey on probation for the remainder of the year. This, of course, meant that the Tigers could not call him up in 1983.

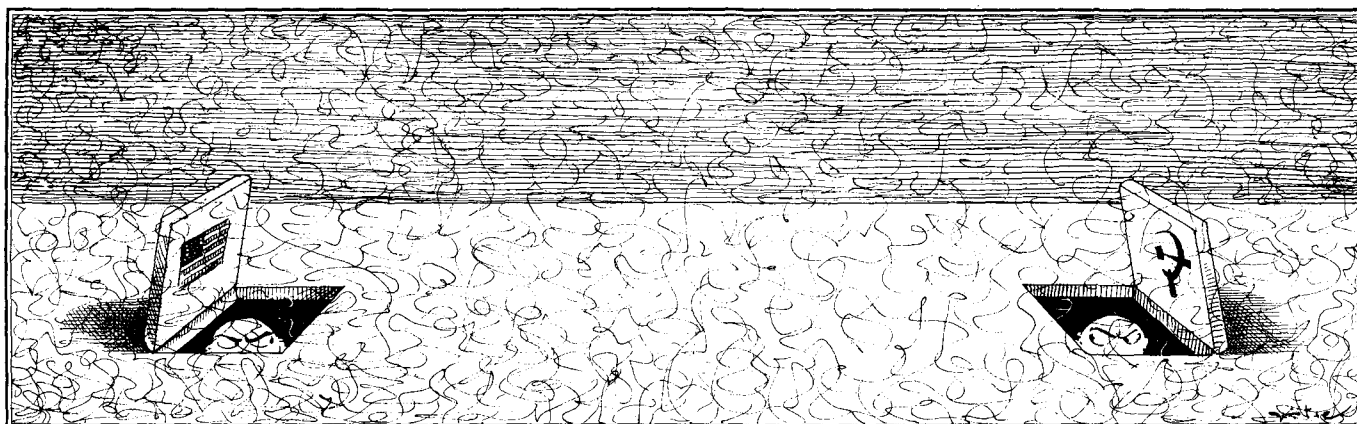
Garbey continued to play well (he ended up with a .321 average), but he was temporarily suspended on July 25 after an incident that seemed to reflect his growing frustration with the turn of events: allegedly, he hit a fan of a rival club across the back with a bat.

Garbey was buoyed by his selection by *The Sporting News* as one of the top six American League rookie prospects for 1984. Despite the tension between his spotted past and major-league baseball's passion for propriety, this could be his year.

This could also be a year of triumph for the Cuban National Team, which comes to Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles seeded *numero uno* among the world's amateur baseball teams.

Regardless of the outcome of the Olympics, however, the Cuban team's games in this country offer an opportunity to glimpse intimate aspects of their national character, in all its complexity and contradictions. Although both the United States and Cuba might prefer to present the sport as an unalloyed endorsement of their respective systems, baseball is too true a receptacle of human emotion to lend itself to such politization: the truth will out, like the ball trickling away from a catcher and a base runner tangled in the dust at home plate. □

BOOKS



FORTRESS AMERICA

BY THOMAS POWERS

THE DAY AFTER WORLD WAR III

by Edward Zuckerman.

Viking, \$18.95.

BACK IN THE mid-1970s, when ordinary Americans still thought that arms control and détente were the order of the day, high officials of the national-security community gathered on many occasions to listen to ninety minutes of highly classified bad news delivered by the chief of Air Force Intelligence, General George Keegan, in what came to be known as “the Red Fortress briefing.” Along with jazz, briefings constitute one of the two important new art forms of the twentieth century. Great Briefings will eventually be collected and studied with the same amazed respect we accord the works of the Greek orators—the speeches of, say, Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon, which also warned that the barbarians were at the gates. If there is any justice in this world, Keegan’s account of Soviet civil-defense programs will be high in the classic canon of Great Briefings. Officials who heard it say it was an awesome performance—a slow and relentless accumulation of details about ambitious Soviet protective measures that could have only one possible purpose: to help the USSR survive, and thereby win, an all-out nuclear war.

Thomas Powers, a contributing editor of The Atlantic, is the author of Thinking About the Next War.

Prominent on the list of scary particulars were deep, blast-hardened shelters for Kremlin leaders. First a gigantic hole was dug in the ground. In it was placed a steel sphere perhaps a hundred meters in diameter. Water, food, and electrical generators with ample fuel made it self-contained. Air ducts with filtration systems connected it to the surface. A series of heavy blast doors protected the entrance shaft. The whole thing was supported by huge steel-spring shock absorbers buried deep in a cushion of coarse gravel of the sort used for building highway roadbeds, covered by an immense concrete slab, and finally covered by perhaps thirty feet of earth. Thus protected, arguably the shelter could withstand up to 1,000 pounds of atmospheric overpressure per square inch from a nearby nuclear explosion. An ordinary brick house, by way of comparison, could be demolished by five pounds of overpressure. At least seventy-five such shelters had been identified within the Moscow ring road, enough to offer refuge to thousands of Soviet leaders. The Soviet civil-defense effort also included food- and fuel-stockpiling programs, city-evacuation plans, preparations to protect critical machine tools, and public education that reached out into every war-critical corner of Soviet society. It was a vast range of expensive efforts, on a scale never dreamed of in the United States—a Red Fortress, in short, ready for nuclear war.

The general public never heard much about the Red Fortress briefing, but it added to General Keegan’s fame as a formidable briefer in national-security circles and contributed to the great tide of alarming reports about Russian military efforts which rose up by the end of the

1970s to sweep away the SALT II treaty, the remnants of détente, and the complacent official confidence that everybody—Russians, too—understands that there is *no way* you can win a nuclear war.

Well, right now, this minute, I suspect, some Russian colonel in military intelligence with a good command of English is working up a “Fortress America” briefing with a copy of Edward Zuckerman’s *The Day After World War III* at his right hand. The United States is getting ready to survive a nuclear war, too. Congress has been parsimonious, but the planners have done what they could with limited funds, and Zuckerman lays it all out in fascinating, relentless detail—the massive shelters and underground command posts; the 122 stockpiles of sixty-one different metals and other strategic materials; the city-evacuation plans; the Federal Emergency Plan D and “Other Than D” documents to help the President control inflation and keep the economy rolling beginning on Day One after the shooting starts; the computerized “before” list of everything of substantive, practical value in the United States, to aid in damage assessment; the warning networks; the boilerplate news stories telling citizens how to dig in, ready for emergency delivery to newspapers around the country in the event that a crisis threatens war; the mechanisms to keep track of the President and his sixteen designated successors to ensure that there will always be a National Command Authority ready to shoot back.

The mills of government grind exceedingly small. It seems that every last federal office, many state governments, and some of the bigger private corporations have all been getting ready, if only

Back, by popular demand.

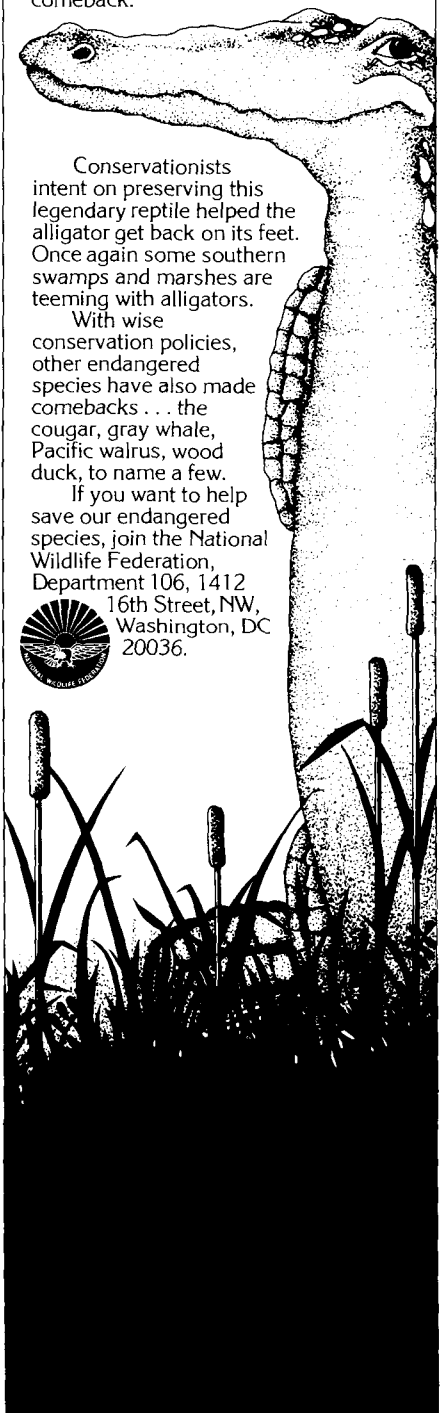
Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

Now alligators have made a comeback.

Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks . . . the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.



on paper, to fight the war. It's hard to imagine a Russian colonel's reading this long account of American war planning without an uneasiness that the alarmists in the Kremlin must be right: the United States believes it can fight and survive a nuclear war. The evidence is right there. The Americans may attempt to explain it away, but what they are *doing* is getting ready, and if the officials quoted by Zuckerman can be taken at their word, they don't think they're wasting their time or the country's money: these programs are going to work.

But there is one thing in Zuckerman's exhaustive book that the Russian colonel is probably going to miss—its tone. Zuckerman is an able writer with a capacity for literary discipline. He has chosen to let the facts speak for themselves. His voice is calm, exact, friendly, fair, and sometimes gently amused. He does not rant, hector, or nit-pick. He does not fall off his chair hooting at some of the solemn proposals bureaucrats have conjured up for dealing with a calamity on the order of a new Ice Age.

THIS IS NOT the place to rehearse all the awful things that might happen in a serious nuclear war. Both sides have got more weapons than assets. It used to be joked in Washington that the ideal nuke could be dropped on the men's room in the Kremlin. This is a joke no longer. The men in the blast-hardened shelters when war begins will die there. Nothing in a known location on or near the surface of the earth can be considered safe. But the civil-defense planners won't give up. They insist that their proposals are practical and effective. We might argue at length about each one. Indeed, there is a vast literature that does argue the particulars in bookkeepers' detail. Lacking funds for hardware, the planners have spent much of what they could get on research. Evidently there are rooms full of the stuff. But common sense tells you the plans just aren't up to the challenge. It's as if the government really did anticipate a new Ice Age, and the men entrusted to prepare for it began telling us to buy snow tires, lay in an extra cord of wood, draw inspiration from the Eskimos, mend our sweaters, keep a two-week supply of canned goods in the larder, and above all remember that—bad as it might be—the ice was sure to retreat again after a thousand years.

Zuckerman might have indulged himself in much savage humor at the ex-

pense of the planners who can't help treating nuclear war like an extended bout of foul weather. At times the temptation must have been excruciating. But the planners at the Federal Emergency Management Agency are doing their best; they deserve honor, too. Zuckerman has been content simply to describe their plans and the nutty circular reasoning on which they're based. Civil defense is deterrence by another name. If we fail to come up with crisis relocation plans to match those of the Russians, FEMA says, then the Russians might think they have an edge—thus making war more likely. "So, if we had crisis relocation plans, we would never need to use them," Zuckerman writes, paraphrasing an argument he must have listened to many times. "We would only need them if we didn't have them. And we didn't have them. So we needed them." This breathtaking formula is at the heart of American defense policy. It explains everything—weapons enough to threaten the planet, and civil-defense measures to escape the threat.

The Day After World War III is interesting, frequently hilarious in a macabre way, and full of solid instruction on the history of our current impasse. Many books have been published on the subject of nuclear weapons in recent years, but very few as good as this one, or as troubling, or as fair. I am sure many readers will find themselves thinking, to their own amazement, that some of FEMA's ideas aren't so crazy after all. But ultimately this is a sobering book, and a sad one, too. Civil-defense planning is not crazy; it is a sign of despair. It is what we do because we have given up hope that we can ever work things out with the Russians. Maybe mended sweaters will keep us warmer in the new Ice Age, but so what? Maybe evacuation plans and fallout shelters will save the lives of millions for a couple of weeks, but what will they eat thereafter? Where will they lay their heads during the long ordeal of recovery? Who will tend their wounds and minister to their grief? How will they live with the awful knowledge that the Russians are recovering, too, and that one of the things both sides have put at the top of the list is recovery of the ability to wage general nuclear war? Zuckerman need not hammer at his message. We get the point. The civil-defense planners, like the warriors and the diplomats, have not found it in themselves to admit that we have created a problem bigger than our solutions. □

CITY OF THE WIMPS

BY RHODA KOENIG

THE REAL WORLD

by Christopher Knowlton. Atheneum, \$15.95.

SUMMER IN THE CITY

by Mark Stevens. Random House, \$16.95.

IT WAS GONNA BE LIKE PARIS

by Emily Listfield. Doubleday, \$7.95.

THE CITY IN THE MIST

by George W. S. Trow. Little, Brown, \$15.95.

EVERYTHING WE WANTED

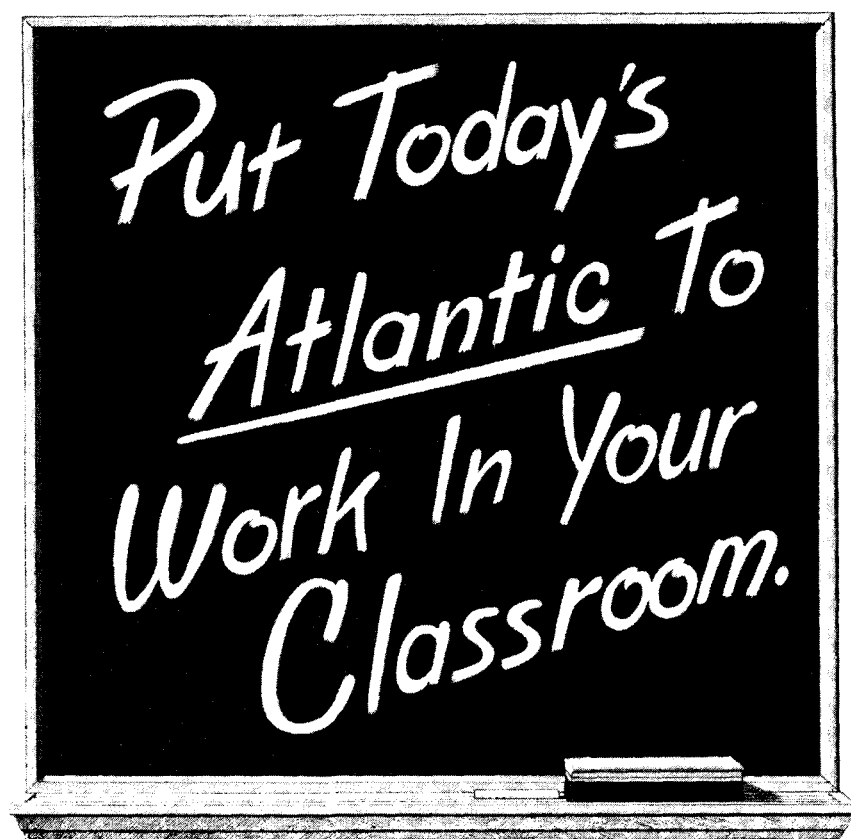
by Lindsay Maracotta. Crown, \$14.95.

ELBOWING THE SEDUCER

by T. Gertler. Random House, \$16.95.

AT THE BEGINNING of Mark Stevens's *Summer in the City* Kelly Martin steps out of Penn Station and looks around. "She stared straight ahead for a full minute, as a person might stare at a former lover. Then she glanced at the early sun winking against the buildings. She looked down the canyon of Thirty-Second Street, breathed in the sweet and sour air, listened to the tramp of feet. The great gray city—her great gray city." You might think nothing had changed for the past fifty years—the spunky, romantic innocent from the West (a role for Jean Arthur or Ginger Rogers) arriving confidently in New York, New York, that helluva town, to a brisk arpeggio of taxi horns and whistles and "Why'n'cha-look-where-ya-goin'?"s. Well, you would be as right as most people are who think nothing changes in fifty years. Once in Manhattan poor Kelly, as well as the characters in several other new novels about New York, will be turned down, pushed round, flattened out, and hung out to dry. Sorrow, like a ceaseless rain, beats against their hearts, in one form or another ("Depression, like a heavy black cloth, began to wrap itself around her, muffling all her senses"—*Everything We Wanted*). Jobs demand too much work for too little reward; living quarters are tiny, dear, and hotly competed for (in *The City in the Mist* one woman's landlord commits arson to drive her out of her rent-controlled apartment). Try to save

Rhoda Koenig is a senior editor of New York magazine.



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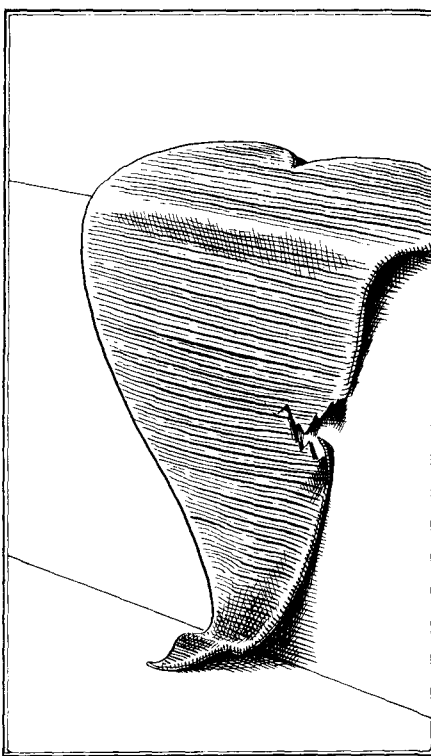
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money by living way downtown, like the heroines of *It Was Gonna Be Like Paris* and *Elbowing the Seducer*, and you'll be kept awake nights by the mice playing football in the bedroom. And the men—dear *God*, the men! No craggy-browed artists or dynamic businessmen or sensitive millionaires here—only demanding junkies, boneless fashion plates, brutal graphic designers, and rabbity corporate cogs. In *two* of these novels a girl distraught at her escort's boorish behavior in Elaine's abandons him and flees into the night. In a third the girl rises from a difficult lunch at the Oyster Bar to flee into the afternoon. Pickings are so slim that women clutch at the first man who shows up to take them away from all this. Dina, in *Elbowing the Seducer*, asks the fireman who rescues her from a burning building to marry her; Diane, in *The Real World*, proposes to the paramedic who shows up when she overdoses on speed. Another character in *The Real World* when asked "How's life?" sums up the situation: "Oh, it's the life of your average working girl. A month ago my apartment was burglarized. Now they're fixing a water main in my building and I've been without running water for three days. . . . Otherwise life is wonderful. Every man I meet is either ancient or gay." The message is clear: Girls of Iowa and Omaha, you don't know how good you have it. Keep yourselves down on the farm! Save that train fare!

On a tour of a plant where jet engines are tested in *The Real World* a guide shows Caleb Sparrow a photograph of an advanced model. "This one took two hundred pounds of gravel, forty chickens, a stepladder, and one test engineer—poor bastard—who stepped too close. It still got off the ground." Like the engineer, Caleb is sucked in and chewed up by a corporate machine; he's numbed out by the cynicism and accommodating anomie of his fellow workers. "Doesn't it scare you," he asks a friend at the management-consulting firm where they work, "that you may live here and do pretty much what we do today until the day you retire, and the only difference will be you eat in better restaurants?" "I don't let myself ask those questions" is the sensible reply. "How did a non-qualified stock option differ from a qualified one?" Caleb wonders, staggering through a blizzard of foreign terms without a phrase book. "How did a stock option differ from a stock appreciation right? . . . Were these numbers

projected or actual? What was he supposed to be doing with them?" He is similarly mystified in the romance department: "Nobody had ever explained to him how to go about getting a woman to fall in love. He could impress her with his kindness, but that might be considered calculating; he could be macho, but that was superficial or, worse, threatening. He could . . ."—but you get the idea. When Caleb takes a female consultant home, she removes her blouse, asks him to rub her back, and falls asleep. When he takes her birdwatching in Central Park, she suggests a race and runs out of sight.

As you can see, Caleb, the "West-



chester Wasp" (I picture him as a smaller and more passive Dick Cavett), is what we Manhattan Jews call "such a schlep." Successful novels have been written around bewildered, frustrated young men, but Christopher Knowlton never contrasts Caleb's flutterings with the mad, bold flights of anyone else (his roommate is vulgar but uninteresting) or with any repressed passions; Caleb never becomes even a poignant schlep or an adorable schlep. Like its wispy hero, *The Real World* noodles along in second gear—here an executive seminar, there an evening out with the old man—and never gets anywhere (the novel is written in the third person, but since Caleb is on every page, it reads like a diary with "he" substituted for "I"—claustrophobia without intimacy). Poor Caleb. You feel that if someone gave him a learn-French-at-home record and explained how to go about masturbating, he'd never be lonely. I wish Knowlton had been able to invest this creature with some idiosyncrasy or grace, but if *The Real World* is feeble, it is, in its modest way, realistic. Caleb Sparrows exist all over the metropolis, nesting with unsanitary roommates, staring and poking uncomprehendingly at girls. Knowlton's writing is brisk and light, and every now and then he gets off a line that works well both in context and alone ("Talking to Amy reminded Caleb of the junior lifesaving exam where you had to swim dragging a limp body back and forth the length of the pool").

WHICH IS MORE than *Summer in the City* has going for it. After leaving Penn Station in the book's flamboyantly dopey first chapter Kelly Martin heads east: "She passed two men and shivered gently, having met the eyes of one. She liked him because he seemed to look at her, to talk to his friend, and to think of some third thing, all at the same time. He might have been a little firmer, she thought [what *is* she thinking?], not so steeped in the easy ennui of those who read French novels on rainy afternoons in college. But he had what she most wanted in men: he provoked the right curiosity, the kind not easily exhausted." Unfortunately Kelly's first-rate intuition, which can suss out in two seconds whether a passing stranger's ennui is easy or hard-won, deserts her when she picks out men to be involved with—the overpoweringly boring Billy Bell and his negligible friend Jennings White. Though Billy is the handsome host of a popular local talk show, he is quite shy ("What do you think, should I take her out?" he asks his friend) and quite vulnerable; after Kelly gives him the air, he takes a day off so he can stay home and sulk. Kelly decides not to go to bed with Jennings either ("It's because of me, not you. It's something about the way you are too, maybe"), so he trails her through the streets ("Distance let him nurture his desire, a strange fresh desire that was not narrowly focused, but more like an erotic apprehension of the world at large"). All three spend most of their time looking at their reflections, imagining their minds floating off to the other side of the room to watch their bodies, and repeatedly analyzing one another's behavior. They do not have a lot to work

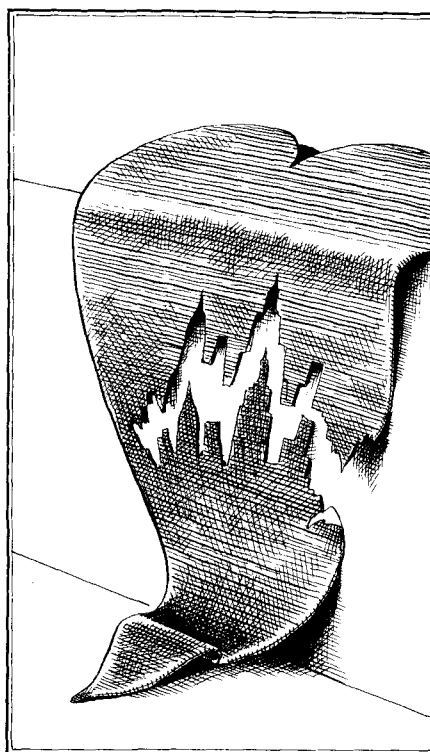
with, since it's hard to do very much if you walk around holding a mirror in front of your eyes and a thermometer between your buttocks. Turgid, long-winded, and static, *Summer in the City* evokes that time of the year in New York all too well—reading it is like dragging yourself through a sauna with a cat sitting on your face. There is one other character in this overheated and underpopulated city (just about everyone seems to have taken off for the season): Penelope, a smug, fatuous artiste who *potchkes* in as many media as she can find—photographing the Empire State Building every day at noon for a year (“a sculpture in and of time”), giving a public reading from her diary, *Heart Murmurs*. Mark Stevens, an art critic at *Newsweek*, is obviously fed to the teeth with New York's plenitude of Penelopes, weaving and reweaving the rich tapestry of their lives, as Christopher Lehmann-Haupt would say, and his irritation sparks some good lines at her expense—Penelope explains “her disappointment in the American political system, as personified by a friend” and is on her wedding day “a picture of radiant angst.” But Stevens is much more eager to show us his contempt for Penelope than to make her plausible or entertaining. Instead of being amused at her pretensions we wonder why anyone, even in trend-sniffing Manhattan, would put up with her for five minutes.

Angst illuminates all the characters in Emily Listfield's *It Was Gonna Be Like Paris*, a novel whose title gives fair warning of the whiny glumness inside (“See, it was gonna be like this. There were gonna be painters and writers and musicians and dancers and actors and we were all gonna be special and charmed and we would meet each other and inspire each other and admire each other and work together and work apart and we would help each other and we would all be interesting and interested and we would all be talented and kind and it was all gonna be special and charmed”). As you would expect, a narrator who could compose a sentence like that isn't gonna be one of the writers in this lower East Side Montmartre. Sara, who has a rather troublesome drug addict named Brett(!) for a boyfriend, is a painter who pays the rent by putting on a waitress's hat and serving Russian Constructivist omelets.

It Was Gonna Be Like Paris is not a continuous narrative but an impressionist canvas of tiny, isolated scenes—Sara chatting with a girlfriend or battling with

Brett or mooning over one thing or another. It's a novel of pouts and sighs and whispers, its dialogue shorn of quotation marks (for that spare, understated look). If you hauled it into literary surrogate's court, it could plead “undue influence of Renata Adler.”

George W. S. Trow, the author of *The City in the Mist*, doesn't just portray a lot of people sitting around sucking their thumbs; his novel covers a century in the lives of two wealthy families and their hangers-on—a gangster, a socialite, a gossip columnist, a gigolo. But if his canvas is broader, it's still pale and patchy. *City* is written in a bizarre, owlish style that teeters somewhere between



Diana Vreeland and Gertrude Stein. What, for instance, is anyone not supplied with controlled substances supposed to make of passages like this one (italics Trow's)?: “She continued to watch him. He *touched* things. He picked things up and put them down again, moving, moving. *They will think he is stealing*, Victoria thought. But no one noticed him, because a change had come over the room. It had *parted*. A man entered who represented *the work of the moment*.” The characters have as little to do with one another as the chapters, which read like self-contained profiles or particularly ineffable “Talk of the Town” pieces (Trow is a longtime *New Yorker* writer). Two chapters rise above the general murk. In one the society-

and-violent-crime reporter of an unattractive newspaper not unlike the *New York Post* takes a girl with a shaven head into the ladies' room to interview her about rabbit killers; this has some nicely funky and sinister atmosphere. In the other, two people at a dinner party conspire to turn a grande dame against her niece (“I don't think of you and Moo Moo in the same breath at all, you see, because while *naturally* you and Henry are about everywhere, I always think of Moo Moo as being more *suburban*”); here some action that has a consequence is taking place. But for the most part *City in the Mist* is inhabited by hothouse plants—fragile flowers that communicate by waving their pale tendrils at one another.

EVERY NOVEL OF career girls in New York has for its paradigm Rona Jaffe's fabulous classic, *The Best of Everything*. Lindsay Maracotta's *Everything We Wanted* echoes the title and theme—three young women looking for love—of Jaffe's 1958 best-seller, but, boy, have times changed. In Jaffe's book a secretary loves her boyfriend so much that she *loses her virginity*; another, more disciplined, remains chaste throughout a two-year engagement; and one girl says she'll confess the number of boys she's slept with if her friend will—she says each should put a hand behind her back and then “show each other how many fingers.” Well, in *Everything We Wanted* the career women would have to hold up both hands and kick off their shoes. Though Jaffe's girls gave their all for profound, tremulous, passionate love, Maracotta's hit the hay out of boredom, loneliness, charity, or etiquette. (Some of this novel takes place in other cities—one woman spends some time in Chicago, where people get married, and then travels to San Francisco, so that she can meet a homosexual—but the, er, sensibility is very New York.) Andrea, browbeaten into independence by her consciousness-raising group, has a miserable career as a lawyer and an unpleasant social life (“Sex, she thought. That's what caused all the trouble. Do it, do it, do it. Well, she had done it, and it had brought her precious little besides pain, humiliation, and grief”). Kate sticks with a boring job, a contemptuous boss, and a sadistic boyfriend (“You get this, baby. I've got a date coming by tonight and if I catch you lurking around spying and bothering us, you're going to be in big trouble”). Jean, after losing her lover/

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Everything We Wanted, like many a low-brow novel, has much more of the details and texture of daily life than some more ambitious books. However, the characters are presented very superficially—they're not so much a novelist's creations as representatives of life-styles of the seventies, victims of free sex and feminism. Maracotta's girls are the female equivalent of wimps—earnest, dull crybabies and pushovers. Even in a period of sexual confusion, rapaciousness, and bad manners, must heroines be such slaves to fashion? Jane and Elizabeth Bennet, after all, who could not inherit their father's property, and could pursue no career but marriage, are not nearly so man-hungry as Andrea, Kate, and Jean.

WHEN THE MEN are wimps, the artists weird, and the economic climate chilly, what's a girl to do? Dina Leitman's answer is: Drift like crazy. Leitman the *Luftmensch* is the imperiled heroine of *Elbowing the Seducer* (like her author, T. Gertler, she is a writer who signs her work with her last name and first initial), wafting from bed to bed in the middle-level literary community of New York (her boyfriends are a critic, a one-book novelist, and the editor of a good little magazine), where everybody rushes home to turn his last sex experience into semi-fiction. The critic tells her she's writing "an odd first novel—there's not too much sentimentality about it." There isn't much in Gertler's, either; nor—even more surprising for any novel of this sort—is there narcissism or rancor or self-pity. *Elbowing* is a high-flying but tautly controlled book, one that views its characters with an ironic but by no means unfriendly eye. There's the patient, imperturbable rationalist Newman Sykes, who, when Dina asks, "If the Nazis come back, will you hide me?" says, "The Nazis can't come back . . . they've never been here." And Howard Ritchie, who keeps trying to follow his rules about not sleeping with his wife's friends or with women from the office: "Howard preferred literate sex. Of course, if that wasn't available, he'd take anything."

Dina is on the run from her husband, Larry, a dippy blond artist who ties up his hair with rawhide thongs, calls her "little one," and points out the sunset,

saying, "I got it for you." Even though Dina is from California, this gets on her nerves, especially since Larry gives her a lot of sunsets but very little to wear or eat. When Howard admires her stories and Newman her body, she floats into bed with them, avid for experience, sensation, material (Dina is single-minded enough to take notes on her emotions while trapped in a burning building). Gertler succeeds remarkably well at not making her heroine into a helpless ninny; though she goes with the flow, her little hamster-wheel of a brain is spinning at full tilt, not missing a thing. And the men, though opportunistic, are not out-and-out creeps, just disappointed suitors of the muse, trying to scabble through life as best they can. If Gertler is pitiless about Howard's shabby sexual ethics, she gives him his due in an area where he does stick to his rules. He gets to star in a glorious confrontation with a publicist for the "endangered writers" of totalitarian countries. When the woman proudly tells him of a poet released from a South African prison and now teaching in Utah, Howard can't help thinking that it doesn't sound like an improvement. And when she insists, "You can't . . . pursue some pure literary goal as if there were no . . . repressive governments bearing down on dissent," he says, "Why not? That's what the endangered writers do."

Perhaps the greatest pleasure of *Elbowing* is Gertler's sly little jokes. The college where Dina works briefly, for instance, urges the students to take Remedial Basic English I as a prelude to Remedial Basic English II. And when she clerks in a bookstore, an elderly customer doesn't know whether to look for Chagall under Art or Judaica. Gertler can also move her characters around without our hearing the creak of stage machinery, and she will swoop right into the middle of a scene, making it clear from the dialogue alone who we're listening to—as sure a test as any of well-defined characters.

Sentiment may have been given the boot, but *Elbowing* does have some of the other flaws of a first novel. There are a few too many pages at the beginning and end, and a couple of stretched-out and unnecessary metaphors ("Tin cans strung to the tail of the thought clamored at him"). Sex is usually as much of a problem for writers as it is for people; again as in real life, the fantasies work out best. Gertler is hilarious when she describes a couple in bed as an art

lover touring a museum or as an air-traffic controller talking to a stewardess in a plane where the pilot, copilot, and navigator have all dropped dead, in "a first instance of a contagious high-cholesterol count" ("He says with calm authority, 'Forget you're scared. . . . I'll be with you every step of the way. You're going to land this baby, baby"). The realistic episodes, with icily clear pictures of the disposition of limbs and organs, are a little harder to take, and we see too many of them. There is also that tiresome staple of plots-in-distress, a character who suddenly goes mad and violent. Still, Gertler has a wonderfully perked-up ear for run-of-the-mill New York insanity. Poor Dina Leitman, soaping herself briskly, worries, as she has for the past six years, that the water will run out in the middle of her shower. This may be a hint at her sexual anxiety, but in her neighborhood it's a rational fear, and the perfect rightness of it (I used to live in an arty slum, and I hurry through my showers still) made me laugh for about a minute.

At the end of the novel, Dina heads north with her novelist, the nicest and least jaded chap in view, worried about her future but willing to be reassured ("I don't know where I'm going," she bleats, to which he replies, "Details, always details"). Flee, Dina Leitman! Fly! High hopes and gallant men no longer exist in the puny gray city you leave behind. The Bronx is down, and the Battery's dead. □

THE NATION'S CONSCIENCE

BY RICHARD ELLMANN

AN AMERICAN PROCESSION:
The Major Writers From 1830 to 1930,
The Crucial Century
by Alfred Kazin. Knopf, \$18.95.

ALFRED KAZIN is one of the most seasoned and subtle critics of American literature. He has always balanced an awareness of the pressure of external circumstances with a sense that books are also a series of private meetings between authors and ink bottles. He sees writers as at once facing the world and facing their desks. The title of his new book, *An American Procession*, comes from Whitman, who proclaimed that Emer-

"Absolutely magnificent!"

says Russell Baker; "there will certainly never be another Churchill biography that's such a delight to read." Few books of our time have been so extravagantly praised as William Manchester's monumental story of Winston Churchill's first 58 years. "Fascinating, bedazzling"—*Newsweek*. "The best"—*William L. Shirer*. "Adds a grand dimension"—*Time*. Main Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club; a *N.Y. Times* bestseller for four months; now in paperback for the first time.



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—William Least Heat Moon

PIERRE BERTON THE KLONDIKE QUEST

A Photographic Essay/1897-1899

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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



son was "the actual beginner of the whole procession." Taking the hint, Mr. Kazin begins his book in 1830, not long before Emerson published his extraordinary essay "Nature." He ends it in 1930, not long after T. S. Eliot confirmed in *The Waste Land* his own gloom and that of a generation. Mr. Kazin's book has "The Crucial Century" in its subtitle because during these hundred years the United States became a planetary force, and its writers had to reckon with the sudden access of perilous grandeur.

Mr. Kazin is too astute to offer easy generalizations about the very different authors who make up his procession. He refuses to view them as a series of Oedipus figures reacting against their predecessors, as he might have done, and points out instead how generously they regarded each other. Nor does he see them as beads on a single string, though

Old Man in a Dry Month." It might be expected that the prologue would deal with the period before Emerson began the whole procession, but instead it deals with the end. The principal exhibits are Henry Adams and Eliot. Neither of them affirmed the American experience. Adams, who weaves in and out of Mr. Kazin's narrative, has an almost archetypal importance. He lived through most of the crucial century. Though a recluse, he was a public recluse; of all American intellectuals he was the closest to the center of things. What especially interests this critic is that Adams was a Cassandra whose *Education* (published posthumously in 1918, at the moment of wartime victory) made his confession of personal failure a confession of national failure. A member of a famous family that believed in progress, he disbelieved in it. Others saw America's strength;

serves warning that his meditation on American literature will concern itself especially with the distance between aspiration and reality.

To turn back, in the chapter following, to the aspiring Emerson is to recognize a fresh and "primordial" power in American literature of the 1830s. Emerson fomented a new consciousness; the self-reliant self created its world. But as time ran on, Emerson was obliged to acknowledge a certain intractability in that world, a stubborn refusal to be molded or remolded by the self. The Mexican War distressed him so much that he wrote: "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." The immense potentialities he had glimpsed were not being realized. Like Thoreau after him, Emerson was outraged by the Fugitive Slave Act. His enthusiasm was slowly muted, and his vocabulary darkened. As the



he likes to note such interconnections as a meeting between Eliot's grandfather and Emerson in St. Louis, and intellectual kinship between Melville and Hawthorne, between Dickinson and Emerson. Mr. Kazin allows them their individuality, as indeed he must; several of them proclaimed that they were what Melville called "isolatoes." In fact, a good deal of Mr. Kazin's skill is in his succinct characterizations.

Yet the procession is strung together, at least loosely, by the critic's mood, which might be described as the malaise of the eighties. A critic reassessing the century in which America became so powerful from the perspective of half a century later cannot help but notice the liabilities that go with the assumption of strength. Mr. Kazin's point of view is adumbrated in his prologue, which he titles, after T. S. Eliot's "Gerontion," "An

he saw its entropy. He was dismayed by the onrush of power, lamented the dynamo's replacement of the virgin, rejected Whitman's romantic democracy.

In an illuminating comparison Mr. Kazin places Adams next to Eliot, also from a prominent American family and equally unwilling to be complacent about the scene. Not that Eliot was an admirer of *The Education*; he reviewed it unfavorably, because of its preoccupation with self, and saw in it "the wings of a beautiful but ineffectual conscience beating vainly in a vacuum jar." Yet, as Mr. Kazin shows, there were ways in which the two men saw eye to eye. Eliot borrowed some images of "depraved May" from Adams's book and used them in "Gerontion." Further, he shared the sense of a dreadful night falling over the Western world, and gave it, in *The Waste Land*, an even more arid label than Adams had. By placing Adams and Eliot shoulder to shoulder in his prologue, Mr. Kazin

problem of life became insoluble, he fell back upon history, as the biographies of representative men. Mr. Kazin sees Emerson's collapse as not only physical but spiritual; Emerson found it impossible to uphold hope in the midst of despair.

Although Thoreau died with serenity, his career shows similar signs of unrest. In the flush of transcendental enthusiasm Walden was, as Mr. Kazin says, the perfect mate for him. Slowly, however, his romantic genius fell out of step with the realities of American power. Thoreau attacked the Fugitive Slave Act; he pleaded for Captain John Brown. The world was not easy to transcendentalize. Mr. Kazin sympathizes with Thoreau in his efforts to cope with stubborn and dismal events, and in his motive for writing "Civil Disobedience." But he thinks its anarchic views futile in the coercive atmosphere of the modern state.

As the procession winds on, Hawthorne makes his appearance, with Poe

beside him. The two form a useful contrast. Hawthorne was rooted in village life, while Poe saw himself as landless and homeless. The characters in Hawthorne's fictions are full of ancestral memories yet weary of them; if they could, they would give up the old order. Poe's characters search for order in terror of their immediate chaos. Both men were haunted by ghosts. The one lived in sin, without quite believing in the Puritan consciousness; the other in anxiety, punctuated by a succession of extremes.

Whitman, when he arrives on the scene, is exhilarating. For a time he exhibited the spirit of the early Emerson, and Emerson paid him a great tribute. Yet there is a difference between the poems in the first edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1855) and those added to the edition published after the Civil War. In the earlier poems Whitman was confident that the self was master of its own fate; in the later ones he was aware that young men do not gloriously amplify and exfoliate—they kill each other and die. In *Drum-Taps* and *Specimen Days* the old confidence was shaken, and Whitman, once so euphoric about the national present and future, bit his lip.

MR. KAZIN LIKES the transcendentalists, but he likes them better as their condition approximates his own malaise. When he comes to Melville, he has no such equivocations. To him Melville is a figure like Rimbaud or Beckett rather than like Hardy or Conrad. Melville went the limit; in book after book he broke into the unknown. He spoke of pitting himself against this "wolfish world" with "my splintered heart and maddened hand." Mr. Kazin welcomes Melville as a fellow New Yorker and as a thoroughly modern mind. He was no transcendentalist. Though he admired Emerson personally, Melville had no truck with his theories. "To one who has weathered Cape Horn as a common sailor or what stuff all this is," he said. He knew from the beginning what Emerson and Thoreau had to learn with the utmost reluctance: that power has a tragic quality. "All men who say yes, lie," he told Hawthorne. Captain Ahab seeks almightiness and in the access of power wrecks everything. Mr. Kazin commends Melville for evoking the most ferocious unfavorable view of modern society to be found in classical American literature.

Emily Dickinson may not have been ferocious, but she was terrifyingly can-

did. She had the conviction that the Puritans had: that every instant of life was morally important. Though not irreligious, she found in religion no easy reassurances. God appeared less as a father than as an eclipse. Mr. Kazin admires her skepticism, her sense that there is no obvious linkage among things, her recognition that there are confines to human knowledge.

Emily Dickinson is followed by an odd pairing, of Mark Twain and Henry James. Neither of them could bear to read the other's works. The native talent is contrasted with the international one, the "lawless narrator" (as Twain referred to himself) with the devotee of form. Mr. Kazin feels that Twain in his later days faced up to the aggressiveness of American society in a way that James did not. Twain came to feel that nothing existed except the mixed-up pieces of human nature, arranged by a spirit he considered baleful rather than beneficent. James, while skirting the problems of American power, filled his books with acts of duplicity and corruption that may circuitously register a reaction to the larger issue by means of smaller instances.

For Mr. Kazin the first modernist in the procession is Stephen Crane, but the triumph of modernism comes with Eliot and Ezra Pound. Neither of them is entirely to Mr. Kazin's taste: he does not like Pound's abolition of all historicism in favor of present fashion, nor does he like Eliot's traditionalism. Both men were skillful anatomists of their age, but Eliot's paeans to the past, and especially Pound's fascism, show modernism at wit's end.

By this time Mr. Kazin has come up to the 1920s, and his theme appears to be fully expressed. But, perhaps to end on a less negative note, he continues the procession into the early 1930s. There is now a burst of energy, though the writers' vision has none of the Emersonian euphoria. We pass in review Faulkner with his sense of historical decay, Hemingway disconsolate yet stylistically brilliant, Dos Passos chronicling the times even more than his characters' lives. These last members of the procession are too close to Mr. Kazin's own mentality for their positions about power to be detailed. They bring up the rear of the "frantic steeplechase toward nothing" (Faulkner) that Mr. Kazin finds in their "pitiless century."

The critic's presentation of this literary array is authoritative and deeply con-

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sidered. Mr. Kazin writes, as always, with pith and wit. Though the writers fit in with his mood, he also tries to fit in with theirs. At moments the procession seems incomplete: Stevens, Frost, and Williams appear to have fallen by the wayside without a trace. And while an element of disheartenment is certainly prevalent in American literature, it is sometimes in danger of being magnified at the expense of a very different element.

Mr. Kazin, though sensitive to style, is not inclined to emphasize the writers' victories over conventional attitudes, their "extravagant excursions into forbidden territory," as Joyce called such things. Energy, innovation, and tenacity in their art balance disillusionment in their outlook. But no one in 1984 will deny Mr. Kazin his right to malaise, or question the validity of the struggle that he finds in American writers to be the conscience of their power-happy race. □

have generally received. This is a depressing book, but worth attention on ecological as well as social grounds.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN by *Stephen B. Oates*. *Harper & Row*, \$12.95. Professor Oates, who has written a well-respected biography of Lincoln, now briefly discusses the differences between the human President and the superhuman hero (or, in some quarters, villain) who has become established as a national legend. His description of Lincoln's character and the development of his beliefs is useful and lucid, but perhaps less surprising than the author himself assumes.

BRIEF REVIEWS



SALESMAN IN BEIJING by *Arthur Miller*. *Viking*, \$16.95. To direct a play in a language that one does not understand, with actors trained in an alien tradition, for audiences totally unfamiliar with American theatrical technique, is an enterprise close to the heroic. Mr. Miller undertook to direct *Death of a Salesman* in China, with ultimate success, but the road to that success sported all the usual show-business potholes and numerous intercultural adventures as well. Mr. Miller's report of his experience is based on the log that he kept at the time. It describes moments of triumph, when translation conveyed his thoroughly American implications to the eager and intelligent cast, and nights of despair, when he convinced himself that nothing would ever come right. There is even what amounts to a running gag, known as the war of the wigs, which arose because Mr. Miller was unaware that a wigless Chinese actor considers himself little better than nude. Writing with affection, humor, and admiration, the playwright-director tells a great deal about the status of Chinese actors and the character of Chinese theater, and it is all highly interesting.

THE LOG CABIN MYTH by *Edward Pessen*. *Yale University Press*, \$16.95. Professor Pessen begins his study of the social position of United States Presidents by assuming, on no evidence whatever, that it is generally believed that the majority of these men rose to high office from humble origins. Having set up what amounts to a straw man, he demolishes the object, easily proving that the majority of Presidents have been well born, well educated, and well heeled. He deplores the ab-

sence from the presidency of genuine representatives of "people of the incomes . . . and occupations that have predominated in our society throughout our history," but offers no suggestions for altering the situation.

LOVE AND DEATH IN A HOT COUNTRY by *Shiva Naipaul*. *Viking*, \$14.95. The title of Mr. Naipaul's novel must be ironic, for his characters love mildly and die not at all. They manage, in fact, very little action of any sort, because the author employs them to explain the inherited mental attitudes that control affairs in the recently independent and increasingly wretched South American country of Cuyama. He describes the results of centuries of colonial rule well and plausibly, for he has been to the place. Cuyama is not imaginary—it is merely misspelled.

DEADHEADS by *Reginald Hill*. *Macmillan*, \$12.95. Mr. Hill's characters are a testy, ill-behaved, amusingly garrulous crew, and their homicidal misdoings, while not always mysterious, make good reading.

INDIAN COUNTRY by *Peter Matthiessen*. *Viking*, \$17.95. Any conscientious survey of the way the United States government has dealt with Indians is bound to become a record of deceit, cruelty, bigotry, and broken treaties. Mr. Matthiessen has crisscrossed the country, visiting reservations and studying the circumstances, beliefs, and ambitions of Native Americans, which he describes in graceful, unhurried prose. The occasional small successes that Indians have achieved against a hostile bureaucracy actually emphasize the contemptible nature of the treatment they

"O BELOVED KIDS" by *Rudyard Kipling*, edited by *Elliot L. Gilbert*. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$16.95. Kipling's letters to his daughter Elsie and his son, John, long inaccessible in the family archives, prove to be a delightful mixture of comic fantasy, impish verses, clever drawings, and irreverent descriptions of solemn adult ceremonies such as the bestowal upon Daddo of the Nobel Prize. Tiresome good advice was usually attributed to a mythical Mr. Campbell. John's fourth watch (the boy was an accomplished destroyer of timepieces) was accompanied by a letter of earnest instruction and dire warning from a Swiss watchmaker with an erratic control of English. Loving, inventive, and nonauthoritarian, these letters are what one would expect from the author of the *Just So Stories*. No doubt Kipling had heard of the carrot and the stick, but they were not his paternal weapons. He exchanged the carrot for a steady supply of bonbons and fireworks, and chucked the stick into the rubbish bin.

EARLY MAN AND THE COSMOS by *Evan Hadingham*. *Walker*, \$22.50. Mr. Hadingham summarizes what is known or can reasonably be surmised about antique skywatchers. They were, he concludes, not scientists or astronomers in the modern sense but rather collectors of celestial patterns that served symbolic religious purposes on the one hand and quite practical hunting or farming ones on the other. This interpretation may seem too sensible to be of much interest, but as Mr. Hadingham assembles evidence from Mesopotamia to Arizona, from Scotland to Peru, it becomes positively exciting.

DR. RICHARD BRIGHT by *Pamela Bright*. *Merrimack Publishers' Circle*, \$22.95. Dr. Bright (1789–1858) is, naturally, the man who identified Bright's disease, but this

biography describes all the other things he did. He was born at Bristol, England, into a family with plenty of money and a wide-ranging curiosity. It was a time of scientific and geographical discovery, of philosophical speculation and political argument; and the Brights, unhampered by modern notions of specialization, examined any new field available. Before he finally settled into his distinguished, innovative, and formidably energetic medical career, Bright had traveled widely in Europe, become an authority on gypsy dialects, and worked as a geologist in Iceland. He was a remarkable man in a stimulating period, and Ms. Bright, who is herself a nurse, has re-created her ancestor and his surroundings with charm as well as professional understanding.

SALMON by Atsushi Sakurai, introduction by John N. Cole. Knopf, \$18.95. Mr. Cole briskly describes the migrations of salmon, which are still, despite much study, only partially understood. Mr. Sakurai's color photographs of the fish are superb and occupy the greater part of the book. His subjects are chum salmon, also called dog salmon because at spawning time they develop fangs of an incongruously canine appearance. Working in northern Japan, Mr. Sakurai was able to photograph fish crowding into a river, fighting rapids and falls on their journey upstream, spawning, and then, like all Pacific salmon, dying. He also photographed the development of their young from small orange-pink beads to perky, translucent bubbles to silvery smolts headed, by night, back to salt water. It is distressing to know that these magnificent fish are endangered by overfishing at sea and pollution of their river spawning grounds ashore.

H.G. WELLS: ASPECTS OF A LIFE by Anthony West. Random House, \$22.95. Mr. West does not promise a formal biography of his novelist father and therefore cannot be reproached for emotional bias, vagrant chronology, lack of quotation, inexplicable references, psychological speculations, or lengthy pursuit of the peripheral crackpots for whom Wells had a persistent and rather endearing weakness. As a biographer Mr. West is scandalously irresponsible, but his idiosyncratic methods have produced a wonderfully lively, witty, convincing portrait of an author whose social and scientific ideas were far in advance of his time, while his personal life, although dedicated to lofty progressive principles, resembled a boudoir farce.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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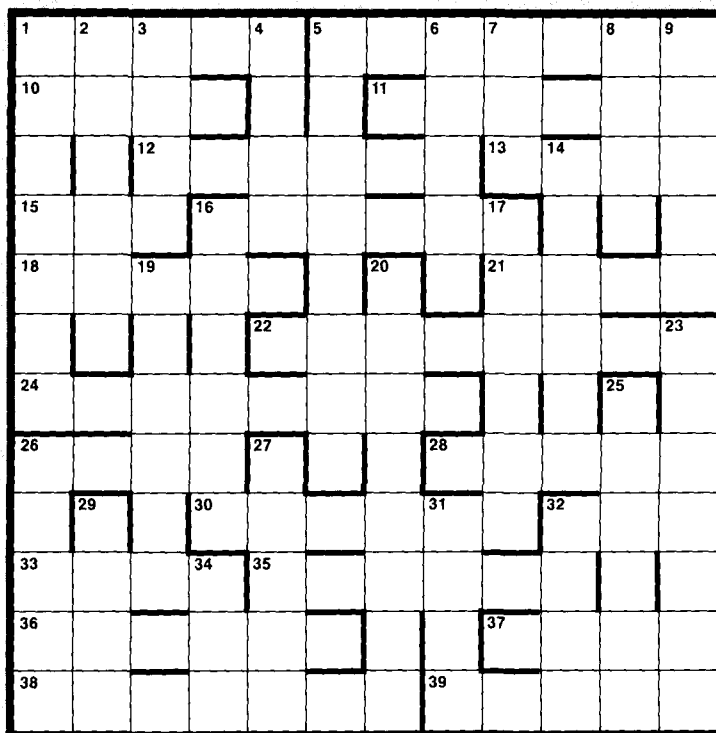
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

THEME AND VARIATIONS

There are twelve unclued entries in this month's puzzle. These include four Theme Words (A, B, C, and D), which are members of a set. Each Theme Word has two Variations—words related to it in some way. For instance, if a Theme Word were STAR, its Variations might be ARTS and TARS (anagrams), or POLARIS and SIRIUS (examples). Clue answers include five proper nouns.

*The solution to last month's
Puzzler appears on page 125.*



ACROSS

1. Variation on Theme Word A (5)
5. Stormy petrel, by error, gets stuffed (7)
10. Boy has an abridged dictionary (4)
11. Wheel in through Iowa town (6)
12. Repeatedly errs with glue ingredients (6)
13. Shelter's top goes off and on (4)
15. Variation on Theme Word D (3)
16. Vehicle making lovely sound (6)
18. Note lass that's splendid (5)
21. Masonry construction chief (4)
22. Loudly state, "The end of innocence is past" (8)
24. Sailboat edges backwards in channel (8)
26. Variation on Theme Word B (4)
28. Variation on Theme Word A (5)
30. Wet world having extremes of humidity (6)

32. Theme Word C (3)
33. Theme Word D (4)
35. Sacred figures carry papers (6)
36. False gods can provide sources of illumination (6)
37. Spy is put back in hold (4)
38. City gets turned around by ruler (7)
39. Variation on Theme Word D (5)

DOWN

1. A final character involved in firm's ventures (7)
2. Associates don't start plays lovingly (6)
3. Mister T turns up around the end of prime time (4)
4. Girl embraced in Figaro's arms (4)
5. Check ties loudly in multicolor patterns (8)
6. Posse rolled Mexican dough (5)
7. Variation on Theme Word B (3)

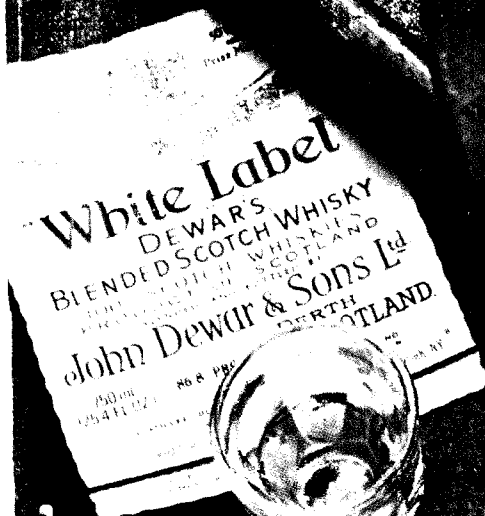
8. A pronounced tendency to be knotted (4)
9. Theme Word A (5)
14. Moving van carrying precious metal back to town (6)
16. Kept women outside of large town (6)
17. Sickness invades my century plant (6)
19. Footwear that makes you walk with hesitation (6)
20. Brought up concern about street racer (8)
23. Door keeps halfway open, with total lack of variation (7)
25. In plot, kid did some crooked financial dealing (6)
26. Pole heard making blunder (5)
27. Theme Word B (5)
29. "1050" provided uplifting feature (4)
31. Variation on Theme Word C (4)
32. Lost a \$100 bill, you say? (4)
34. Variation on Theme Word C (3)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.



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